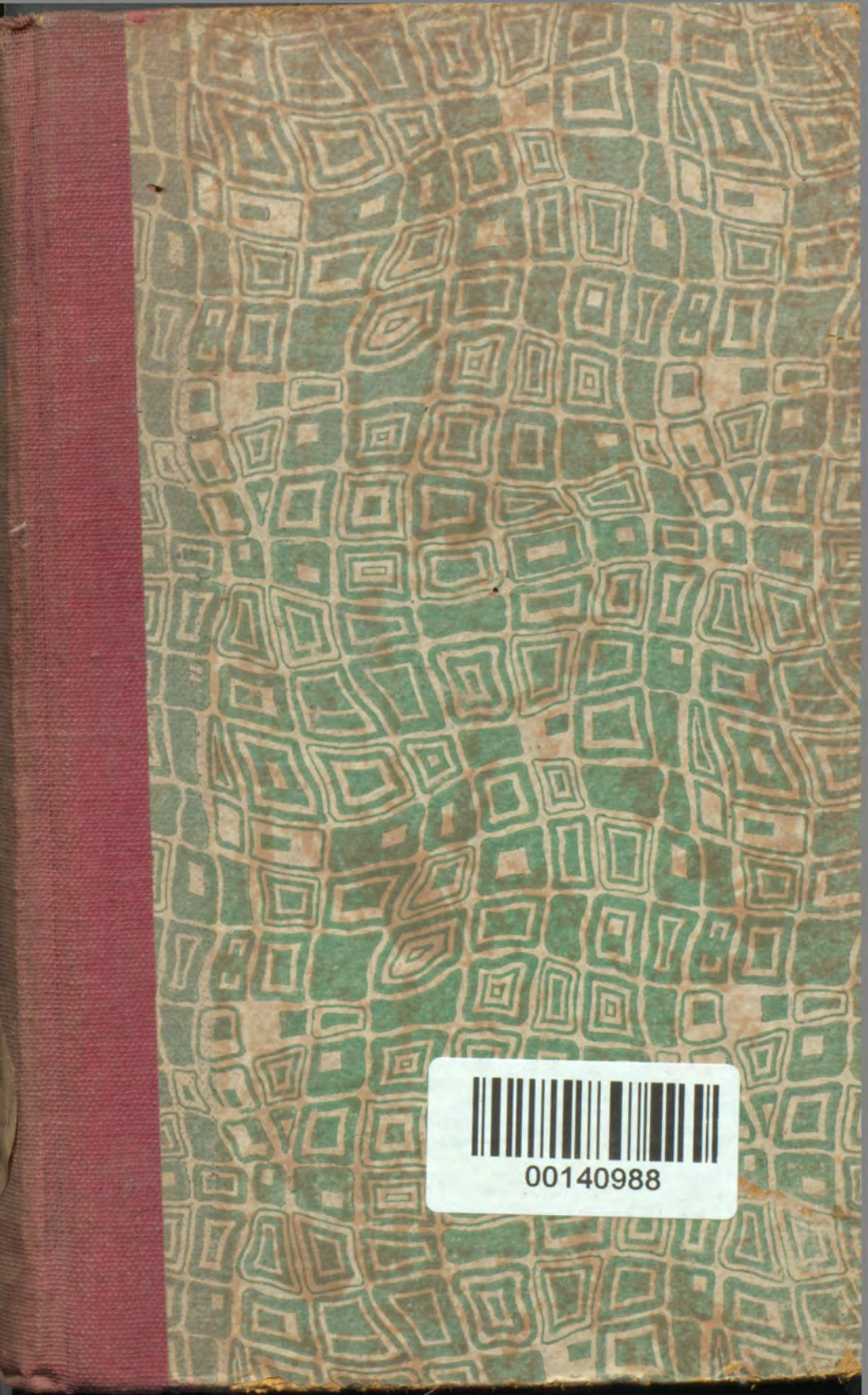
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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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EDITED BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

ONE OF HIS EXECUTORS.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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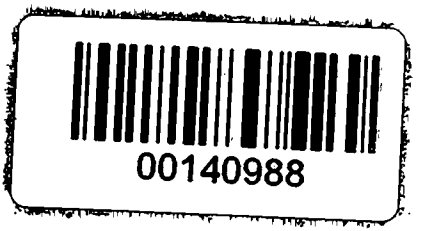

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Sir Thos Lawrence, P.R.A.

T. Hodgetts

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

My Dear Sir,

When the tomb had closed upon Goldsmith—when, for a season, the oracles of Poetry were almost dumb; it was your happy destiny to break the silence, to revive the spirit, and introduce a new era of polished song. Your "Pleasures of Memory" found Thomas Campbell—a youthful but ardent votary—in the "lonely Hebrides;" it struck his heart with inspiring impulse, and quickened all his noblest inspirations. It was the magic key that unlocked the fountain of his genius; its sparkling waters gushed forth in the "Pleasures of Hope;" and from that hour—a priest and brother of the sacred choir—a child of precocious but permanent fame, he found an honoured station beside his classic prototype.

In your friendship, of more than forty years' standing, he found the "decus et tutamen," which only kindred minds know how to express, and how to appreciate. In your experience of the world, in the maturity of your fame, he found a faithful and enlightened monitor; in your approbation, strong motives for

exertion; in your sympathy, a "brotherly kindness" that soothed him in affliction, supported him in difficulties, and sweetened the intercourse of private life.

These are not words of adulation—for to whom can I address myself with such manifest propriety? By connecting the names of ROGERS and CAMPBELL in these posthumous records, I only comply with what duty prescribes, what private taste recommends, what public suffrage will approve and confirm. To you, therefore, who prized his worth, admired his genius, and now cherish his memory, I dedicate the LIFE AND LETTERS of our departed Friend.

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

LONDON,
December, 1848.

PREFACE.

COMING before the public as the biographer of Thomas Campbell, I feel myself in a position of great weight and responsibility. With many of his old friends around me, much better qualified for that honourable trust, it may seem that I have usurped a province that should have fallen to an abler pen. This, however, is not the case. It is many years since his desire on this point was first expressed; it was repeated, until a conditional promise was given and accepted; and among the last acts of his life, I was gently reminded of our friendly compact. From this I could not recede—even in deference to better men. By yielding to the partiality of friendship, he may have committed an error of judgment; but if so, its consequences were somewhat obviated by his placing in my hands every document necessary for that portion of his history which belongs to the public. And it is my grateful duty to add, that, whatever was deficient

in the original papers, has been most liberally supplied by his surviving friends. For myself, I enjoyed, during many years, the enviable privilege of his friendship and confidence—unreserved, unbroken; and though too soon called upon to redeem my pledge—to impart information where I would rather have received it—to write for those to whom I would rather have listened; I enter on my task with no claims or recommendation but those of an honest intention. This explanation is due to the public, to the private friends of the Poet, and to myself.

In this labour of love, as I may justly consider it, I have been studious to combine the truthfulness of history with the tenderness of friendship; to exercise the duties of my office with vigilance and discretion. Standing, if I may so express it, between the dead and the living, I have had to discharge a double—often a delicate duty; to omit nothing that his true friends would regret to lose; to revive nothing that Campbell himself would have wished forgotten. If in any instance I have failed to carry out these intentions to the very letter, it has been where allegation had to be met by fact; where the balance had to be adjusted between the partiality of friendship, and the obligations of truth.

It has been my aim to make Campbell the historian of his own life, as it is preserved in his letters and other documents, from the time he was nine years old, until the year of his death. It has been my aim to show him at school, at college, at home, and abroad in his private study, in social intercourse, in the exercise of his public functions—such as he appeared among ourselves—a genuine example of the *mens divinior*, but subject, withal, to some of those common failings, from which the favourites of genius are seldom exempt. Such, I humbly repeat, has been my *aim;* but how far that aim has been realised, is a delicate question. The considerate reader is aware how easily an author's plan may be thwarted by his inexperience; how often retarded by the very earnestness with which he desires to carry it out: how liable, in cases like the present, to be influenced rather by affection than judgment; how difficult it is to bring long-cherished prepossessions to the severe test of biographical history and criticism. But whatever may be objected to the Editor on the score of taste and judgment, it is satisfactory to know that his errors will neither impair the freshness, nor mar the beauty of Campbell's letters, which, like true gems, can lose nothing of their intrinsic value by a plain and homely setting. It is earnestly hoped that what was good in the original manuscript has not

been obscured by superfluous commentary, nor, by false notions of refinement, robbed of its native simplicity. It must not be inferred, however, from what has been said, that the matter contained in these letters is all good—all bearing the stamp of Campbell's genius. Composed at every period within the last half century, in every mood of mind, under every change of outward circumstances—and often hastily—his letters represent him as he actually thought, felt, and wrote—always in character, and how often in a most amiable light! Of whom may so much be told, with so little cause for apology?

It is easy to foresee that, among the numerous letters quoted in part, or entire, in these volumes, some detached portions may strike the general reader as presenting nothing very characteristic. Taken separately, indeed, they may not; as a whole most likely they will; for if the detached paragraphs be collected like broken pieces of mosaic and *re*set, the character of the piece will be restored, the features identified; and, examined in more intimate connection, they will be found to exhibit a distinct portrait of the original—so at least I have ventured to think. It is not the fragments of a head or a limb, but the nice adjustment of these, that discovers the classic statue—whether a Minerva or an Apollo.

It will be granted, perhaps, that they who only knew Campbell as he appeared in society, in public meetings, or even the privacy of domestic life, had but a one-sided view of his character. In sickness, solitude, and depression, where I had occasion during many years to watch, advise, and converse with him, the thoughts of his heart were unreservedly thrown open—the nobler qualities of his mind brought into new and strong light. At such moments his words had a solemn weight, a depth of meaning, an earnestness of expression, which contrasted very strongly with his ordinary conversation, and brought to mind the best thoughts of his best poems. Before the world, the sparkling graces of his mind were easily discovered—they played lightly on the surface. The hidden treasures of his heart—the fountain of his poetry—lay deeper; its living waters were only drawn forth in seasons of trial, sorrow, sickness. In his sober estimate of life—in the contemplation of a future existence—they flowed with an inspired and refreshing sound. To these outpourings—often reserved only for the physician—I must always revert when I attempt to convey a just impression of the Poet's character.

To the materials here brought together, much might be added: but the recent decease of Campbell,

independently of considerations and restrictions which the Editor is bound to respect, has interposed obstacles to a full biography, which time alone can remove. And when time, like distance, shall have lent its mellowing influence to the subject, the outline here presented to the reader may be filled up with the completeness of a finished biography. But the hour has not arrived when justice can be done to Campbell and his contemporaries: it seems but yesterday that he was amongst us, bodily, as he will long be, spiritually; his figure, voice, manner, and expression—his talents and eccentricities—are still fresh in the mind's eye. To paint him, therefore, as he actually appeared in his daily walk and conversation, is attempting a portrait which every man who knew him intimately can test by his own experience. If I have been so fortunate as to preserve a life-like resemblance in these volumes, it will be recognised by his friends. With this pleasing hope, I have prosecuted the work; and I have now the gratifying conviction that, in the laborious and delicate arrangement of these papers, I have neither yielded to the solicitations of party, nor transgressed the limits of private confidence.

In taking leave of the subject, I have one cause of

regret: I have not been permitted to advert, in the terms they merited, to some of Campbell's most valued friends and contemporaries. I have been fearful, at one time, of offending delicacy by any appearance of officiousness; at another, I have been deterred by reflecting, that the value of an opinion depends much less on the complimentary turn of a sentence, than on the social and literary standing of the writer. These considerations, which I notice with no affected humility, have often kept me silent, when I would rather have spoken, and will account for the absence of some names and circumstances that, otherwise, would have shone gracefully in a Life of Campbell. But the day will arrive when these and other omissions will be fully supplied and rectified. Finally: I began the duties assigned to me under much discouragement—continued them under very painful interruptions: And now, like the traveller, who has made a tour through some classic region, and hears at the end of his journey that he has missed certain objects by the way, I may have committed a similar error—but not intentionally. I have kept as much as possible to the main track, seldom diverging unless for some express object, and laying no distant neighbourhood under contribution. The result now rests with the public, to whose decision I cannot pretend to be indifferent.

To the friends and admirers of Campbell,—whose names occur in these pages,—I have to return my grateful thanks for the prompt and liberal manner in which they have supplied me with many original manuscripts:

To the family of the late Wynell Mayow, Esq., of Sydenham, I am indebted for the invariable courtesy with which they have facilitated and encouraged my progress in the work, by many original letters, poems, and other documents, with personal reminiscences of Campbell, from 1804 to the year of his death.

To the family of the late Rev. Archibald Alison; to John Richardson, Esq., W.S.; to the family of the late James Grahame, Esq.; to James Thomson, Esq.; to William Gray, Esq.; I have to express my obligations for numerous letters and other records, from 1795 to 1840.

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To William Hamilton, Esq., H.B.M. Consul, Boulogne; William Dacres Adams, of Bowdon, Esq.; Thomas Roscoe, Esq.; James Murray M'Culloch, of Ardwell, Esq.; William Moxon, Esq.; Ralph Stevenson, Esq.; Robert Carruthers, Esq.; Mr. B. B. Wiffen; A. A. Watts, Esq.; William Coulson, Esq.; E. J. Spry, Esq.; and many other friends of the Poet, I am indebted for letters, reminiscences, manuscripts, and personal information. I have also to acknowledge various communications, from Mrs. W. Alfred Hill, Mr. Alexander Campbell, and Mr. Archibald Campbell, the Niece and Nephews of the Poet.

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

London,
December, 1848.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY Notice of the Campbells of Kirnan—Genealogical History—Archibald Campbell—Robert Campbell—Family Connections—Marriage of Alexander and Margaret Campbell—The Poet's Mother—Her character—Anecdotes—Alexander Campbell—Sketch of his Life—The Poet's Father—Anecdote—Character—Mary and Isabella Campbell—The Poet's elder brothers—Robert and James Campbell—Conclusion—List of the Poet's family . . . . . 1—27

CHAPTER II.

Infancy of Thomas Campbell—School-days—Taken into the country—First attempt at Rhyme—School versions—First Poems at School—Punctuation—Admiration of Homer—Anecdotes—Passion for Greek Literature—Anecdote—Prize at School—Strawberry temptation—A Stone-battle, and its consequences—Poems—Translation from the Greek—School-boy adventures—Anecdotes—Misadventure—Anecdote . . . 29—51

CHAPTER III.

College days—First Prize—*First Session*—Club—Pons Asinorum—*Second Session*—Prize Poem—Verses—Essay on Imitation . . . . 57—77

CHAPTER IV.

College days—*Third Session*—Trial of Gerald and Muir—Essay on the Origin of Evil—Prospects—Hymn . . . . . 81—105

CHAPTER V.

College days—*Third Session*—Correspondence—Thomson—*Fourth Session*—Family Affairs—Letter to Mr. Thompson—Three Prizes—Preparation for departure—Fife and drum—Last Spree at College . 107—125

PAGE

CHAPTER VI.

The Poet's journey to Mull—Arrival in the island of Mull—Letter to Mr. Thomson from Mull — Letter to Mr. Hamilton Paul —"Elegy"—"Pleasures of Hope"—His visit to Staffa, Iona, Icolmkill—Scenery and residence in Mull—Result—Impression in Mull—The Parrot—Heroine of the Poem—Caroline . . . . . 129—145

CHAPTER VII.

His return to College—*Fifth Session*—Ill health—Letter to Thomson—Reminiscences of the Poet—Translation of a Chorus in Jepthes—Autobiographical notes and sketches—Residence at Downie—Caroline—Inverary—Napier of Milliken—Monody—Letter to Thomson—The Poet's studies and disappointments — His position and prospects—Prospects in Edinburgh — New disappointments — Thwarted in his legal prospects—Highland characteristics—Mode of life in the Highlands—Scenery—Life and scenery in the West Highlands—Family circle at Downie—Politics . . . . . 149—183

CHAPTER VIII.

Return to Glasgow—Letters from the Poet's sister—His title—Personal recollections of Campbell—Hopes and disappointments—Edinburgh—His employment in Edinburgh—Introduction to Dr. Robert Anderson—Leaves Edinburgh—Returns to Glasgow—Efforts to establish a Magazine—"Wounded Hussar"—"Dirge of Wallace"—Original copy—Anecdotes of the Poet's grandfather—Glasgow professors—Rural hospitality—His religious impressions in youth—Reminiscences of a fellow-student . . . . . 185—211

CHAPTER X.

Preparing to winter in Edinburgh—Disappointed in the study of law—Visit to Cathcart—Epistle to three ladies—Invitation to America—Preparations—Voyage postponed—New arrangements—Reasons for his not emigrating — Autobiography — His life in Edinburgh — Grahame, Brougham, Cockburn—Visit to Glasgow—Studies in Greek—Lines on revisiting Cathcart . . . . . 213—233

CHAPTER XI.

"Pleasures of Hope" sold to Mundell—Literary disappointments—Improved views—Brougham on Porisms—Poem announced—Dugald Stewart, Alison, Moore, Fletcher, Grahame, Erskine, Brown, Leyden, Sir Walter Scott, Somerville — Recollections of Campbell—Anecdotes—Original introduction to the Poem—Publication of the "Pleasures of Hope"—

PAGE

Dr. James Gregory—Dines with Walter Scott—Stephen Kemble and the Poet—Thomson—Tell—Swiss freedom—Style of the Poem—The Darwinian—Criticism on "Medea"—Angels' visits—Merits of the Poem—Anecdote of author—Gilderoy—Queen of the North—Correspondence—Laziness—Travelling . . . . . 234—269

CHAPTER XII.

Preparing to travel—Correspondence—Embarks for Germany—Farewell to Edinburgh—Pilgrimage in Germany—Hamburgh—Ratisbon—The seat of war—How to travel—Anxieties—Correspondence . . . 273—297

CHAPTER XIII.

Pilgrimage in Germany continued—The Danube—French army—Classic scenes—Altona—New prospects—Travelling plan—Letters from Altona—Sketch of tour in Hungary—Letters from Altona . . . 301—325

CHAPTER XIV.

Germany—Altona—Exile of Erin—Beech-tree's petition—History of the beechen-tree—Death of an only son—Hungarian war-song—"Ye Mariners of England"—Route in Saxony and Bavaria—Anachronisms corrected—Judith of Altona—"Soldier's Dream"—War in the north—Hostilities commenced—Sails for England—Delayed at Cuxhaven—Voyage to Yarmouth—Arrives in London—Death of his father—Letter from London—Letter to Dr. Anderson—Siddons—Literary society—Return to Edinburgh—Autobiography—State of family affairs—Reception in Edinburgh . . . . . 331—368

CHAPTER XV.

The Queen of the North—A fragment—His friends and residence in Edinburgh—Family affairs—Judaic loan—Prospects—"The Mobiade" an Epic Poem—The late Lord Minto—Liverpool—Currie—Roscoe—Society in London—Siddons—Kemble—Residence in London—Political creed—Return to Scotland—Letter to Walter Scott—Edinburgh—Letter to Lord Minto—"Lochiel" and "Hohenlinden"—Anecdote—Correspondence—Letters to Walter Scott—Alison—Journey from Edinburgh—Melrose Abbey—Letters to Mr. Alison—Visit at Minto . . . . . 371—401

PAGE

CHAPTER XVI.

Letter to Lord Minto—True popularity—Letter to Lord Minto—Lord Minto to Campbell—Poem of "Lochiel"—Letter to Lord Minto—Historical work—Second visit to Liverpool—Correspondence—Dr. Currie's hospitality—"Hohenlinden"—Anecdote—Visits the Potteries—Returns to London—Letter to Mr. Alison—Currie—State of politics—Excited fears — Correspondence — Toussaint — Life and study in London—Contrasts—Anecdote of the Poet by Dr. Irving—Quarto edition of his Poems—In love with Matilda Sinclair—Character of his future wife—Preliminaries of his marriage—Marriage celebrated in St. Margaret's—Letter to Mr. George Thomson—Present happiness—Cheering prospects—Letters to Dr. Currie . . . . . 405—479

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTERS TO DR. CURRIE OF LIVERPOOL.

Captain Grahame Moore—General [Sir John] Moore—Mr. Roscoe—Mackintosh—Knights of Literature—Telford—Hodgson—Chamberlain—Lord Minto—His character—Melrose—Alison—D'Aguilar—Miss Mackintosh—Stevenson—Potteries—James Grahame—John Richardson—Alison—Matilda Sinclair—T. Wedgewood—Metempsychosis—His household—Ministry — Addington — Walpole — Consolation — Miller — Burns—Erskine—Picture of his child—New residence—Sydenham—Roscoe—Loan—Gregory Watt's legacy—Baths—Illness of Dr. Currie—Ballad—"Battle of Copenhagen"—Mohawk opera . . . . . 449—480

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE OF THE CAMPBELLS OF KIRNAN. GENEALOGICAL HISTORY.*

THE paternal ancestors of Thomas Campbell appear to have been long settled in that part of the Argyll frontier, which lies between Lochawe and Lochfyne, bordered by the ducal territory of Inverary. The Poet himself had little or no taste for genealogy; but his uncle, Robert Campbell of Kirnan, who wrote the "Life of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich," was deeply read in the ancient history of his clan, and traced the origin of his own branch of the family to Iver of Kirnan. The descent may be

* On the genealogical history, to which the first Chapter is devoted, it may seem that I have dwelt too long; but, in explanation, it may be stated that, since Mr. Campbell's death, circumstances have occurred to render it very desirable that, in his biography, the subject should be treated with some degree of minuteness. Many errors and mis-statements, respecting the Poet and his family, have already gone abroad; and to rectify these effectually, the only course left was to investigate the family papers. This was duly accomplished; and the facts resulting from the investigation, form the ground-work of the introductory Chapter. The accuracy of the details has been confirmed by the testimony of surviving branches of the Poet's family; and the particulars now brought out for the first time, will sufficiently contradict the mis-statements to which I have referred.

stated in a few words. Archibald, lord and knight of Lochawe, was grandson of Sir Neil, chief of the clan, and a celebrated contemporary of king Robert Bruce. This Archibald died A.D. 1360, leaving issue three sons,—Colin, who succeeded to the family honours; Tavis, ancestor of Dunardrie; and Iver, from whom sprang the Campbells of Kirnan—the distinctive name of Iver's descendants, who, during the lapse of many generations, became identified with the place, as lairds and heritors of Kirnan.

The vale of Glassary, in which the old family estate was situated, runs transversely through the parish of that name. Like all the surrounding country, it is of a pastoral character; watered by a rapid brook called the Ad, bounded on either side by picturesque and partly wooded acclivities, and ornamented by Lochan Leamhan, a small lake near its centre. The whole parish, which is of great extent, presents the appearance of a vast congeries of hills, steep and rugged in many places, though not lofty; abounding in excellent pasture, but possessing little that can be applied successfully to the higher purposes of agriculture. The uplands are diversified by numerous small lakes; the height of the valley above the level of the sea varies from two hundred to six hundred feet; the soil is fertile, in many places well cultivated, but much exposed after heavy rains to inundations from the river.*

In the parish of Glassary, which forms part of the southern frontier of the West Highlands, Campbell of Achnabreck and Campbell of Ederline, two powerful families of the olden time, had long their fixed residence; but, like that of the poet's ancestors, the house, that once knew them so familiarly, knows them no more. The number of landed proprietors in the parish is now reduced to four, the chief of whom is Sir John Powlett Orde, of Kilmory, Bart.

* Rev. Colin Smith. Stat. Acc. of 'Glassary.' 1844.

Among the oldest heritors of the parish, as already stated, were the Campbells of Kirnan, who appear by the records of the presbytery of Inverary to have been from one generation after another, supporters of the Reformation and Elders in the Church. Their valued rental in those primitive times, was thirty-seven pounds one shilling sterling, or, nearly one-nineteenth of the whole parish.

From this honourable stock—the Campbells of Kirnan, who could trace their origin to Gilespic-le-Camile, first Norman lord of Lochawe—the poet is lineally descended. To the fortuitous circumstances of birth or family connexion he rarely alluded, and never attached any importance; but he has feelingly adverted to the old feudal tradition, and to his own personal fortunes in the following lines, "On receiving a Seal with the Campbell Crest":—

"So speed my song, marked with the crest
That erst the adventurous *Norman* wore,
Who won the Lady of the West,
The Daughter of Macaillan Mor.
Crest of my Sires! whose blood it sealed
With glory, in the strife of swords
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts, or faithless words!
Yet, little might I prize the stone
If it but typed the *Feudal-tree*
From whence, a scattered leaf, I'm blown
In Fortune's mutability!"

In reference to this subject, and the remote connexion between the Poet and the great "Macallumore," I find the following lines addressed to him by a lady, distinguished by her high birth and cultivated mind—the Lady Charlotte Campbell, daughter of John, Duke of Argyll:—

"Bard of my country—clansman of my race!
How proudly do I call thee one of mine!

Perchance thou wilt not deem it a disgrace
That with my verse thy name I should entwine.
It is not writ in borrowed wreath to shine
Or catch reflected ray from light of fame;
But a strong feeling, I may not define,
Of honest pride, in friendship's sacred flame,
Within my bosom glows while writing CAMPBELL'S name!"

In the vale of Glassary, and about a mile and a half from the old manse of Kilmichael, stand the house and garden of Kirnan, long ruinous and deserted, but on which the genius of the Poet has conferred a classic immortality. It was after a melancholy survey of this ancestral mansion, and in a room of the manse, or parsonage-house, where he spent the following night, that the Poet gave utterance to his feelings in these well-known "Lines on visiting a Scene in Argyllshire":—

"At the silence of Twilight's contemplative hour
I have mused, in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood!
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode;
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills, that encircle the sea.

"Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild, in the silence of Nature, it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace;
For the night-weed and thorn over-shadowed the place
Where the rose of my forefathers grew."

The last of his race, who resided on the family estate of Kirnan, was Archibald Campbell, the Poet's grandfather.

He was brought up to the law, and exemplified in his character much public spirit and private worth. At an advanced period of life he married Margaret Stuart, daughter of Stuart of Ascog in the island of Bute. She was widow of John MacArthur of Milton, and lived near his own estate of Kirnan. By this marriage he had three sons:—Robert, Archibald, and Alexander. At the death of their father, which took place in the Canongate of Edinburgh, Robert, the eldest, appears to have taken possession of the hereditary house and lands of Kirnan. But owing to mismanagement or misfortune, the exact nature of which has not been explained, the property was annexed to the estate of Milton, the proprietor of which was John MacArthur, his half-brother, son of Mrs. Campbell by her first marriage, to whom it was probably sold to discharge the debts which Robert, it is said, had incurred by living too freely among the more wealthy retainers, who then frequented the Ducal court at Inverary. He was not bred to any profession, save that which was indispensable to every Highland gentleman—the profession of arms; but having received a liberal education, and possessing much natural talent, quickened by a spirit of enterprise, he sought a wider field of exertion.

With the hope, therefore, of repairing his ruined fortunes, he left the Highlands, and following in the train of his feudal Chief, settled in London. Here he commenced his laborious career as a political writer, under the auspices of the Walpole administration; and, although eclipsed for a time by more experienced rivals, he succeeded at last in establishing his reputation with the government, as one of the most able and zealous of its literary partisans. His principal work was a "Life of the most illustrious Prince John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich." As a genealogical

and historical work it is creditable to the author; but after the retirement of Walpole in 1742, and the death of his "far-awa' cousin," the Duke, in the year following, Robert Campbell found that his occupation was gone. After lingering two years in the fruitless hope of obtaining employment, he was seized with a fatal illness in London, and there closed his chequered career, in very reduced circumstances.

Archibald, the second son, having taken the degree of D.D. at the Edinburgh University, went out to Jamaica, as a Presbyterian minister. There he remained several years; but other and more inviting prospects having opened upon him, he proceeded to Virginia, in the United States of America, where he fixed his abode. By his exemplary life and conversation he secured the respect and confidence of all who knew him; and there he resided until his death, which took place at an advanced age. "His family," says Washington Irving, "has uniformly maintained a highly respectable character. One of his sons was district attorney under the administration of Washington, and died in 1795. He is still remembered and extolled by the Virginians, as a man of talent and uncommon eloquence." To the landed property which he had acquired in Virginia, he gave the endearing name of "Kirnan"—thus perpetuating the association with the old family mansion in Argyllshire. Many years afterwards, when all the intermediate heirs had died off, his grandson, "Frederick Campbell of Kirnan, in the county of Westmoreland, and state of Virginia," succeeded, under an entail executed in 1763, to the estates of Whitebarony in Peeblesshire, Ascog in Bute, and Kilfinnan and Kirnan in Argyllshire. This Frederick Campbell was grandson of the Poet's uncle, the Rev. Dr. Campbell; and on taking possession of these estates, in 1815, added Stuart to his name. At the same

time, as will hereafter appear, the Poet himself became entitled to a considerable legacy, which is now enjoyed by his son, Thomas Telford Campbell.

Alexander, the youngest of the three sons of Archibald Campbell, and father of the Poet, was born in 1710. He was educated with a view to mercantile pursuits; and early in life went to America, where he entered into business, and resided many years at Falmouth, in Virginia. There he had the pleasure of receiving his brother Archibald, on his first quitting Jamaica to settle in the United States: and there also, some ten years afterwards, while he was making his way in business very satisfactorily, he formed an intimate acquaintance with Daniel Campbell, a clansman, but no blood relation of the "Campbells of Kirnan." He was the son of John Campbell, and his wife Mary, daughter of Robert Simpson. John Campbell was a merchant in Glasgow, nearly related to the Campbells of Craignish, an old Argyllshire family. The Simpsons had been for many generations residents in the city, or immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow, where they possessed several small estates. An old tradition, still current among the collateral descendants—for Robert Simpson died without male issue—states, that the progenitor of the Simpsons was a "celebrated royal armourer" to the King of Scotland. In that capacity, it is said, he fashioned two broad-swords, of exquisite temper and workmanship; one of which he presented, on the first centenary anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, to the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland: the other he retained as an heir-loom in his own family, where it is still preserved. It is a plain but handsome blade, with the date 1414 stamped upon it.*

* The present custodier of this family relic, is the Rev. James Gibson, to whom it descended, in right of marriage, at the death of the late Rev. John Campbell, D.D., one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and maternal cousin of

Shortly after making the acquaintance of Daniel Campbell at Falmouth in Virginia, Alexander Campbell took final leave of the United States; and, in the company of his friend, returned to Glasgow, where they entered into co-partnership as Virginian traders, under the firm of Alexander and Daniel Campbell. This connexion proved very satisfactory. The partners became more and more known and respected as men of probity and experience; every way deserving the success which, for several years, rewarded their industry, and gained for them unlimited confidence in the trade. Daniel Campbell, the junior partner, had a sister named Margaret, born in 1736, and at this time about the age of twenty. To her Alexander Campbell, though by repute a confirmed bachelor, and then at the mature age of forty-five, paid his addresses; and before another year had expired, the mercantile connexion between the two friends was cemented by a family tie. Alexander Campbell and Margaret Campbell were married in the Cathedral Church of Glasgow, on the 12th of January 1756, in presence of their respective families. They began their domestic cares in a large house in the High-street, which has long since disappeared under the march of civic improvement. In this house the Poet was born.

From the date of his marriage, in 1756, to the first outbreak of war with America, in 1775, Mr. Campbell continued at the head of the firm, and every successive year added something to the joint prosperity of himself and his partner. But at the disastrous period, when the flag of war was unfurled between kindred people, the tide of prosperity began to flow with less vigour into the Clyde.

the Poet. The twin-blade was recognised by the brother of Dr. Campbell, among the ancient armour in the Tower, some years ago, and found to bear a strict resemblance to the other, in fashion, size, and date.

The Virginia trade, heretofore so profitable, immediately changed its current; and among the first who felt, and were nearly ruined by the change, was the now old and respectable firm of Alexander and Daniel Campbell. Their united losses, arising from the failure of other houses with which they were connected, swept away the whole, or very nearly the whole, amount of forty years' successful industry; in fact the savings of a long life, spent in this branch of mercantile pursuits. Our Poet's father, at this time, was in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His daughter Mary, eldest of his ten surviving children, had not completed her nineteenth year; and the difficulties of his present position, greatly increased by the sad prospects as to their future establishment in life, may be more easily imagined than described. The actual loss sustained by the senior partner, Mr. Alexander Campbell, in this unforeseen disaster, has been variously estimated. After a careful examination of the accounts with which I have been furnished by living representatives of the two families, I find it cannot have been much less than twenty thousand pounds—equivalent in those days to what was considered an ample independence—particularly in the west of Scotland, where industry and frugality were leading features in the domestic life of a Glasgow merchant; and when luxury and ostentation were very little known or practised, even by the wealthiest of her citizens.

Daniel Campbell, the junior partner in the firm, always estimated his own individual loss at "eleven or twelve thousand pounds;" which might also be considered as a liberal provision. But being a younger man, with a smaller family to provide for than his brother-in-law, he could look to the future with more confidence, and take more decisive measures for repairing his ruined fortune. To Alexander Campbell, now well stricken in years,

and the father of a very numerous family, the test by which his moral character was to be tried, was not more sudden than it was severe. Yet he submitted to it with equanimity, or even cheerfulness; and made such efforts as his age and circumstances allowed, for improving the very scanty residue which had been saved from the wreck of his former affluence. In these efforts he was ably seconded by his wife, whose natural strength and energy of character were strikingly developed by the new cares and anxieties in which she was now involved. Of the prudence with which, as a wife and a mother, she conducted her domestic affairs during the long struggle that ensued, there is the most pleasing and authentic testimony. To her, indeed, much of the high merit of having supported and educated her family upon an income, that in the present day would barely suffice to purchase the common necessaries of life, is unquestionably due. Among her contemporary relatives, she had always been considered as "a person of much taste and refinement." She was well educated for the age and sphere in which she moved,* with considerable family pride, as the daughter and wife of a Campbell, and with much of a fond mother's ambition, to see her young family make their way in that respectable station of life to which they were born. She was passionately fond of music, particularly sacred music, and sang many of the popular melodies of Scotland with taste and effect. With the traditional songs of the Highlands, particularly Argyllshire, she was intimately

* It is well known, however, that until the middle of the last century, female education was very deficient in some parts of Scotland: and in such uncouth spelling were their thoughts expressed, so late as 1746, that ladies of rank, even "an accomplished countess," could write of "beautys and gentil pritty wimen and many bows who sies them," &c., and date from the modern Athens.—Specimens of "Old Highland Letters" in the *Inverness Courier*, Dec. 1846.

acquainted; and from her example, it seems probable, the love of song was early imbibed and cultivated by her children.

From the moment that the aspect of domestic concerns had changed, all the better features of Mrs. Campbell's character appeared in strong relief. Every indulgence which previous affluence had rendered habitual and graceful in the station she then occupied, was firmly and conscientiously abandoned. In her family arrangements a system of rigid economy was so established, that no unreasonable expense on one occasion might increase the difficulties of the next. "She was," to use the words applied to her by all who knew her intimately during these years of trial, "an admirable manager, a clever woman." It is pleasing to add, that her unwearied exertions to prepare her children, by a good solid education, for a respectable entrance on the duties of life, were crowned with success; and during the last years of her long life, afforded her matter for great thankfulness and procured for her many comforts.

It is frankly acknowledged, however, that, among the amiable weaknesses so generally ascribed to fond mothers, over-indulgence entered into no part of Mrs. Campbell's system. She is said to have been at times "unnecessarily severe, or even harsh," in the exercise of her authority; and that the maternal castigation was not always proportioned to the offence. But if severe, her severity was not misplaced, as a safeguard against the effects of that paternal indulgence with which her worthy husband, "good easy man," regarded every individual of his family; and to which the Poet himself has borne grateful testimony in his Letters. But it was thus that the father's indulgence and the mother's severity mutually checked and tempered each other, and produced those salutary effects in the discipline of their children, which nothing but the happy

union of such opposite qualities could have accomplished. The "irritability" of the one was softened or subdued by the habitual "equanimity" of the other; and where the mother passed sentence upon any of her young culprits for breach of privilege, or neglect of tasks, it was never reversed by the father. Thus, in their domestic affairs, *paidocracy* was kept under, and the parental authority supported in all its force. "Grave counsel" from the father, and sharp "reproofs from the mother," were always made to co-operate in such a manner as to effect one important end—an increase of application to school exercises, which was generally followed by some fresh distinction in the class.

Mrs. Campbell has been described to me by a lady who knew her, as a woman of great mental energy; fond of literary society; sprightly in conversation; and spending most of her leisure in the perusal of those books which the previous generation had pronounced to be the "only standard authorities." But although she preferred the "old authors" as her daily companions, she had a very just notion of their merits, with considerable relish for the popular authors of the day, which she felt much pleasure in having read to her, long after she had completed her seventieth year. I have already mentioned that she had a natural taste for music; and having had a good voice in her younger days—but which owed little to the artificial cultivation of that talent—she often sang, even in the very wane of life, to the few familiar guests who occasionally met at her hearth, such snatches of old songs as the hour or circumstance happened to call forth. Among these were two especial favourites, sweetened, no doubt, by many proud associations,—"My Poor Dog Tray," and "The Blind Boy." It was to the air of the former, so often sung to him by his mother, in infancy, that Campbell

wrote the "Harper." It is one of the few I ever heard him sing in the evening of life when, for an instant, the morning sun seemed again to rest upon it; and it was, probably, the first that soothed the infant poet in his cradle, long before he had attempted to lisp in rhyme.

In person, the Poet's mother was of slight but shapely figure, with piercing black eyes, dark hair, well-chiselled features, which, in after-life, became round and full—losing much of their original expression. With natural vivacity of spirit and cordiality of manner, she was a shrewd observer of character; warm-hearted; strongly attached to her friends, and always ready to sympathise in their misfortunes. With this disposition, she was often the author of unostentatious but substantial charity; and it is pleasing to think, that, when overtaken by adversity, her good deeds were not entirely forgotten. By her own sex her society was much courted. She had a "considerable fund of anecdote," and the talent of saying wise, or witty things in a way that "drew all the young people about her."

She was, of course, very proud of her youngest son, whose precocious talent for song was not a little indebted to her taste and cultivation. As one illustration of this amiable and very excusable weakness, I am informed by the relation above mentioned, that, having occasion to go shopping with her, they halted at a silk-mercer's, where, after the usual scrutiny and rejection of articles shown to them, the old lady was at last "struck with a very nice pattern of a shawl," which she immediately purchased and paid for. The parcel was folded up, and when the mercer inquired the name, and where she would have it sent to, —"Send it," she said, "to Mrs. Campbell—Mrs. Campbell of Kirnan;"—then added, "mother of the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.'" Kirnan, it is true, had long ceased

to be the family mansion ; but, in her mind, "Kirnan" and the "Pleasures of Hope" were like two gems appended to the name of Campbell, never to be separated.

"A few years previous to her death," says a correspondent, "my mother took me to Edinburgh, on a visit to Mrs. Camphell. I was very young at the time ; but I have a distinct recollection of the old lady, and it is of a pleasing kind. She was evidently a person of strong mind, of great good sense, and much kindliness of disposition. In her manner, there was an uncommon mixture of innate dignity and liveliness. It might be difficult to convey to you a distinctive notion of the former quality ; but the following slight incident exemplifies, I think, both Mrs. Campbell's liveliness and kindness. Shortly after I arrived she bought a cane for me ; but, before presenting it, she said it would be proper to show me how the young gentlemen, students of Edinburgh, managed their canes. For this purpose she walked several times across the room, all the while twirling the cane in her hand. The imitation was certainly amusing ; but the beauty of the trait was, the condescension of the old lady in attempting it, purely to please and divert a boy.

"During the same visit she spoke in terms of high praise of her son Thomas. 'Nothing,' she said, 'could be conceived more kind and respectful than the tenor of his letters to herself.'" Mr. Campbell's kindness, however, went far beyond profession ; for, out of his own narrow income, he allowed a handsome annuity to his mother and his sisters.

This much-respected lady—who resembled, in some of her early characteristic traits, the 'mother of the Gracchi'—survived her husband ; and after a widowhood of eleven years, died in Edinburgh, on the 24th February, 1812, at the age of seventy-six.

Mr. Alexander Campbell, the Poet's father, was naturally a man of superior abilities, which, both at home and abroad, he had much improved by reading and reflection. He was held in esteem by several members of the University, at a time when it could muster some of the first men of the day; and when its chairs were filled by teachers, not only of profound learning themselves, but endowed with the rare and happy faculty of communicating their learning to others. Of these, frequent notice will be found in the Poet's Letters, in which he always speaks with grateful admiration of his Glasgow instructors—men not merely of English but European celebrity. But it may serve to show the character of his father's mind simply to state, that he was on terms of intimacy with Adam Smith, and the confidential friend of his successor, Dr. Thomas Reid, from whom the Poet received his name in baptism. On publishing his celebrated "Inquiry into the Human Mind," Dr. Reid gave a copy of it to his friend Mr. Campbell, who, after reading it attentively, called upon the author, and thanked him for the great pleasure and edification which his new work had afforded him. "I am glad to hear you are pleased with it," said Dr. Reid; "there are now, at least, two men in Glasgow who understand my work, and these are Alexander Campbell and myself."

In matters of business, Mr. Campbell is said to have been indolent rather than active, and to have expressed infinitely less solicitude to become a wealthy merchant than to maintain the character of an upright man and a patriotic citizen. It was the proud but honest boast of his family, that, in the course of a life, in which he had mixed with all classes of society, and which was extended far beyond the ordinary limits of human existence, his honour and integrity had never been questioned. In his political creed he was liberal, in the true sense of the term;

and in all his actions maintained a strict consistency with his profession. He was happily spared, however, the necessity of making any display in the party politics of his day. He limited his social intercourse to that of a few old friends, and the enjoyments of his own family circle, where he was looked up to with love and veneration.

He lived in strict observance of his religious duties, both in public and in the bosom of his family, where every precept was enforced by example. To the doctrines of the Kirk of Scotland, which his ancestors had done and endured so much to establish; and in support of which two Chiefs of his clan had suffered martyrdom, he was zealously and conscientiously attached; but he never permitted ecclesiastical questions to disturb the tranquillity of his own fixed persuasion, nor to diminish the spirit of charity and goodwill with which he regarded all those who happened to differ from him in their religious views.

In his house, the practice of family-worship—almost universal in Scotland at that time—was regularly kept up. On those occasions, the force and fervour of his extempore prayers were such, that they were never effaced in after-life from the minds of his children. The Poet himself mentioned, only a short time before his death, that in his addresses to Heaven, the expressions used by his father were still fresh in his mind; and that he had never heard language—the English Liturgy excepted—more sublime than that in which his devotional feelings at such moments found utterance. "His were the only extemporal prayers I ever heard," said his son, "which might have been printed as they dropped from his lips." This must be taken, perhaps, with some abatement on the score of filial admiration; yet it could have been no ordinary gift of eloquence that so imprinted itself on the Poet's mind, as to retain its freshness for more than half a century.

In the course of his reading, Mr. Campbell included little poetry; but, like his wife, he had a taste for music, and could sing a good naval song. His favourite authors were writers on theology, history, and the abstract sciences; and when his son Thomas showed the first symptoms of a poetical vein, they were not countenanced but checked. "Many a sheet of nonsense have I beside me," says the Poet, writing in 1794; "insomuch that when my father comes into my room, he tells me I would be much better reading Locke than scribbling so." He answered his father's objections, long afterwards, by the following lines—the best apology he ever made for his "poetical scribbling":—

"O deem not, in this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings:
Let high Philosophy control
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."

After the loss of his fortune, Mr. Campbell withdrew from all further connexion in trade. With that fortitude which never left him, even under the first pressure of the crisis, he set himself down in the midst of his young family and there, while preparing their minds for successful resistance to the evils which a sudden change of fortune had rendered inevitable, he exhorted them to redouble their exertions. Of the zeal with which Mrs. Campbell entered into the views of her husband, enough has been said to show the unanimity which subsisted between them; and, from that day forward, the education of their younger children became the almost exclusive object of their existence.

In addition to the surplus, which remained to Mr. Campbell, after the payment of all debts due by the firm,

he derived a small annual income from the Merchants' Society, and from a Provident Institution, of which he had long been a member; so that, although greatly reduced in circumstances, he was by no means destitute, as some Memoirs have stated, but enabled to give his children an education which was to supply the want of patrimony, and restore them to that position in society, which they had not forfeited, but lost through unavoidable misfortunes.

Another, though less certain means of increasing his income, was by receiving into his family one or two gentlemen as boarders—young men, who, for six months of the year at least, attended the college lectures, and during that time enjoyed, at Mr. Campbell's hearth, the advantages of a parental home. Among these were several who eminently distinguished themselves at the university, and subsequently attained the highest honours in their respective professions.

In aggravation of the great loss of property sustained by Mr. Campbell at the declaration of war with America, he became involved, through others, in a series of vexatious lawsuits; one of which, a suit in chancery, continued to embitter the remainder of his patriarchal life. It did not, indeed, undermine his health nor diminish his habitual cheerfulness, but it was often adverted to in his conversation, as a bitter drop in the cup of adversity.

"The first time," says an intimate and still surviving friend of the Poet, "that I drank tea in the house of Mr. Campbell, was in the winter of 1790. The old gentleman, who had been a great foreign merchant, was seated in his arm-chair, and dressed in a suit of snuff-brown cloth, all from the same web. There were present, besides Thomas, his brother and two sisters,—Daniel, Elizabeth, and Isabella. The father, then at the age of fourscore, spoke only once to us. It was when one of

his sons and I—Thomas, I think, who was then about thirteen, and of my own age—were speaking about getting new clothes, and descanting in grave earnest as to the most fashionable colours. Tom was partial to green; I preferred blue.—'Lads!' said the senior, in a voice which fixed our attention; 'if you wish to have a lasting suit, get one like mine.' We thought he meant one of a snuff-brown colour; but he added, 'I have a *suit* in the Court of Chancery, which has lasted thirty years, and I think it will never wear out.'"

In person, Mr. Campbell was like his son, rather under the middle size, with handsome features, of a spare figure, compactly built, and in his youth hardy, and capable of enduring much fatigue. "Mr. Campbell," says a lady, speaking of him in 1794, "was a reverend and interesting looking old gentleman. I have a distinct scene now before me of my mother leading him, then in his eighty-fourth year, into the summer-house. His favourite topic of conversation was his 'son Thomas,' whose advancement at college was the pride and solace of his life." Of similar import is the testimony of a gentleman who resided under Mr. Campbell's roof, and, in reference to that period, says, "the Poet's father was a man of great benevolence of disposition, and of peculiar mildness and courtesy in his manners." And to this may be added the following portrait drawn by the poet himself:—

> "His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
> Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy;
> Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
> He worshipped—stern uncompromising truth!"

Having retired to Edinburgh in 1798, he resided there until his death, which took place in the month of March, 1801, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one.

Mr. Campbell's two elder sons, Archibald and Alexander, after receiving a good commercial education, partly under the paternal roof, and partly in one of the Glasgow houses, were sent out in the same ship to Berbice, and engaged as clerks in one of the principal houses of that settlement. At the time they first left home, they were too young, perhaps, to be thrown upon the world, without fixed principles, and the benefit of paternal counsel. But the prospect was too encouraging to be overlooked; at home symptoms of a great political change were already visible; and as these might seriously affect Mr. Campbell's interest, it was very desirable that the elder should make way for the younger; and thus become the architects of their own fortune.

To this early expatriation of his sons, Mr. Campbell, it appears, long hesitated before he would give his consent. But Mrs. Campbell, on the contrary, with her usual energy of character, was a zealous advocate for the measure; the moment situations were offered, she urged it upon her sons, as a duty which they owed their father, to accept them without delay. It was said at the time, and has been repeated since, that in this and other instances Mrs. Campbell acted with more harshness than became an affectionate mother. But, if she expressed anything like harshness, it was only assumed as a corrector of the paternal indulgence already mentioned. She had a painful duty to perform; and, when she felt her own personal health declining, and looked at her venerable husband, almost helpless under the burden of years, she might well say to those who thought her "harsh and cruel"—There is my apology.

I now turn to the younger members of Mr. Campbell's family, a brief notice of whom, individually, will enable

the reader, perhaps, to enter with more interest upon the work before him.

Mary, the eldest daughter, of whose worth and amiable qualities frequent mention is made in the following Letters, was literally a blessing to her parents, and the idol of her family. She had received her education with the single view of turning it to the benefit of her sisters; but, soon after her father's reverses, she quitted the parental hearth, and obtained a situation as governess in a family of distinction, where she resided many years, honoured for her virtues, and respected for her talents.

Isabella, the second daughter, received her education at the same school with Mary, who was only two years her senior, and whom she much resembled in mind and person. A similarity of tastes led to similar accomplishments, and laid the foundation of an affection which, independently of the closest ties of kindred, continued to unite these sisters until the union was broken by the death of Isabella, in 1837, at the mature age of seventy-nine. Like her elder sister, she had lived many years as resident governess in an opulent Scotch family, whose generous conduct towards her, when she retired from active life, is highly honourable to both parties. Mary was equally fortunate in this respect. She lived in a family who had sense to appreciate her value, as the intellectual companion of their daughters; and when her task was completed, they felt that, in making a permanent addition to her income, they were not so much presenting her with a gift, as discharging a debt of gratitude. Her attachment to this family appeared to gather strength in retirement. Her letters are rarely without some affectionate reminiscence of the dear M——'s. By the Poet himself, their generous treatment of his favourite 'poetical' sister was always warmly felt, and, on more than one occasion, eloquently acknowledged.

Elizabeth, the third daughter, was the very counterpart of her mother in temper and disposition; and, like her, she was "an admirable manager." She did not follow the precise course adopted by her sisters, but entered upon duties for which she was well qualified, namely, those of a boarding-school; in which, although she never realized an independence, she gained at least the reputation of having deserved it. She had little besides the annual allowance made to her by her brother, whose liberality to his mother and sisters, during a period of at least thirty years, and under many personal difficulties, almost exceeds belief.* Elizabeth resided during the latter part of her life in Edinburgh, where, after a protracted course of ill-health, she expired on the 26th of June, 1829, having nearly completed her sixty-fifth year.

Mary, the eldest, and last surviving sister of the Poet, continued to reside in Edinburgh until her death, which preceded that of her beloved brother by a space of little more than fourteen months. She had been long an invalid—a severe but patient sufferer under repeated shocks of paralysis, from the effects of which she gradually sunk, and expired, with her brother's last letter in her hands, in the month of April, 1843, at the advanced age of eighty-six. Some interesting particulars, in reference to this event, and its effects upon the Poet's sensitive mind, will be found related under another head.

Of the two brothers, who had settled in Berbice, Archibald, the elder, resided there during the space of twenty

* "Generosity to his relations," says a gentleman related to the Poet, "was at all times a marked feature in Mr. Campbell's character; in proof of which I may adduce his behaviour to three unmarried sisters. These ladies, from legacies and other sources, possessed a competency, though moderate; and when I state the aggregate amount of their incomes at £300, and the annual assistance which their brother afforded them at £100, I am convinced that I underrate the sum."—*Letter to the Editor.*

years, with various success, as a merchant and planter. At the expiration of that period he returned to Scotland, and spent some time with his brothers and sisters, who were all much attached to him ; for, in mind and person, he bore a striking resemblance to their revered father, and possessed many qualities of head and heart, to which the Poet has done justice in his letters. Having completed his visit, he again took leave of his family, for the last time, embarked at Greenock, and sailing for the United States of America, took up his residence in Virginia. There he continued for several years ; and, after having enjoyed various testimonies of the general respect in which his character was held by the great body of his fellow-citizens, he died at Richmond, in the same state, in the month of November, 1830, at the age of seventy—fifty-three of which he had spent abroad. The property he had acquired, which was far from considerable, he left by will to his surviving brothers and sisters, in equal shares ; but, as it afterwards appeared, the good intentions of the testator were frustrated by the insolvency of a principal debtor, and the heavy legal expenses which attended the administration.

Alexander, the second son, who for twenty years had shared the fortunes of his elder brother in Berbice, continued to reside in that settlement eleven years after his brother had removed to Virginia. He was for some time prosperous in business, and realised considerable property, but lost it by a series of commercial disasters. He succeeded in amassing a second fund, amounting, however, to little more than a very moderate competence, and with this he prudently returned home, with the laudable intention of spending it among his surviving friends in Glasgow. There, after completing the purchase of some property of an improvable nature, he concluded by a judicious mar-

riage every arrangement for passing the evening of his days in comfort and tranquillity. He did not live many years, however, in the enjoyment of his well-earned competence. Thirty years' residence in a hot climate had left him ill fitted to brave the rigours of a Scottish winter. After a short illness, he was gathered to his fathers, on the 23rd of August, 1826, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He left behind him a widow, and a family of eight children; to the youngest of whom, Mary Campbell, the Poet has bequeathed all his literary and disposable property. Alexander Campbell was a great reader; had acquired much practical knowledge of the world, and had the reputation of strict probity in all his transactions. In a word, he possessed much of the mind and disposition of his parents, who were singularly happy in seeing so many of their own estimable qualities revived in their offspring.

John, the third son, embraced a sea-faring life; but of his personal history I have ascertained very few particulars. He appears to have had little correspondence, or personal intercourse with his brothers and sisters. Like his elder brothers he was sent forth early into the world; and, after a variety of fortunes, prosperous and adverse, he settled in Demerara; where in 1806 he was carried off, it is believed, by fever, in the forty-third year of his age.

Daniel, the fourth son, died in infancy.

Robert, the fifth son, had no sooner left school, in Glasgow, than he was sent off to the Colonies; where the influence of his two elder brothers had provided him with a comfortable asylum. When their elder sons went first abroad, the old friends, both of Mr. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell's brother, were still there, and ready to bid them welcome; and, as the younger followed in the same track, the elder brothers were generally in a condition to assist them, both by their example and influence.

Thus, what gradually lightened the burden at home, promoted in an equal measure, their own individual interests. The only facts which I collect from the family record, respecting Robert, are, that he was "born at Glasgow on the 11th of October, 1768; became a merchant, married a daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry, and died in Virginia in 1807.* Patrick Henry, a man of great eloquence, was the first governor of that state; and I remember seeing an old letter of his some years since, in the hands of the Poet.

James, the sixth son, was considered a boy of great promise at school; but had only reached his thirteenth year, when, to the unspeakable grief of his parents, he was drowned while bathing in the Clyde, on the 28th of July, 1783. An hour or two afterwards, while Thomas, then a child six years old, and his sister Isabella, were walking along the banks of the river—unconscious of what had happened—they were horror-struck at seeing in their very path, first the clothes, and then the lifeless body of their unfortunate brother, as it had been left by the ebbing tide. The scene that followed made an impression on his infant mind never to be effaced; and it is to this playfellow —"the brother of his childhood," that the Poet alludes in these beautiful lines, in the "Pleasures of Hope":—

> "Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
> The tears of love were hopeless but for thee!
> If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell—
> If that faint murmur be the last farewell—
> If Fate unite the faithful but to part—
> Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
> *Why does the brother of my childhood seem*
> *Restored a while in every pleasing dream?*" &c.

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* "Robert Campbell, also a brother of the Poet, settled in Virginia, where he married a daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry. He died about two years ago."—*Washington Irving.*

Daniel, the seventh son, was, placed in one of the Glasgow manufactories, where the branches of weaving and cotton spinning were extensively carried on. There he continued several years, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the trade, which was now becoming one of the most lucrative in the kingdom.

Daniel understood the power and management of the loom, but he had either too much genius, or too little perseverance, to keep to his business. He gave more attention to politics, and less attention to the spindles, than a steady and aspiring tradesman should have done. The result was soon apparent; after a few unavailing attempts to retrieve his credit, he entered upon a new field of enterprise; but found the blind goddess as coy and illusive as ever.

He was a man of "infinite humour;" but his wit and accomplishments as a boon companion, did not advance his private interests. He entered with great warmth into the political questions of the day. The march of revolution had begun in France; and, like many of the "fine spirits of the times," he was soon enlisted under the splendid illusions of "Liberty and Equality." His support, however, was confined to expressions of approbation. He never committed himself at any of the public or private meetings to which the popular feelings of the times gave rise. But the general excitement that prevailed, and in which he strongly sympathised, unhinged all his better resolutions; and, at length, quite unfitted for the sober duties of his calling, he repaired to the Continent—first to Germany, then to France. The Poet, many years afterwards, met him at Rouen, where he had undertaken the management of a large manufactory. He had an only child—a son, who, through the Poet's interest, obtained a commission in the Army many years ago, but died soon after he had joined his regiment in India. It is proper to mention,

however, in concluding this brief notice, that no certain intimation of Daniel Campbell's death has ever reached any of his family in Scotland. He had long ceased to correspond with his brothers and sisters, and became at last, it is said, a naturalised Frenchman.

All this talented family—parents, brothers, and sisters, it was the Poet's destiny to survive ; and to find himself at last in the very position which he has so feelingly described—

"A brotherless hermit—the last of his race."

This concludes the brief introductory notice I had proposed of Mr. Campbell's family, and brings me to the immediate subject of these memoirs—the Life of the Poet. The annexed Table exhibits at one view a correct list of the children by the marriage of Alexander and Margaret Campbell—born between 1756 and 1777. The dates are carefully extracted from the "Household Bible," in which they are successively recorded in the beautiful handwriting of the Poet's father, and furnished to me by his grandson, Mr. Archibald Campbell.

Mary,	born in Glasgow,	19 Jan., 1757.	Died in Edinburgh,	April,	1843,	aged 86.
Isabella,	„	30 Aug., 1758.	Died in Edinburgh,	Aug.,	1837,	„ 79.
Archibald,	„	8 Feb., 1760.	Died in Virginia,		1830,	„ 70.
Alexander,	„	9 Oct., 1761.	Died in Glasgow,	23 Aug.,	1826,	„ 65.
John,	„	26 Dec., 1763.	Died in Demerara,		1806,	„ 43.
Elizabeth,	„	30 May, 1765.	Died in Edinburgh,	26 June,	1829,	„ 64.
Daniel,	„	16 Jan., 1767.	Died in Glasgow,	12 Nov.,	1767,	„ 1.
Robert,	„	11 Oct., 1768.	In Virginia,		1807,	„ 35.
James,	„	10 Aug., 1770.	Drowned,	28 July,	1783,	„ 13.
Daniel,	„	16 Apr., 1773.	In France.	Not recorded.		
Thomas,	„	27 July, 1777.	Died at Boulogne,	15 June,	1844,	„ 67.

The Parents.

Mr. Alexander Campbell,	born 1710.	Died in Edinburgh,	March,	1801,	aged 91.
Mrs. Margaret Campbell,	„ 1736.	„ „	Feb.	1812,	„ 76.

CHAPTER II.

INFANCY AND SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the eighth son of Alexander and Margaret Campbell, and youngest of eleven children, by the same parents, was born in his father's house in Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777, and baptized the week following in presence of his family, by the celebrated Dr. Reid, then Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University. This happy event had been preceded by sad reverses of fortune; the worldly circumstances of the family had completely changed; but drying their tears, the parents welcomed the inspired boy as a "pledge of returning happiness, and were comforted."

He was a lively, well-favoured child, rather of a delicate than of a robust constitution, with beautiful expressive features, and a precocity of intellect, which soon arrested the attention of his parents, and filled their hearts with many cheering hopes; the only hopes, probably, which they had ever the happiness to see realised. No prodigies, indeed, appeared at his birth; but his father, it is said, had a strong presentiment, that the son of his old age would do honour to his name and country. He was a remarkably affectionate child, very sensitive, keenly alive to praise, easily encouraged, and as easily disconcerted by a word or look of unkindness; the latter, however, was of rare occurrence. The indulgence of the father had long been proverbial; and now that the child grew up, and the elder branches were widely scattered over the world, his affection became centred in the youngest. Even his

mother, I am told, lost much of her "natural asperity," in the treatment of this darling son; and very seldom reproached her husband with "over-indulgence to the boy." His eldest sister Mary, had already left the paternal hearth; but in his younger sister Isabella he had a most affectionate companion and nurse. She was indefatigable in all those little arts by which the infant mind is captivated, and gradually drawn out to the free development of its inherent powers. The trivial amusements of childhood with which he was indulged, had an object beyond the passing hour. His parents, too, had tact and discernment enough to perceive the rich intellectual ore which soon began to discover itself in their son, and made it their study to improve the discovery, by early and assiduous cultivation, a process that was best calculated to extract the pure gold. He was of a playful disposition, easily amused by others, and a child, of so inquisitive a mind, that he found amusement and information in everything that fell in his way. Among other relics of this date, the chair in which he was nursed—his "mother's chair"—is still preserved in the family. In this chair, it may be imagined, he first learned to "recognise his mother by her smile," and felt the influence of those native melodies, of which, from his very cradle, he was so passionately fond, and to which she well knew how to give effect. Profiting by the first indications of a gifted mind, she had no difficulty in directing the future poet in that flowery path, which Nature herself had so clearly pointed out. The ballad-poetry of Scotland was familiar to his ear, long before he could comprehend its meaning; and when at length it came to be understood, the charm was complete. Thus, in his opening mind, the genius of the poet and the love of poetry grew up together, and became identified with his very being.

From the hands of this amiable and affectionate circle, Thomas, now in his eighth year, was transferred to the care of Mr. Allison, Master of the Grammar-school, whose reputation as a scholar, and, above all, as an able and successful teacher, stood most deservedly high. He was a man of the Ruddiman class, whose zeal did not relax with his experience, but kept pace with it; and whose pride, if he had any quality that might be so named, was the pride of seeing his own qualifications eclipsed by those of his pupils. This worthy man soon discovered in the interesting boy the rich quality of the materials he had to work upon; and employed every means to give them a classical shape and polish. The fruit of this cultivation soon began to show itself. The kindness and approbation of his master were not thrown away upon a mind naturally fond of praise, and ambitious to excel: young Campbell was soon at the head of his class,—a position which he invariably maintained—and became a general favourite with his schoolfellows. At home, during the short intervals between school hours, he was materially assisted in the preparation of his tasks by his father, a fact which he has commemorated in one of his earliest attempts in verse.

At this period the "decayed merchant," who was sixty-seven at the birth of his son, had long since completed his "threescore-and-ten;" but, thus occupied, he seemed to forget his years, assisted the boy in all his tasks, shared in all his little triumphs, and, like the Ritter Bann,—

> "saw himself restored
> To childhood in his child."

It must have been a picture in itself, of no little beauty and interest, to see the venerable Nestor stooping over the versions, and directing the studies of the future Tyrtæus.

Thus month after month passed away; every little dis-

tinction at school imparted cheerfulness to the family circle, where a prize-book given by the master had all the importance of a great event. Commended by his father, caressed by his mother and sisters, the "Dux" returned every morning to his class with renewed ardour for knowledge; and every evening brought home, in one shape or other, some new title to their approbation. His constitution, however, was originally delicate. Close application, aided by natural excitability of temperament, had begun to show its bad effects on his health; and after a little time, the boy was taken seriously ill. Country air was immediately recommended, and he was removed to a cottage on the banks of the Cart, a few miles out of town, and placed under the care of a worthy old couple—an aged "webster and his wife,"—who, having no family of their own, could pay undivided attention to the health of the interesting charge thus confided to them. Here he was left to run wild for a season among the fields, chasing butterflies, gathering flowers, or gazing on the blue hills, and "minnowy brooks" that flowed through the pastures. Every object around him wore, to a mind like his, an Elysian aspect. In the course of six weeks his health was quite restored; and when his mother came to fetch him home, he had so ingratiated himself with the old people, that it was almost a contest between "right and might" who should keep and who should take away the favourite stripling. During this "recess," the scenery of that classic river seems to have been so imprinted upon his mind, that it often returned to him in the poetry of his later days. With the mere exception of an occasional day in the country, it was the first visit—and the only one that comprised weeks—which he had ever made among the luxuriant natural scenery by which the banks of the Cart are so richly diversified. His rambles among the green

fields, the woods, and "echoing streams," often rose up and shone brightly in the glass of his memory; and it was probably while musing on these "summers of old," and when carried back in fancy to the flowery borders of the Cart and Leven, that he wrote:—

"Ye field-flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true;
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold! . . . ."

"Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb!"

Again, so late as 1841, he draws from the same hoarded recollections of his own infant days, when painting the little hero of the "Child and Hind":—

"But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
With love beyond all measure;
And culled them with as keen delight
As misers gather treasure."

His return home to the family circle, in Charlotte-street, about the end of September, was marked by a sort of *fête*, which showed the young poet that he had been sadly missed. The welcome he met with from his sisters, and their congratulations on his improved looks, were the only topics of the evening. But his father having reminded him that the holidays were just ended, and that Mr. Allison's class would reassemble on the following Monday, he returned at once to his books, never to quit them again

until he should retire, bearing "his blushing honours thick upon him."

From this time forward, the feeling of poesy within his heart seemed to be struggling for utterance. He had returned from a world teeming with natural beauties, on which he had been gazing with insatiable delight for several weeks, and these at a period of the year when the face of the country was radiant with loveliness. His mind was filled with the recollection of all he had seen, and heard, and fancied; and again and again he tried to communicate to paper the impressions they had left upon his memory. The seeds of genius, that had hitherto lain dormant, were now awakening into power: the first glorious view of forest, lake, and mountain had bound him as with a spell. It was now that, in his own words,

"The magic of Nature first breathed on his mind;"

the faint dawn of inspiration was gathering strength; and one of his very first attempts in poetry, was to establish that fact by celebrating the beauties of Nature in what he calls a "Poem on the Seasons"—

"Oh, joyful Spring, thy cheerful days prolong,
(The feathered songsters thus begin the song)
Lo, smiling May doth now return at last,
But ah! she runs, she runs along too fast,
The sultry June arrives, May's pleasure's short,
Yet July yields some fruit for cool resort;
Blest Autumn comes, arrayed in golden grain,
And bounteously rewards the lab'ring swain," &c. T. C.

One of the usual exercises prescribed by Mr. Allison, was the translation of a passage from some classic author into English, which he left to the option of his pupils to render in prose or poetry. In these tasks young Campbell was eminently successful; and his success rapidly

increased, until it reached that degree of excellence so remarkably shown in his first translations from the Medea—

> Σκαιοὺς δὲ λέγων κοὐδέν τι σοφοὺς
> Τοὺς πρόσθε βροτοῦς, οὐκ ἂν ἁμάρτοις.

The following "Poem" appears to have been composed when the immediate prospect of the holidays acted with inspiring influence. This interesting relic, with several others written about the same time, was treasured up by his eldest sister Mary, until her death in 1843, when the originals were placed in my hands.

POEM ON FINISHING THE VERSIONS.

Now farewell my books and also my Versions
I hope now I will have [some] time for diversions
The labour and pains you have cost me 's not small
But now by good luck I 've got free of you all.
When the pen was not good I blotted the paper
And then my father cried Tom what 's the matter?
Consider but once what items you need
My purse it must suffer or you must take heed
So adieu to rebukes and also to Versions
I hope I 'll now have some time for diversions.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, *æt.* 10.

Glasgow, May 12, 1788.

Under the care of Mr. Allison, young Campbell continued nearly two years after this effusion, and became, comparatively speaking, a proficient both in Latin and Greek. He was already so familiar with the usual school editions of Horace and Virgil, that his memory was stored with their finest passages. He could declaim with great fluency, at the evening fireside, in the languages of Greece and Rome; and although his audience, generally his mother and sisters, were not the most attentive listeners on those occasions, his relish for the ancient masters of the

art was so keen, that he never imagined their sublime sentiments could be heard with indifference by any human being.

Among the poetical pieces of this year, I find one that has lately been named and quoted as the *earliest* of all Campbell's attempts in rhyme. But certainly it is not the first. The "quotation" from it, which I have seen published as such, differs materially from the original manuscript; and as it contains evidence of progressive ease in the balance of the rhythm, and improved taste in the choice of expression, the reader will not be displeased to have an opportunity of judging for himself.

POEM ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE PARROT.

1

In Caledonia lives a youth
Of genius and of fame
Whose company yields me delight
Will Irvine is his name.

2

A chattering parrot he possess'd
Whose each diverting jest
For weary lessons cheered him up
And soothed his anxious breast

2

Poll's chattering lays and curious jokes
And rhymes well got by rote
Were sweeter far to him than lark's
Or Philomela's note.

3

When from the Grammar school he came
With Poll he oft made sport
The parrot mimicked all he said—
With fun the nights seemed short.

4

Short were they then but now they're long
Poll's dead he's left to mourn
And weep without a comforter
That Poll can ne'er return

5

For Poll was but an hourly joy
A gift soon to decay
Emblem of all our earthly bliss
That only lasts a day

5

Once in December's gloomy month
This same youth did sit down
With aching heart for to relate
Of Death's dart lately thrown.

6

That dart which thrown at poor Poll's heart
Caused him to weep and cry
'Oh may that day of the year be dark
On which my Poll did die.'

7

'But let me moralize' he said
'Death overtakes us all
The haughtiest tyrant ever lived
Did by his arrows fall.

8 *

'None can escape his powerful arm
Or shun the fatal blow
Thus powerful kings as well as Poll
His victims are laid low.'

THOS. CAMPBELL.

Glasgow, June 13, 1788.

* The stanzas, it may be observed, are carelessly numbered—this being 10 instead of 8. Like the original MS. "poem on finishing the versions," this "'poem' is also written with as little attention to the 'mystery of punctuation'" as any of the old Greek inscriptions.

With his fourth year at the grammar-school commenced that enthusiastic admiration of Greek, which accompanied him through life. Of his translations from Anacreon, performed this summer, the following are specimens :—

Θέλω λέγειν Ατρείδας.

In sooth, I'd with pleasure rehearse
The Atridæ and Cadmus's fame,
If my lute would accord to my verse,
And sound aught but Venus's name!
'Twas in vain that I changèd each string,
To alter its amorous tone;
And began of Alcides to sing,
But my lute warbled Venus alone!
I therefore my strains must renew
And accord to the lays of my lute—
So ye heroes, for ever adieu!
Love alone is the theme that can suit. T. C., *æt.* 12.

Η γῆ μ λαινα πίνει.

The sable earth imbibes the rain;
The trees and shrubs drink it again;
The sea into his spacious breast,
Imbibes the gales of air compressed:
The sun, in his prodigious cup,
Drinks all the seas and rivers up;
The silver light the moon displays,
Is but a draught from Phœbus' rays.
Why then, companions, chide my choice
Who wish to drink, and still rejoice! T. C., *æt.* 12.

Campbell was early of opinion that certain remarkable passages in Homer, and other ancient poets, carried their interpretation in the very sound,—that the sense was thus rendered intelligible to any one who had a good ear and would listen attentively, whilst another was reading it, *rotundo ore*, although the former had no acquaintance with the original text.*

* Virgil, as every one knows, furnishes many instances in which the sound

One evening, many years ago, an accomplished lady and he happened to be watching the coming in of the tide. It was autumn, and sunset; when suddenly the surf became a vivid lilac. "How beautiful and singular that colour is!" said she; "I never saw anything like it before. Is it not very uncommon?" Campbell started up and said: "Homer knew every thing—he has described it;"—and he repeated the line with great enthusiasm, never thinking but that his fair auditor must, of necessity, be captivated with the description. "Don't the words carry the meaning to your ear?" but she only shook her head. "Well, then," said Campbell, "I will repeat a few lines where the *sense* of the passage is so completely echoed by the *sound*, that you *must* understand it." The lady paused. "Yes," he added, "I thought I should convince you at last! You know what it is all about?" "No! not a syllable. I hear the sound, indeed—and very fine it is—but it conveys no distinct ideas to my mind." He seemed quite disappointed, and tried many passages of other Greek poets, with as little success—but with the most persevering desire to convince her. I had the above anecdote from the lady herself, one of the Poet's most valued friends, and to whom many of his best letters were addressed.

is so remarkably accommodated to the sense, that it seems to bring the very scene before the eyes of the reader. As familiar examples we may take—

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum"—viii. 596, and
"Quadrupe*dumque* putrem *cursu* quatit ungula campum."—xi. 875.

in which the rapid tramp of war-steeds—'the clang of hoofs'—seem to ring in the ear. So also in Homer, the well-known lines—

Βῆ δ' ἀκεων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλασσης—A. 34, and
Ἠϊονες βοόωσιν, ἐρευγομένης ἁλὸς ἔξω—P. 265;

the first of which is thought to express the very sound and action of the sea-wave, as it slowly gathers its strength, bursts on the shore, recoils, and sinks into a faint murmer as it retreats. The second line is that which so wonderfully expresses the roaring of the sea, that the divine Plato, it is said, "was discouraged from the study of poetry by perusing it."

Examples of what he tried to demonstrate, and little, if at all inferior to the models above quoted, may be found in his own poems.

This early enthusiasm which the study of the Greek poets had kindled in the mind of Campbell, while a boy at school and college, appeared to strengthen with his growth, and literally became part of himself, long before he had reached the full measure of his intellectual maturity. Even in the latter stage of life, when the fever of politics had subsided, and original composition was almost abandoned, the gigantic structures of the Greek drama were still floating in airy vision before his eyes. And I then remarked, in his case, the truth of the observation, that, as age advances, the predilections of youth often return with peculiar force. His Greek, indeed, was his pride and solace at every period of life; yet never so much, I think, as when the expiration of the lease was but too evidently approaching. The last occasion on which he ever spoke to me of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," was during a morning drive which we took together to visit an invalid friend, and only a short time before his final departure from London. The conversation was all "about Greek—nothing but Greek"—and concluded with an ode, which, on the spur of the moment, was set to a popular Scotch air, and chanted much to his own satisfaction. He was in excellent spirits. But when I look back, the circumstance seems like a partial sunbeam, brightening one or two features of a picture, and leaving all the rest in shadow.

I will merely add, in further proof of this "rejuvenescence" of youthful taste, that Mr. St. John, Her Majesty's Consul-General at Algiers—in whose house the Poet lived during a part of his residence in Africa—often remarked, that, in the conversations at his table, Campbell never seemed to be aware that he had any particular claim to the

merit of a poet. His great ambition—and he made no effort to conceal it—was to be considered a *Greek* scholar; a distinction to which, however, as the Consul observes, it was idle in "him to lay claim, unless 'Gertrude' and 'Hohenlinden' could be forgotten," and there was little danger of that, even in Africa. It is an interesting fact—and a still more touching illustration of this strong predilection—that, among the last solitary pleasures of his life, was that of carefully instilling into the mind of his Niece, a knowledge of the ancient Greek language, which he taught her in a series of daily lessons, all in the Greek character and written with his own hand.

Thus, as it has been remarked of an illustrious predecessor, "the first beginning of his studies was a familiarity with the most solid and unaffected authors of antiquity, which he fully digested, not only in his memory but his judgment. By this method he learnt nothing while a boy that he needed to forget or forsake when he came to be a man." His motto was :—

> "———— Vos exemplaria Græca
> Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

Having made this digression merely to show the influence which his youthful studies exerted, even at the close of life, I return to that portion of his school-boy days which immediately preceded his entrance at the University. He had completed his twelfth year, in the course of which he wrote many "Versions," gained a prize at the public examination of the school, composed several "Poems," and fell into various "temptations," personal dangers, and "spiritual backslidings," which, as a warning to others, shall be duly told in his own words and in their proper order.

The "Versions" alluded to consisted of the ordinary school exercises, prescribed by the Master, two or three

times a week, being subjects of competition for the class. But that which was given out on the Saturday, and to be returned on the Monday following, was at least double the length of the others, and of a higher branch of classic literature; so that a wider scope was given to the pupils for a display of critical skill in transfusing the elegance or force of the original into the vernacular idiom. It was left to the pupil's option, as already mentioned, to dress his subject either in prose or verse; and it was generally in English hexameters that young Campbell performed these portions of his daily or weekly tasks. His father, as we have said, did not approve of this: he would rather have seen the classic original transferred into the language of Addison and Locke; but he who was born a poet could not stoop to prose:

> Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas?
> Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes ——
> Sponte suâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
> Et quod conabar scribere versus erat.

By this practice, and by the frequent recurrence of "translations," several of which were highly commended by the Master, the young Poet acquired a facility in verse-making which made him looked up to by his prosaic schoolfellows as a very prodigy in the flow of numbers, and certainly laid the foundation of his future excellence as a poet. Alluding to these school hexameters, in a letter written forty years afterwards, he says, with affected gravity, "I wrote a poem, in those days, with this splendid opening—

'Summer is come!'"

One of the first prizes he ever received for proficiency in Latin was a copy of Lucan's Pharsalia, inscribed with his name, and coupled with a high compliment to his classical

attainments at so juvenile a period. It was presented to him, at the annual examination of the school, by the Chief Magistrate; and there can be no doubt that it had a sensible effect in stimulating him to more successful efforts in "building the lofty rhyme." It is evident, from the care with which it has been preserved, that he attached very particular value to this school-prize. He gave it as a "keepsake" to one of his earliest and most valued friends, and considered it as the only relic he possessed of his first triumphs at school.*

As some compensation for the "doleful thoughts" that must have weighed heavily on the youthful Poet's mind, while composing his "poem on the death of a favourite Parrot," he appears to have run to a very opposite extreme in quest of exhilarating occupations. It was the rosy month of June; strawberries were coming into season, or at least, looking out very temptingly from under their own green leaves in the garden of a near and dear neighbour, Mrs. Hamilton, as much as to say, "Don't you like strawberries?" A voice within seemed to answer, "Yes, very much!" So "I went out one fine morning," says the culprit, "and sinfully regaled myself with strawberries." But

* The prize is a handsomely bound copy of the Lucani Pharsalia, printed by Foulis, and bearing testimony to his proficiency in the following terms:—

"Ingenuus, et optimæ spei puer Thomas Campbell, in classe prima* Scholæ Grammaticorum Glasguensis auditor, hunc librum, diligentiæ et virtutis præmium—in solenni discipulorum, coram magistratibus honoratissimis, JOAN. CAMPBELL, Consule; JOAN. DUNLOP, JOAN. ALSTON, NIN. GLEN, prætoribus; ALEX. LOW, Ædile, JOAN. TENNANT, Collegii Opificum Magistro, et JAC. BRODIE, Questore—merito consecutus est. In cujus rei fidem conscripsit Glasguæ Kal. Oct. M.D.CC.LXXXIX.

(Signed) *Dav. Allison.*

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* [Prima classe, means here, the oldest and most advanced.]—*Note by the Poet.*

at whose instigation we are not to ask; for the feast was no sooner ended than he was seized with alternate qualms of conscience and fits of indigestion. "After eating the forbidden fruit," he continues, "I felt ashamed to look at Doddridge and Sherlock;* although I had frequently sat down to them before, with a voluntary interest, which has often seemed to myself the most precocious trait of my boyhood."

How long this compunctious feeling lasted, remains uncertain. He was then, as usual, at the head of his class; a "boy of spirit," as well as of poetry; and when a holiday came, and some very enticing ploy suggested itself to the elder boys, he was generally consulted as to the plan of operations. Not long after the strawberry season, one of these ploys was got up under very alluring colours:—"And now," says Campbell, "my former transgression, as usually happens, led to the commission of others; for the tempter, unable to forgive me for my former partiality to these worthy Divines—Sherlock and Doddridge—drew me into a fresh backsliding.

"I had always deemed it a heinous sin to engage in stone-battles, although they were favourite diversions among the Glasgow urchins. But one day there was an expedition fitted out, with slings and round stones, against the boys of Shettlestone, an adjoining village. A spirit of evil seduced me to join in it; although the grounds of hostility, it must be confessed, were scarcely more rational than those of most international wars. I paid dearly, however, for my folly. We were soundly licked, and from the shortness of

* The works set apart and recommended by the Poet's father as proper Sunday reading for his son, who, by the evidence of his own confession, had very early and very serious impressions of religion. The precepts of youthful piety, instilled into his mind from his very cradle, were confirmed by the daily example of his parents, whose lives were the best commentary upon their religion. See allusion to this circumstance, pages 18,209.

my limbs, being one of the last in retreat, I got so sorely pelted that I could not walk home. Some of the bigger Glasgow boys brought me to my father's house ; there they gravely stated that *we* had been walking quietly in the Shettlestone road, when a parcel of blackguards came suddenly out and attacked *us*, without the least provocation ! A carter, however, who had let me be put into his empty cart, gave a totally different statement of the affair ; namely, that the weavers of Shettlestone had only come out to protect their tender offspring from *our* slings and stones ! Nor was this enough ; the arch-fiend had another victory over me, which I felt more than my bruised bones,—namely, in my being exposed before my venerable father, who had always prided himself on my love of truth, for a deviation from it in the present instance, or at least for a tacit admission of what my Glasgow seniors in the combat had alleged as the true statement."

The fate of this expedition was what his companions called a "settler;" a long armistice succeeded ; and the Poet was not again "summoned to witness any fray," for at least six weeks. The scars and bruises which, as it afterwards appeared he had received in this inglorious retreat, were so severe as to occasion his being laid up for some time in his own room. But, like some other and older poets, he contrived to soothe the rigours of imprisonment by a little flirtation with the Muse, the consequence of which was the following compliment to—

SUMMER.—A POEM.

A strain sublime, that now my breast inspires,
Ye nymphs of Sicily ! your aid requires.
The golden season crowned with joy appears ;
The grand dispeller of our winter cares !—
No more the student, at the glimmering light,
Shall pore his senses, moping day and night ;

For now the tasks and exercises stale
Shall cease the Muse's pinions down to nail.
From toil and college hardships free, no more
Τυπτω shall tease you—that vile monster's o'er! . . . .

The iron age of winter, stern and dread,
At length has hid his grisly baneful head;
The golden age appears that Virgil sung—
An age that well might claim his tuneful tongue—
Unbidden flowers with bloom spontaneous grow;
Wide spreads the ivy for the poet's brow;
The modest lily and the full-blown rose,
And grander tulip, all their sweets disclose;
The feather'd choir, that tune the song of love,
Invite the Muse's fancy forth to rove.
Now, now, ye bards, let every lyre be strung,
Nor let a flower its sweets disclose, unsung. . . . . .

'Tis true some poets that unguarded sing,
The golden age would fain ascribe to Spring;
For me, I see not how wits e'er so starch
Could prove the beauties of the bleak-eyed March,
Nor February, clad in horrid snow,
Nor April, when the winds relentless blow;
These chilly months, it sure alone belongs
To those who sing, to frame unmeaning songs. . . . . .

Oct. 4, 1790. T. C.

Under the able and vigilant tuition of Mr. Allison, young Campbell had advanced, with rapid but steady pace, through the minor school-classics; and having now the prospect of entering his name at College, he was anxiously employed in revising the various authors, Greek and Latin, so that, by the time the next Session opened, he might be fully prepared to take an honourable position among his fellow-students. He knew that "great things" were expected of him by his own family, as well as by his master, who confidently predicted the high honours that awaited his pupil; and the pupil resolved that they should not be disappointed. He possessed, even at this early stage of his career, a modest confidence in his own

abilities, an ardour which had never been daunted by one instance of defeat, and he was "determined to excel." How far these predictions tended to achieve their own confirmation, it is impossible to say ; but it is certain that the influence they exerted over the mind of the young aspirant at this time, was highly conducive to their ultimate fulfilment.

The *first* symptoms of that playful satire, which, among his companions, soon procured for him the much envied title of a "wit," may be traced to a poem of this date, which he calls "the birth and character of the Muse." It consists of about fifty lines, in which he describes her various qualifications, and then, after a saucy estimate of her character, dismisses her in the following terms:—

Smit with Anacreontic fire,
She strikes th' Anacreontic lyre ;
She drones, she hums, she strikes the string,
Unable or to play or sing. . .
Her name is Chaos Lethéanis,
Born of Jactatis and Inanis.
Bred at the school of Impudentia
Her Mistress, Lady Petulantia—
Tho' all along I 've styled her "Muse,"
(The empty title you 'll excuse)
She 's only—strictly to define—
A cousin-german to the Nine. T. C.

The next specimens of translation, forming part of this year's school exercises, are taken from a small volume of the poet's manuscripts, on the cover of which is a memorandum, in the hand-writing of his sister Mary, that "this little book was written at twelve years of age." It contains thirteen translations from the Greek, very neatly executed, and is now in the possession of Mr. Alexander Campbell.

Λεγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες.—Anac. Ode xi.
Anacreon, the ladies say
Your pate is bald, your beard is gray !

Take you a looking-glass; forsooth
You 'll find that what they say is truth.
But whether this be truth or not,
As little do I care as wot;
But this I know—'tis best to rhyme
Thus o'er my jokes while suits the time. T. C., *æt.* 12.

On perusal of these extracts it may strike the reader, perhaps, that the verse *translations* of the young poet, at this period, possess more fluency than his *original* attempts of the same, or even of a later date. But this superiority may be easily accounted for. In the public class he had the advantage of hearing the master's translation of every difficult passage, before making the attempt in his own words; and some of his early instructors, it is well known, were poets as well as teachers of poetry.

Among the Latin exercises, under the same, or shortly after this date, are various translations from Virgil and Horace. The "Contest of the Ships," in the fifth Æneid, and a passage from the "Art of Poetry," amounting altogether to sixty lines, are rendered with much spirit and fidelity. His translations from the Greek alone include about sixteen poetical versions, similar, or perhaps superior, to those already quoted. But I have not found any of his Greek or Latin verses, of this early period.

The preceding "Poems" are here printed *literatim*, without any "emendation whatever," except pointing. They may not possess "the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy;" but they are remarkable as first efforts, or, at least, among the first efforts of his unfledged Muse, just preparing to take her upward flight. The imperfect measure and quantity in some of the lines, and the absence of punctuation in all, are rather the effects of negligence than of ignorance, for in transcribing even his finished poems, Campbell often omitted words essential to the *measure*. As

to *punctuation*, he jocularly observed, that it was one of the "mysteries" which, in the course of his whole lifetime, he had never been able to master. I find, indeed, but few successful attempts in his early, or even his later manuscripts, to improve in this respect. The thought and expression, in such cases, were nearly all that he attended to; but in passing through the press, the absence of punctuation in his manuscript gave, on two or three occasions, a very ludicrous turn to the sense. To such trivial considerations it may appear superfluous or idle to advert; and yet I am unwilling to omit anything which has a tendency to illustrate, however faintly, the early habits and peculiarities of a man, who with so much genius united no little eccentricity. Out of this seeming carelessness, of small importance in itself, other instances occurred in composition, which led to more serious results than any that could arise from the mere neglect of punctuation—a neglect, however, which gave a sort of identity to his manuscripts. Judging from his letters now before me, it was not until long after the publication of "Gertude," that he paid any serious attention to the subject; and had it not been for the inconvenience felt by the printer, he would have persevered, I think, in keeping to the practice of his "Greek and Latin Models."

I trust the reader will excuse me if, in the course of this work, I attach more importance to these minutiæ, than at first sight they appear to deserve. But as I agree with the painter in thinking, that the addition of a mere "wart" in its natural place, may give force to the general likeness, although it contribute nothing to its beauty, I shall consider nothing unimportant, which may appear calculated, even in a moderate degree, to bring into distinct relief the various features, physical and intellectual, which entered into the living portrait of Campbell; and with which, man and poet, he is so closely identified in the affectionate memory of all his intimate friends.

It is almost superfluous to say that, in estimating these poetical trifles, we must strictly keep in view that they are the productions of a mere child, who had only completed his twelfth year; and it is not to be denied that they afford indications of poetical talent, that will bear comparison with the best things ever produced at so tender an age. It may be observed that in the latter specimens there is considerable improvement in the strength, as well as in the harmony of the lines; and that there are only one or two imperfect rhymes in the whole. But it must be remembered, that most of these lines were written fifty-eight years ago, when criticism in this respect was less fastidious than at present; and when the examples of Dryden and Pope might be quoted in extenuation. It will be seen, however, with what care and precision all the rhymes were adjusted in his succeeding pieces; and how the flow of his poetry, like a stream gradually increasing in volume, acquired a delicacy and depth of harmony, to which few, if any, of his illustrious predecessors had ever attained.

In the midst of all his preparations for the College campaign, young Campbell did not confine himself so closely to his books as not to take his full share in all the ploys—good, bad, or indifferent—in which the other spirited boys of the school were but too diligently engaged. He appears, indeed, to have eschewed all further intercourse with the "Shettlestone weavers, or their tender offspring," and to have taken no further interest, personally at least, in any of the "stone-battles" that were subsequently fought, in the vain hope of retrieving their late disasters. In this "non-intervention" his father's commands were peremptory. But he had also reasoned coolly, no doubt, when laid up with his wounds, on the evil consequences of such international warfare, and resolved in future to confine

himself to the theory. He therefore contented himself with Homer's descriptions, where there was certainly all the sublimity of battles, without any risk from the Shettlestone infantry, whose sudden irruption had given so unexpected a turn to the fortunes of his class. They were a formidable tribe: for, although worsted and routed, their retreat—like that of young Parthians—was quite as dangerous as their advance; and besides, there might not be always, as in the recent engagement, an "empty cart" for the benefit of the wounded.

But, while the young philosopher cautiously avoided all further skirmishing, he was unhappily not proof against temptations at home, which convinced him in the end, that political intrigue is sometimes even worse than open warfare. The trap was set by a wily hand; and, as that hand was a brother's, Thomas never suspected that the well-known waggery of Daniel was to be played off upon himself.

"My mother," says he, "had a cousin, an old bedrid lady, of the name of Simpson,* about whose frail life she felt great anxiety; but, being herself a martyr to rheumatism, she was unable to visit her personally: she therefore sent, every day, either my brother or myself, a distance of nearly two miles, to inquire—'How Mrs. Simpson had rested last night? and how she felt herself this morning?' One day," he continues, "that I was sent to fetch the bulletin which would have kept me from a nice party, that was to go out for the gathering of blackberries, I complained, with tears in my eyes, to my brother Daniel, about this de'il of an auld wife that would neither die nor get better. 'Tut! man,' said my crafty brother, 'Can't *you* just do as I do?' 'And what's that?' 'Why, just say that she's

* The family name of Mrs. Campbell's mother. See previous account of the Simpsons, page 7.

better or worse, without taking the trouble of going so far to inquire.' "—This seemed a piece of excellent advice; but a philosopher under thirteen could see clearly that some untoward event might throw discredit upon the bulletin. Daniel, however, with his usual gravity, proved to demonstration that there was no risk whatever in the plan, or why should he have carried it on so long? "Well," thought I, "there was something in that; it would certainly be a great saving of time. 'Can't you just try it, then?' said Daniel. I said I thought I could: so having adopted the plan as a great means of saving time, we continued to report in this manner for weeks and months; and, finding that a bad bulletin only sent us back earlier next morning, we agreed that the old lady should get better!" These favourable reports of her dear cousin's health were very gratifying to Mrs. Campbell. No suspicion whatever attached to the bulletins, as they were reported every morning:—"Mrs. Simpson's kind compliments to mamma, has had a better night, and is going on very nicely." And thus the Poet and his brother took advantage of every "nice party" that was made up, either for picking "blackberries," or any other ploy of equal interest and importance. But the pleasing deception could not last much longer; truth, that had been so ingeniously defrauded, was about to make reprisals upon the young culprits. This, too, was at the very moment when they were starting to spend a long day in the country. "But, woe's me," says Campbell, "on that very morning on which we had had the audacity to announce that 'Mrs. Simpson was quite recovered,' there comes to our father a letter, as broad and long as a brick, with cross-bones and a grinning death's-head upon its seal, and indited thus:—

"'Sir,—Whereas Mrs. Jane Simpson, relict of the late

Mr. Andrew Simpson, merchant, in Glasgow, died on Wednesday, the 4th instant, you are hereby requested to attend her funeral on Monday next, at ten o'clock A.M.'"

Never was evidence more conclusive. Both the culprits would have gladly confessed the trick, and implored pardon, but they were speechless; and in as much consternation as if the grimly ghost of Mrs. Simpson herself had delivered the fatal message. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell looked at the letter, then at their two hopeful sons, and then at one another. But such were their grief and astonishment that neither of them, for some minutes, could utter a word. "At last," says the Poet, "my mother's grief for the death of her respected cousin, vented itself in cuffing our ears. But I was far less pained by her blows than by a few words from my father. He never raised a hand to us; and I would advise all fathers who would have their children to love their memory, to follow his example."

The school-boy days of Thomas Campbell were now drawing to a close, but not without much pleasing augury of the future. In the good opinion of Mr. Allison* he

* This estimable man died in the Spring of 1809. The following is an extract from the "tribute unanimously agreed to by the directors and members of the Ayrshire Society, as due to the memory of their late colleague, David Allison, Esq., of Callimuck, in the county of Perth, and one of the masters of the Grammar School of the city of Glasgow." It is dated the 2nd of May, 1809, and signed by the President and Secretary. "Mr. Allison's constant and indefatigable attention, during upwards of forty years, to the highly important duties of his profession, has, in an eminent degree, contributed to the forming the minds of many thousands of pupils who have been placed under his care; to the preparing them for future usefulness, and some of them for that *high degree of eminence in life* which they have since attained; while his excellent qualities as a man, and most social and fascinating manners as a friend and gentleman, have endeared his memory to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

had very early ingratiated himself, no less by the excellent qualities of his heart than by his industry, genius, and vivacity of intellect. Of these, during the four years spent under the eye of that worthy grammarian, he had given frequent and incontestable proofs. No boy of his age, it was observed, had ever left the Grammar School more beloved by his class-fellows, or with better prospects at the University. For, notwithstanding the "temptations," "battles," and "backslidings," which he has recorded with so much good nature, he had been, upon the whole, laborious and indefatigable.

"Multa tulit fecitque *puer*; sudavit et alsit."

Amongst his favourite comrades were several who afterwards distinguished themselves as men of science and commercial enterprise. One of the latter was Ralph Stevenson, a sworn associate, and now, probably, the only survivor, of that juvenile party of which the young Poet was the acknowledged leader. In the school, at that time, as Mr. Stevenson informs me, there was a good deal of skirmishing among the tyros of the different *forms;* and, being an English boy, he had now and then to vindicate the honour of his country by personal conflicts with the "Scotch callants," who could not forgive "the murder of Sir William Wallace!" But, whenever there appeared anything like unfairness, Campbell was always at hand to take his part, telling the "boy-belligerents" that generosity to strangers was a Scotch virtue, practised by Wallace himself; "besides," he added, rather haughtily, "it was a shame in them to speak of his English friend as if 'he were no better than one of themselves.'" If this remonstrance failed to restore peace, or to establish the war on an equal footing, Campbell's arm was at the service of his friend. He was no cool spectator of these bickerings; whenever there was

apparent wrong, he insisted upon redress; and in all such cases of petty aggression, he took part with the injured. May we not consider these little traits as the marked indications of that generous spirit, which, after the lapse of a few years, was to awaken public sympathy in behalf of Poland, and to associate the name of Campbell with the friends of the oppressed in every country? His high-souled independence had not yet given utterance to the prediction—

> "Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
> And, like Prometheus, bring the fire from Heaven!
> Down to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
> Her name, her nature, withered from the world!"

but, in the familiar words and actions of the school-boy, there might clearly be seen the first secret workings of that ardent spirit, by which he became so eminently distinguished as a patriot and a poet. His philanthropy was already an active principle; its daily exercise, under the endearing name of "kind-heartedness," was felt and acknowledged by every boy of his class. There, indeed, the field was narrow, but the principle, by which he was actuated in all his future commerce with the world, was the same; it endeared him to his school-fellows in the first dawn of his genius, brightened his whole career, and left its colour and impression upon the last acts of his life.

The only poem—translations excepted—which I find under this date, is addressed to his sister Mary, who was always a warm advocate of his poetical talent. On her recent visit to the paternal mansion, she had been gravely lecturing him on the bad taste he had shown in celebrating "favourite parrots," but never making his "darling sister" the theme of his poetry. His reply was as follows:—

ON MISS MARY CAMPBELL.

By many a strange neglect diverted,
The Muse and I had long been parted;
At length by chance we met at last
At eve, when every toil was past.

The Muse, insinuating maid,
Soon set me to my ancient trade—
Says she—"Since I my service proffer
'Tis hard that you should spurn the offer;
Believe me, tho' unkind you be,
You'll not find every one like me." . . . .

I shrunk to hear my Muse thus scold,
And sorrow made my heart grow cold;
At length I trembling scarce could say—
"I fear I shall not know the way;
I'm at a dreadful loss, dear Maâm,
To know how I may find a theme?"

"Lives there not now, in Scotia's land,
The fairest of the female band?
A maid adorned with every grace
E'er known among the female race!
Use all my aid—if that can tell
Her praise, and virtues that excel.
No fiction here you will require
The swelling note of praise to fire;
But ah! her virtues to rehearse
Is sure unequal for thy verse;
Then cease—but let resounding fame
Tell that *Maria* is the name!"

THOMAS CAMPBELL, *æt.* 12.

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE DAYS.

During his first College session, which commenced in October 1791, Campbell did not belie the character which he had taken with him from the Grammar-school. In each of the classes, Latin, Greek and Logic, he more or less distinguished himself as an expert linguist; and, for his years, a ready and acute reasoner—facts which are fully supported by various themes and exercises given in by him to the professors, in the course of that session. He was nevertheless, according to his own testimony, much more inclined to sport than study. What he accomplished was not the result of close and continuous application to books, but rather of that natural facility which enabled him to see clearer and further into his subject than others of his class-fellows, who trusted solely to the good old habit of drudgery, for the chances of literary distinction. But, while a mere boy, Campbell appears to have had the enviable tact of looking into a book, and extracting from it whatever was valuable. He took the cream and left what remained for the perusal of less fastidious readers.

During this session, though under fourteen years of age, he received from the hands of the professors one prize for his Latin, and a second for some English verses. In the same year he gained a third prize—a bursary, or exhibition, on Archbishop Leighton's foundation—after a hard struggle, and fair competition before the whole Faculty, in construing and writing Latin with a student several years his

senior, "who, far from being reckoned stupid, was looked upon as a respectable scholar." The prize volume presented to him on the first of May by the amiable and learned Professor Richardson, bore a flattering inscription.*

Whatever, on the score of successful application to his studies, applies to Campbell during his first session at the University, may with equal justice be applied to him in every other that followed. Nothing is further from my intention than to substitute panegyrics for plain substantial facts; but not to be liberal in praise, where praise is so well merited, were an act of injustice to the living, as well as to the dead. His success at College forms an interesting page in its history. An example of such brilliant success under so many adverse circumstances, must not be lost sight of. To others who, like Campbell, have felt, or have yet to feel—

> "——How hard it is to climb
> The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar,"—

his example will be a source of comfort and encouragement. To all who, by the same rugged path, may hereafter aspire to similar distinction, his perseverance—that knew no abatement and feared no discomfiture, will serve as a watch-word to cheer them on, in their literary career.

In addition to the Greek and Roman classics, which occupied the first place in his small library, his favourite authors were Milton, Pope, Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, and some of the elder dramatists, whom he introduced many years afterwards to the world in his "Specimens of the British Poets." "Milton's Paradise Lost," however, appears to have been oftener in his hands at this time

* Thomas Campbell, puer maximæ spei et sapientiæ et prudentiæ, discipulus in classe Latina, hocce præmium merito consequutus est.

(Signed) GUL. RICHARDSON.

than any other book in his possession. The copy is a pocket-edition, and shows the frequent handling it must have had. The "dilapidated" state of the binding, the blotted leaves and ragged edges, afford clear proof of the severe ordeal to which "*Mister** John Milton" must have been subjected by his future commentator, who was destined, as will be seen hereafter, to occupy the very chamber in which Milton wrote his "Defence of the People of England." Among the authors of a very different class who shared in his admiration, was Smollett, whose grotesque characters, as he afterwards declares, used to throw him into paroxysms of laughter. Fielding he also read, or attempted to read, but it was not until late in life that he did so with any degree of relish—"I had not then mind enough," he says, "to grasp and appreciate the thoughts of that admirable writer." Locke, as already mentioned, was one of the authors most strongly recommended by his father as an intellectual study; the Sermons of the younger Sherlock, so remarkable for their ingenuity and elegance, Doddridge's "Family Expositor," and the "Life of Colonel Gardiner," were often resorted to "in his precocious boyhood, with an interest and relish for which he could never account." To the poets above mentioned it is superfluous to add the name of Burns, whose poems were now in everybody's hands, and to whose consummate genius—as the "high chief of Scottish song"—no brother poet has ever paid more hearty homage than Campbell.

The flattering auspices, under which his curriculum at the University had commenced, exerted a marked and favourable influence upon the whole course of the Poet's

* This honourable prefix stands in the title-page, traced by Campbell's pen. Notes and hieroglyphics—men, animals, and hybrids, are liberally sprinkled over his early favourites by the same lively "critic." He afterwards gave the "MILTON," as a keepsake, to his friend John Richardson, Esq., W.S.

studies. But with that modesty which marks every expression when he speaks of himself or his attainments, he disclaims all title to that extreme praise which has been so liberally bestowed upon him during his academical career. "Some of my biographers," he observes, "have in their friendly zeal exaggerated my triumphs at the University. It is not true that I carried away all the prizes; for I was idle in some of the classes, and being obliged by my necessities to give elementary instruction to younger lads, my powers of attention were exhausted in teaching when I ought to have been learning." This fact, so ingenuously stated by Campbell, may naturally awaken feelings of regret in the reader's mind. He may wish, in the generosity of his heart, that a youth, endowed with so many excellent qualities, had himself enjoyed the advantages of a private tutor, instead of officiating as one — that his time had been exclusively employed in cultivating the riches of his own mind, instead of wasting its strength in improving the barrenness of others. But the "necessities" to which he alludes, as the cause of "exhaustion," were not without some alleviating circumstances—circumstances, too, which were flattering to his attainments and capabilities; for it was in compliment to these, that the professors recommended him so early to the responsible office of a College tutor. Had the state of his finances been less urgent—had he even enjoyed all the benefit which ample means, with a full and free command of his time might be supposed to confer—still I can hardly believe that the result would have been more favourable to his own personal advancement. While instructing "younger lads," he was laying a more solid foundation for his own fame; the responsibility in which he thus engaged became a powerful stimulus to his exertion, that he might fully justify the confidence

reposed in him by the professors. Had the disposal of his time, and the free indulgence in "recreations" been left to himself, it may be fairly doubted whether they would have been turned to a better, or even to so good an account. What he now read thrice, for the sake of his pupil, he would then probably, have read only once for his own. Possessing, as he did from nature, the elements of a great mind, he would have given proofs of greatness under any circumstances, prosperous or adverse; but it is very questionable whether any influence, save that under which he was actually placed—the force of necessity—would have conducted him to that degree of excellence to which, as a classic poet, he so speedily, and so permanently attained. He frankly admits, indeed, that he was "idle in some of the classes"—in which classes he does not say; but as he was successful in all, it is difficult to believe—and under such teachers we know it was impossible—that so many occasional premiums, and so many annual prizes could have been awarded to "idleness." But the truth seems to be this; Campbell placed his standard of "diligence" so high, that every degree of application, falling short of that standard, was to be stigmatised as "idleness."

That he had "fits of indolence," however, is not to be denied; but his attainments—almost unparalleled for a boy of his years—clearly prove that these "fits" must have been very short; and that the intervals were filled up with great and continued industry. In the preparation of his school and college exercises, he uniformly outstripped his competitors; and then, probably, "idled away" the superfluous time, until he was overtaken; when he again shot ahead, finished his task, and relapsed into what he calls "indolence," as before; while the others, by steadily plodding on in the rear, seemed to be the very personifications of patient industry. They were, so to speak, running the

same race; but the race, between young Campbell and the majority of his class-fellows, was like that between the hare and the tortoise, in the fable—with this difference, that, when overtaken, the Poet was never found asleep. Necessity for labour, and thirst for Academic honours, had been enforced and cherished from his very infancy; and the happy result was, that—

"from his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Among the notes illustrative of this period, and kindly furnished to me by one of his earliest friends, I find that Campbell was still very constant in his addresses to the Muses, and finished a little poem, which he had printed, in the ballad form, and distributed among his fellow-students. "When he was preparing this for the press," says a friend, "he came to my lodging with the manuscript, and we looked it over, with a view to correct whatever might require emendation." He got it printed on a slip of paper, "like a baw-bee ballad;" and, from its resemblance in scenery and subject to "Lord Ullin's Daughter," it was probably the first form of that ballad, which he afterwards so beautifully re-cast while residing in the Highlands. It began with these lines:—

"Loud shrieked afar the angry sprite
That rode upon the storm of night,
And loud the waves were heard to roar
That lashed on Morven's rocky shore"—

which, if compared with those in the ballad published, we shall find the resemblance sufficiently striking to warrant such a conjecture—

"By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking," &c.*

* Since the above was written, the ballad printed, as described, has been kindly handed to me by one of the Poet's family. In the printed copy it is

In the course of the winter Session, an original debating club, out of which sprang the "Discursive," was formed among the students. The members assembled once a-week at each other's lodgings, but chiefly in those of Mr. Hamilton Paul, then studying Theology. "Campbell," says this gentleman, in his recollections of those meetings, "was a strenuous supporter of this club; and, although the youngest among us, was the most fluent speaker." But a difference took place on account of some warm and unguarded "speeches," and threatened the dissolution of the society. Mr. Paul, however, wrote a poem which reconciled the belligerents. It described a levee of the heathen gods, held on Mount Olympus. A keen debate commenced, and a quarrel ensued. The speeches were given:—Campbell was Cupid, Paul was Mercury, and the other divinities were personated by several of their class-fellows. Cupid's speech was greatly admired:—

"They all confessed 'twas wondrous in a child!"

and Campbell himself thought he had never listened with half so much pleasure to any "imputed speech." Harmony was restored; but the club languished, and, at length, died of sheer inanition. At this stirring period, the spirit of rivalry was at its height among the young students. By incessant cultivation, all the powers of intellect were quickened, like hot-house plants, into premature growth and activity. Other clubs were soon organised; and other excitements, to friendly competition among the younger Academics as quickly followed. The oratorical displays of the evening—often prolonged till midnight—were the

entitled "Morven and Fillan" and comprises 140 lines, many of which are spirited and original. The subject appears to have been suggested by one of the "Poems of Ossian," of which young Campbell was an early admirer.

almost exclusive topics of the following day's conversation in the class-rooms, and on the College Green.

Early in the spring of this year, a little incident occurred in the mathematical class, taught by Mr. Miller, of which Campbell was a student, which excited considerable merriment. It was an examination-day, when the students were to be severally questioned by the Professor on their proficiency in the Books of Euclid. One of them, a Mr. F——, the least expert, but most confident, tyro in the class, certain, as he thought, of gaining *éclat* by this competition, made no secret, in his conversation with others, of the pleasing assurance with which he was inspired of earning for himself a proud and lasting distinction. His ambition, however, greatly overstepped his abilities. When his turn came, "he completely failed in the solution—his courage boggled at the formidable *Pons Asinorum!* he lost the power of speech; and, to the infinite amusement of his malicious competitors, returned, confused and stumbling, to his seat."

Out of this little adventure sprung the following *jeu-d'esprit*,* by Campbell, who describes the attack on the "tête-de-pont" quite *en militaire*, and as an exploit by 'Miller's Hussars.'" It was handed about and read with great relish by his class-fellows :—

THE PONS ASINORUM; OR, THE ASSES' BRIDGE.

A SONG, WRITTEN IN MR. J. MILLER'S MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

As Miller's Hussars marched up to the wars,
With their captain in person before 'em;
It happened one day that they met on their way,
With the dangerous *Pons Asinorum!*

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* For the copy here subjoined, I am indebted to an early friend of the Poet, J. R——, Esq., who showed me the original manuscript. I have collated it

Now see the bold band, each a sword in his hand,
And his Euclid for target before him;
Not a soul of them all could the dangers appal
Of the hazardous *Pons Asinorum!*

While the streamers wide flew, and the loud trumpets blew,
And the drum beat responsive before 'em;
Then Miller their chief thus harangued them in brief,
'Bout the dangerous *Pons Asinorum!*

"My soldiers," said he, "though dangers there be,
Yet behave with a proper decorum;
Dismiss ev'ry fear, and with boldness draw near
To the dangerous *Pons Asinorum!*"

Now it chanced in the van stood a comical man,
Who, as Miller strode bravely before him,
To his sorrow soon found that his brains were wheeled round,
As he marched to the *Pons Asinorum!*

O sorrowful wight, how sad was his plight,
When he looked at the *Pons Asinorum!* *
Soon the fright took his heels, like a drunkard he reels,
And his head flew like thunder before him.

So rude was the jump, as the mortal fell plump,
That not Miller himself could restore him;
So his comrades were left, of "Plumbano" bereft,
O pitiful plight, to deplore him! T. C. *æt.* 13.

It was during the same term at College, and in the Greek class which young Campbell attended with so much acknowledged credit to himself, that another little incident occurred, which brought his poetical talent before the Professor in a rather pleasing and interesting light. Some public ceremony or procession, it seems, had just been announced as about to take place in the city; and being of

with another autograph copy, presented by the Poet to a lady, while resident in Mull; but there is very little difference between the two "originals," except in three or four words.

* Fifth Proposition of the First Book of Euclid.

a very attractive description, the leaders in the Greek class were taking very active measures for securing a "holiday;" but were sadly puzzled how they should "memorialize" the Professor, so as to make sure of his indulgence. The "show" was expected to be even much finer than was at first imagined; and yet, was it to be "all Homer and no holiday?" In this dilemma, young Campbell tacitly took upon himself the office of "junior counsel in Greek," for the whole class, and soon made himself master of the "case." Next morning, when the students had all assembled, much chagrined at the little success that had attended their deliberations, the Professor took his seat as usual.

On opening a Greek text book that lay on his desk, he observed a neatly-folded manuscript, respectfully addressed to himself, and "humbly praying, &c." as all petitioners do. He took it up, turned it over, as if to throw it aside; but, seeing that it was written in poetry, he was struck with the novelty, and at length read it over with much apparent attention. His class-fellows knew nothing of what was going on; but young Campbell was literally trembling for the fate of his "first piece," and the "holiday!" And while he watched with intense anxiety the rather equivocal smile that played about the Professor's lips, during the perusal, his fears too clearly suggested that it was in contempt of the petitioner! He even thought he could distinctly

> "trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face!"

In a few minutes, however, he was agreeably surprised to hear his name pronounced in the presence of the whole class with a very handsome compliment attached to it, and followed by the far more captivating announcement, that the "*holiday was granted!*" Granted!—The word was electric: the students returned hasty and boisterous

thanks, and, rushing forth to the market-place, spent a "glorious holiday," with the young Tyrtæus at their head.

From the date of this petition, young Campbell was honoured with marked attention by Professor Young, whose approbation, in this instance, stimulated him to such increased diligence in his study of Greek, that he soon gave proofs of his proficiency by those elegant translations which still maintain their place among his published poems.*

The next winter, namely, that of 1792-3, brought Thomas Campbell a fresh accession of Academical honours. He was a student in the Logic class, taught by Professor Jardine, and, at the close of the term, received the eighth prize for the best composition on various subjects. In the same year he received the third prize in the Greek class for exemplary conduct as a student. Professor Jardine made him one of the "very earliest examiners of the exercises, sent in by the other students of the Logic class"—the highest compliment that could have been offered to a boy of his years. Among his prose exercises at this time, is the following short essay on "Sympathy," which clearly shows that the cultivation of poetry had not retarded the elegance of his prose.

SYMPATHY.

"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."—TERENCE, *Heaut.*

No principle in our common nature can be more noble than that which abstracts our minds from the narrow sphere of our own private good, and gives us a share in all the interests of others. It is a principle not only noble in itself, but in a certain measure agreeable; and, wonderful though it is, yet the Author of our being hath annexed pleasure, for very wise

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* This anecdote was a great favourite with the poet's mother, who always considered the success of her son's "Petition" to the professor, and the grant of a holiday to the whole class, as the *first fruits* of his poetical genius. I had it from a personal friend and relation of Mrs. Campbell.

ends, even to those emotions which the distress or danger of others may excite in our breasts. Were the thoughts and views of men confined entirely to themselves, a great part of the comforts, both of society and individuals, would be at an end. Were not others to share in our joys, so much comfort would be wanting. Distress would be almost intolerable, without a sympathizing friend. And were we always left in danger without assistance, the calamities of life would be rendered innumerable. Sympathy is, therefore, on the part of those on whom it is bestowed, an addition to pleasure, and an alleviation of pain; and on the part of those by whom it is exercised, the source of very noble, laudable, and refined emotions of pleasure. And in those two views we shall consider it.

It gives considerable relish to prosperity to see it looked upon by others with an eye of pleasure; whether it be that it gives us a sort of assurance that we have merited such prosperity, or that the benevolence of those who participate in our joys fills our minds with a glow of gratitude, which, being delightful in itself, must add delight to all kinds of pleasure; but at any rate, it never fails to perfect enjoyment, and, where it is wanting, enjoyment must be selfish. Its advantages, however, in this last respect are but trifling, when compared with its effects in alleviating sorrow. When all other earthly comforts fail, the very thought that there is a friend who feels for our distress, can diffuse a secret satisfaction through the soul: and we love the sympathizer, even though he cannot relieve us, because the load of grief seems not to hang entirely upon ourselves. Though the fiercest diseases convulse our frame, and though the most rugged passions torture our breast, sympathy has power to soften them. "As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of spring; as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the kindness of autumn; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune." * So far can sympathy soothe where it cannot assist; but what gladness fills the soul of those that are delivered from distress and danger by the sympathy of others! They are filled with a thousand agreeable emotions, all of which tend to refine the soul; of these, there is none more powerful than gratitude, a passion which never fails to improve the heart, and banish selfishness entirely from the mind.

To enter into the feelings of others is agreeable to those who exercise sympathy. The pleasure of sympathizing with the joy of others, will appear sufficiently when we contrast it with those excited by the envy of another's good. It never, like envy, leaves a sting behind; it is liberal and noble, of which conscience must always approve. To sympathize with

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* "Œconomy of Human Life."

sorrow is not only grateful to the mind, but also by its mild influence it directs it to virtuous pursuits; renders us highly useful to mankind; and, consequently, more acceptable to our Divine Parent. It directs the mind to virtue, because it takes away every turbulent passion, and renders it calm and serene: it renders us useful to mankind, by making us eager to relieve others from danger and distress. Real sympathy lays aside all distinctions of rank, and circumstances, and bids us be the general friends of mankind.

What incentives have we, then, to the exercise of this noble principle! All the motives which reason can suggest are greatly heightened by the words of God himself. Is there a more striking characteristic of the Christian religion than its warm exhortation to be the friend of mankind? Let us, therefore, strive to improve sympathy; its advantages are innumerable; it improves virtue, strengthens friendship, and makes us universally beloved. Our endeavours to improve it will be chiefly assisted by banishing pernicious passions from our breast; such as selfishness, avarice, and revenge, so unfavourable to virtue in general *.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, *æt.* 14.

His cousin, Mrs. Johnstone, has a distinct recollection of the young poet at this time. He used to spend a day, now and then, at her father's house, a short distance from Glasgow. "There," she observes, "he was always welcomed as a special favourite; for, to the most unassuming man-

* The following note is appended to this exercise by the Professor:—

"The author of this essay deserves commendation; for he has treated the subject with accuracy, and, in most cases, expressed himself with elegance. It might have been proper to have said something at the beginning respecting the situation in which the words *Homo sum*, &c. were uttered. The expression, "abstracts our minds from the narrow sphere" in the first sentence, is awkward. We do not agree with the author, in page first, that God has implanted in our nature an emotion of pleasure on contemplating the sufferings of a fellow-creature—this is only the case with the cruel and barbarous. There are a few orthographical errors[1] which are marked, as also a few awkward expressions; but, upon the whole, the Exercise is a good one, and entitles the author to much commendation. (Signed) JOHN JARDINE.

[1] These are—*agreable*, thrice so spelt—*sympathyze*—*sympathyzing*—*persuits*—*the*, for *our*. Nearly all the *nouns* begin with a capital letter. The handwriting is one of the *best* specimens of his chirography.

ners were united a gaiety and cheerfulness of disposition which he had the art of communicating to every one around him." It was there he laid aside his Greek and Latin, and entertained the fireside circle with one anecdote after another, until the hours seemed to have passed away quite unconsciously. He was "capital in telling auld farrant stories;" and, even at that early age, could personate, for the time, any of the remarkable characters in or about college,—and these were not few,—with an accuracy that rendered it still more ludicrous. On these social occasions, also, he had recourse to his German flute, with which, although he never became a proficient on that instrument—he could strike in now and then with a solo. But his collection of airs was very limited, and generally of a plaintive character; for although the Glasgow Militia, then daily exercising in full uniform on the College-green, seemed to have inspired him with no common degree of military ardour, yet the prevailing sentiment, both in his flute and his songs, was that of a tender melancholy. Of the latter, one that was just struck off the anvil, and which he sang with great feeling, was "The Irish Harper":—

"Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Where find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I shall never more return with my poor dog Tray!"

The second College-session was now drawing to a close: Prize-day, the animating first of May, was in view; and, in all the classes, more or less excitement prevailed as to the verdict to be pronounced on the various competitors, who were anxiously indulging the hope of success. Campbell had not been idle; for, in addition to the exercises composed for the Logic class, a specimen of which has just been

seen, he had sent in a Poem entitled—"A Description of the Distribution of Prizes in the Common Hall of the University of Glasgow on the 1st of May, 1793," with this motto from Pope—

> "Nor fame I slight, nor for her favour call;
> She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all."

But to those who knew young Campbell, as the poetical "Hotspur" of the College, these very unassuming lines meant, that it would much surprise himself and some others, if the prize should not fall into his hands. The event turned out as he, no doubt, and most of his classfellows expected. The "Poem on Description" carried off the prize; and as it shows what progress the author had made, since the previous autumn, and how he was improving in the strength and harmony of his versification, the original is here subjoined:—

THE FIRST OF MAY, 1793.*

Phœbus has ris'n; and many a glittering ray
Diffuses splendour o'er the auspicious day:
This is the day—sure, Nature well may smile—
When present glory crowns forgotten toil;
When honour lifts aloft the happy few,
And laurel'd worth attracts the wondering view.
Th' appointed hour, that warns to meet, is near;
A mixed assemblage on the Green appear;
Some in gay clubs, and some in pairs advance,
An hundred busy tongues are heard at once.
Some, on the long-extended gravel-walk,
Join'd friend to friend, in serious converse talk.
Their tones are different, one content proclaims;
And one, in frantic jealousy, declaims

* In a note, in the handwriting of the poet's sister Mary, it is recorded that this poem was written in his *twelfth* year—though not given in until 1793.

Against a rival's name—" 'Tis quite absurd:
He write the theme? he never wrote one word!
Sir, I assure you, 'twas a tutor wrote it!
And he to class—a shameful forg'ry—brought it."
Such, Disappointment, is thine empty strain;
So, crossed Ambition vents his inward pain!
Meanwhile the destin'd victor, through the throng,
Elate with conscious glory, moves along:
Joy glistens in his eye, erects his mien,
And fills his bosom with th' approaching scene.
He sees the massy volume, feels its weight,
And views himself advance, in visionary state!
From yonder spire is heard the solemn bell;
The distant crowds are summon'd at the knell!
See, at the narrow outlet, where they push,
All, all is tumult; to the courts they rush:
With hasty steps, I see them seek the gate
Where countless swarms before the doors await:
Spectators, here conven'd awhile to gaze,
Glad for some friend th' applauding shout to raise,
And some, perhaps, to hear a brother's name
Full proud at heart, amid the lists of fame.
At last the doors unfold:—fast, fast within
Compacted numbers rush with bustling din;
Rude the assault, and boist'rous is the fray,
And nought but trampling force secures a way.
Thus, if things mighty can compare with small,
Before the opening of some batter'd wall,
Thus, at the breach, in dread, defenceless hour,
With rushing might, embattled squadrons pour.
Now up the stairs ascend the jarring crew,
And the long hall is open'd to the view:
There, on the left, the pulpit clad in green;
And there, the bench of dignity is seen,
Where Wisdom sits, with equitable sway,
To judge th' important merits of the day.
The doors are fasten'd, silence reigns within,
Now, memorable day! thy joys begin.—
The rev'rend voice of pow'r is heard proclaim,
In solemn tone, the votaries of fame.

Near him the glittering silver medal lies
All bright to view—'tis Elocution's prize.
Three rival youths, by emulation fir'd,
To tempt the dubious contest are inspired:
See, in yon distant corner, while they stand,
Hope, fear, and doubt, by turns, their breast command.
The first steps forth, amid the silent gaze,
Mounts the tall rostrum, and his parts displays:
A second rival, and a third ascend;
You know not which to praise, or which to discommend,
But skill, superior judgment, hath decreed—
The anxious rivals from suspense are freed!
And thou, thrice happy youth, the victor found,
Approach! while plaudits to the roof resound.
Approach! and to thy heart, that beats with pride,
Gay, glittering honour, be the riband tied!
Thus is the first important conquest done;
More youthful honours shall be soon begun.
See yon bright store of volumes in a row,
Where gold and Turkey's gayest honours glow!
The first, the brightest volume 's rear'd on high;
Probando, prince of youths, is bid draw nigh.
The youth draws nigh, and, hail'd with loud applause,
Receives the boon, and modestly withdraws.
Probando is a youth well known to fame;
Nor e'er inglorious will you hear his name.
'Tis his the problem's deep abyss to sound,
Nor e'er to leave the hidden truth unfound;
'Tis his, the syllogist's dark rule to ply,
And prove absurd the sophism e'er so sly,
Or, if you please, with deep mysterious skill,
Make you talk nonsense ev'n against your will.
Tonillus, next, is summoned from the throng,
His head light tosses as he moves along:
No mean reward is his,—but why so vain?
What means that strutting gait and crested mane?
Away with all thy light affected airs,
For honour vanishes when pride appears.
The third, gay glittering volume, high is rear'd:
Mysterious Jove! *Plumbano's* name is heard:

With lazy step, the loiterer quits his place—
While wonder gazes in each length of face—
Accepts the gift, with stinted scrape and nod,
And slow returns with an unworthy load.
And does Plumbano bear this bright reward,
Himself unworthy?—Justice unimpaired?
'Tis strange to tell! and yet it has been so;
The seeming paradox attend, and know
Plumbano is a youth, as fame reports,
The palm of victory who seldom courts;
Full many a race inglorious has he run,
Passed for a dunce, but 'twas to him all one.
But though the youth ambition ne'er possessed,
Neglect and scorn could touch the parents' breast.
It grieved their pride to see their favorite boy
No mark of honour with the rest enjoy;
They sought the cause that kept his spirits low,
And fixed a glumness on his vacant brow.
All, who had skill, declared without a pause,
That nat'ral dullness was the only cause!
Can ought remove it? Yes, a tutor's got!
Plumbano's past appearance is forgot;
A masterpiece of skill each theme appears,
The tutor'd dolt outstrips his best compeers;
Merit is brought to light, before unknown,
Ah! merit truly, had it been thine own,
Had not another penn'd the admired theme,
Nor thou, at truth's expense, procur'd thy fame!
'Tis hard, indeed, but yet it must be so,
Well-honoured as he is, the dunce may go.—
But, let me tell thee, vain deluded boy,
Small is the glory of thy glittering toy!
Two shining boards is all about the book
At which with pleasure, numskull, thou canst look.
Though wisdom's ample stores its leaves contain,
By thee, unrifled, they shall there remain.
Go, dunce! to all the world thy gift be shown,
We cannot grudge thee what is not thine own!
Thick pass the honor'd victors of the day,
Ingenio shrewd, and *Alacer* the gay:

Durando grave, *Acerrimo* the wit,
Profundo serious, with his eyebrows knit.
Countless they pass: applauded, each returns;
While o'er his cheek the conscious pleasure burns.
Meanwhile, I see each one a joy impart
To some glad father's, friend's, or brother's heart!
Full glad they view the youth's distinguished praise,
And, midst applauding bursts, in silence fondly gaze.
A well pleas'd smile is seen on ev'ry face,
Save where, afar, in yonder secret place,
Foul Envy, blasted at another's fame,
O'er the pale visage casts a sickly gleam.
There sit a silent, solitary few,
Destin'd, unseen, another's fame to view;
For whom no glittering boon is raised on high,
Nor shouts of praise, nor dusty volumes fly!
Hard lot, while knitted brows and bitten nails
Disclose the envy which the wretch inhales.
Here end the honours that to worth are due:
The pleas'd spectator takes his last adieu!
The youth are left alone:—let all attend
To what sage wisdom now may recommend,*
And hear the advice that fain would profit all,
The good encourage, and the bad recall.
Long may these precepts warn the youthful heart,
And long, through life, their influence impart!
Now, go! ye prosp'rous, be not too elate,
And let contentment soothe the adverse fate!

THOMAS CAMPBELL, *æt.* 14.

To the few surviving friends who annually passed this May-day ordeal in the Poet's company, and who witnessed and shared in his juvenile triumphs, the preceding "Description" may revive many faded images of college life, such as it was fifty years ago. Nor will they require any key to

* The Exhortation annually given by the Principal.

explain the incognitos of the actual heroes, Probando, Tonillus, Plumbano, Ingenio, Durando, Acerrimo, Profundo. They were all actual competitors and—so far as I have learned—all friends, or fellow-students, of the Poet. Plumbano, it may be remembered, had already signalised himself by his inglorious retreat from the "Pons Asinorum."

These little traits of a satirical vein may serve to illustrate a passage in the personal reminiscences of Dr. Duncan, where he observes, that "the whole College was ringing with a satirical effusion of Tom Campbell, in which every member of the 'Juridical'—himself included—was held up to ridicule in no very measured terms." The particular "effusion," however, has not fallen into my hands, although I have epigrams enough to have produced the effect stated. But they are rather too personal and caustic, and indicate very clearly to what a height the spirit of faction had arrived—even among the students.

During the summer of this year—or, at least, for several weeks after prize-day, Campbell appears to have spent the greater portion of his time in the office of a solicitor, or writer, in Glasgow, a relation by his mother's side, and to have actually commenced the duties of an apprenticeship. This gentleman was the late Mr. Alexander Campbell; but, as he informed my correspondent, "the young Poet came to his office only on trial, and, disliking the business on better acquaintance, soon left the office and returned to more congenial pursuits." What these pursuits were does not exactly appear; but that he was diligent in his preparation for the ensuing session at College, and in almost daily correspondence with the Muses, is abundantly evident by the translations and original poems, which he struck off in the course of the autumn.

Among the miscellaneous pieces, was one inspired by the most atrocious event of the day—an event "over which

he wept at the time, and the mere recollection of which, after the lapse of forty years, still made him shudder." It was the following poem on Marie Antoinette. It excited much attention "on both sides of the Green;" met the public sympathy so universally felt at the time, and afterwards appeared in one of the leading Glasgow papers :—

VERSES ON THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Behold! where Gallia's captive Queen,
With steady eye, and look serene,
In life's last awful—awful scene,
  Slow leaves her sad captivity.
Hark the shrill horn, that rends the sky!
Bespeaks the ready murder nigh;
The long parade of death I spy,
  And leave my lone captivity!
Farewell, ye mansions of despair!
Scenes of my sad sequestered care;
The balm of bleeding woe is near,—
  Adieu, my lone captivity!
To purer mansions in the sky,
Fair Hope directs my grief-worn eye;
Where sorrow's child no more shall sigh,
  Amid her lone captivity!
Adieu, ye babes, whose infant bloom,
Beneath oppression's lawless doom,
Pines in the solitary gloom
  Of undeserv'd captivity!
O, Power benign, that rul'st on high!
Cast down, cast down a pitying eye!
Shed consolation from the sky,
  To soothe their sad captivity!
Now virtue's sure reward to prove,
I seek emp'rēal realms above,
To meet my long departed love,—
  Adieu, my lone captivity! T. C.

Another poem, written about the same time, which obtained much local celebrity, particularly among the

friends and members of "The Household Troops," was the annexed spirited lyric

ON THE GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS.

Hark—hark! the fife's shrill notes arise!
And ardour beats the martial drum;
And broad the silken banner flies,
Where Clutha's native squadrons come!
Where spreads the green extended plain,
By music's solemn marches trod,
Thick glancing bayonets mark the train
That beat the meadow's grassy sod.
These are no hireling sons of war!
No jealous tyrant's grimly band,
The wish of freedom to debar,
Or scourge a despot's injured land!
Nought but the patriotic view
Of free-born valour ever fired
To baffle Gallia's boastful crew,
The soul of Northern breast inspir'd.
'Twas thus, on Tyber's sunny banks,
What time the Volscian ravaged nigh,
To mark afar her glittering ranks,
Rome's towering Eagle shone on high.
There, toil athletic on the field,
In mock array pourtrayed alarm,
And taught the massy sword to wield,
And braced the nerve of Roman arm. T. C.

These examples of his classic and versatile genius were written during the autumn, after he had "broken away from the law." We shall now follow him to his wonted classes in the University, where he entered for the third session in November, and prepared to earn fresh honours.

As a concluding specimen of Campbell's prose exercises, several of which were composed during the previous session, I cannot withhold the following Essay, which was one of "the various compositions" for which he gained a prize :—

IMITATION.

Imitation is that one of the reflex senses by which we make a resemblance, or copy, of any original of nature; and its perfection consists in the nearness that a resemblance bears to the original. Imitation cannot be said to proceed from our reason; long before the intervention of reason can have any influence on our actions, this sense is exercised with very advantageous consequences. In considering Imitation, we shall first explain the nature of those qualities in objects which call forth its exercise; secondly, its operation in those Fine Arts which are called Imitative; thirdly, the nature of the emotions which its operation in the imitative arts excites.

Beauty, grandeur, regularity, symmetry, are the qualities in objects which call forth its exercise, and this exercise is principally displayed in the Fine Arts. First of all, Art, the general term, denotes the exertions of man, either mental or corporeal, according to rule, and the effect of this operation we call a specimen. Arts are divided into Mechanical and Liberal, or Fine Arts; these are distinguished by their object and operations. Mechanical Arts are those which necessity has forced men to invent—whose object is usefulness, to facilitate the improvement or acquisition of the necessaries of life. No definite number can be set to Mechanical Arts; their number increases according to the improvement of different societies; in an unimproved society, the general term of Artist implies all those who supply other men with the necessaries of life. In a more improved society the employment will be divided into many branches. The Mechanical Artist requires but ordinary degrees of sagacity—sagacity I mean sufficient to observe the rules of his art by which, along with habit, he can produce a proper specimen. The object of the Fine Arts is not use, but pleasure or recreation; and here the difference of the objects of the Mechanical and Fine Arts at once suggest the difference of their dates. Men would be far earlier led to provide for the necessaries, than the superfluities and pleasures of life; so that useful arts would engage men's pursuits far earlier than pursuits of pastime. Nay, farther, Mechanical Arts must have been cultivated in some degree of perfection, before even materials could have been furnished to the Fine Arts. The delicate tools of the painter require skill on the part of the workman who makes them. Before eloquence and poetry could have been cultivated, the language of the country must have been refined. Of the Fine Arts there are four which are called imitative—Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Poetry. The painter imitates nature by means of colour and light. The sculptor imitates nature by making resemblances, or models, of the human form in hard materials. The

musician imitates the human voice by producing sounds out of strings, wind, &c. And the poet imitates nature by means of language, or conveying ideas purely mental. These ideas, taken collectively, present a picture to the mind similar to the original object in nature. Some, however, have scrupled to admit poetry into the number of the imitative arts, because the impression which a description makes on the sense of hearing, in poetry, has no direct likeness to the objects intended to be described. All this dispute depends upon the application we affix to the word "Imitation;" if we take it in its more confined application, poetry will be by no means admitted as an imitative art; if in its more extended application, it will. If we confine imitation to a likeness in the impression upon the senses, poetry, in that case, cannot be said to resemble the other arts; but if we only look to the ultimate ideas which the impression upon the senses makes, poetry will be found to call up ideas in the mind, the aggregate of which will resemble the original. Upon consideration, too, we find poetry* deserves the name of *imitative* in a degree preferable to the others. Though the painter has it in his power to convey ideas in a clearer manner, through the medium of the external senses, yet, upon the whole, poetry can delineate the distinctest scene. When the painter brings together a group of objects, he is nailed down to unity of place and action. His figures of life must have all one attitude and expression, from which they cannot change; and—if we be allowed the expression—one moment alone of the scene, however interesting, can be viewed. What pencil could, in a thousand scenes, give the mind a livelier representation of the beauties of summer, or the horrors of winter, than the Poet Thomson has done? The tale may perhaps be told upon canvass, but the moral is left undrawn.

The objects which excite admiration can be viewed in a painting; but the effusions of the soul, upon such an occasion, are too refined and spiritual to be described by matter. The advantages of the poet are innumerable; his imitation can be very powerfully enforced upon the mind by the aid of metaphors, similes, comparisons, and, in short, by all the ornaments of language. Nature is the model of all resemblances, and the source of all imitation. But though no deviation may be made from it, yet it can be embellished. Nature is scattered in her beauties, and her beautiful scenes are mixed with imperfections. The embellishment of Nature, then, consists in collecting these scattered beauties, and removing these defects. In this exercise, the skill and taste of the artist are discovered; no rules can possibly be laid down for a case that is so various. But though the artist possesses skill sufficient to collect beauties, yet a great deal is requisite for

* Marginal note to this sentence:—*You are wrong.*

the arrangement of them. One of the greatest beauties in nature would perhaps form no more than a monster.* The artist must, therefore, be cautious of his arrangement of beauty; it must be quite consistent, and such as might exist in nature. Proportions must be observed; that proportion, I mean, which we view in the works of nature. How odd would it be for an artist to represent a fine terrace walk in the midst of the wildest scene his imagination could form? or, from disregard of proportion, to give a woman, otherwise completely pleasing in her form, a pair of eyes, which, though beautiful in themselves, would be proportionable to a face six times bigger? Monsters of poetry are also well described by Horace in his Art of Poetry; and with sufficient cautions against such faults. The nature of those emotions, which are excited by imitation, is of two kinds: first, emotions arising from the intrinsic beauty of the objects imitated; secondly, those emotions arising from a perception of design in the imitation of objects. The last of these is the stronger; the difficulties which we see the artist has overcome, gives us pleasure superior to the beauty of the objects themselves. This admiration, accordingly, increases in proportion to the degree of labour perceptible. According to the last law of these emotions, a very surprising fact will occur. If performances are so exactly like nature, that no difference can be perceived, we shall find no pleasure in them unless the intrinsic beauty first mentioned excites agreeable emotions: some difference or want of resemblance must be left to show us the design which would be otherwise imperceptible. Were it not for this, the original would be as pleasing as the resemblance, which is by no means the case. The intention of this reflex sense of Imitation, is wisely intended for our means of improvement. Were the habits of infancy delayed till reason could acquire them, the prime of man's life might be spent upon learning to speak, walk, &c.— THOMAS CAMPBELL, *æt.* 15.

February 14th, 1793.

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* Marginal note:—*If arranged in a certain manner.*

CHAPTER IV.

COLLEGE DAYS—THIRD SESSION.

In addition to the Debating club already named, there was another—the intellectual palæstra of the Logic class, at which Campbell was already a "popular orator;" and where the choice spirits of his own standing were mostly enrolled as supporters, or competitors. Of this society, young as he was, he had the credit of being the founder. It was called the "Discursive;" and was much frequented by students of the Law and Logic classes.

"About this time," says a fellow-student,* "Campbell was attending the lectures on Logic and Belles Lettres. This class was ably conducted by the amiable and excellent Professor Jardine, whose judicious method of teaching, and parental interest in his pupils, rendered him a peculiarly successful instructor. He had the art of opening the minds and stimulating the ambition of his students; while, by their personal attachment to himself, he animated and endeared their labours. Campbell had then begun to distinguish himself among his fellow students, both by the vigour of his intellect, and the brilliancy of his poetical effusions. I well remember some of his jeux-d'esprit, which, however, were more witty and talented than marked by good taste. Although, even then, exhibiting much

* The late Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, D.D., founder of the Parish "Savings Banks," formerly Moderator of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. He was admired for his erudition; courted for his society; revered and beloved as an upright man, a fast friend—a zealous, liberal, and enlightened pastor.

power of versification and richness of poetical imagery they did not, so far as I can recollect, indicate anything of that high moral feeling, or patriotic fervour, that distinguish his published productions. I speak, of course, only of those playful efforts of his Muse which, being popular among his fellow-students, happened to reach me. Among his more intimate acquaintances, a higher and purer strain of his genius may even then have been familiar. Having been yourself an Edinburgh student, you are well aware of the literary societies and debating clubs which prevail in our northern Universities; and which, I believe, form a peculiar feature in our academical employments. They are, as you know, voluntary associations among the students themselves, with which the Professors in no respect interfere—except, perhaps, occasionally in the case of individual students, in whom they may chance to have a peculiar interest. The object of these associations is literary discussion, on given topics; and their effect is to call forth and stimulate the talents of the young men, and excite among them a salutary emulation. It lays the foundation of a facility in debate—useful afterwards in our civil and ecclesiastical courts, but which, it is alleged, not unfrequently engenders an unamiable habit of disputation. These societies are generally connected with particular classes; and our friend Campbell was a leading member of the society belonging to the Logic class, of which indeed, if I mistake not, he was one of the founders."

In confirmation of the preceding notes, I quote the following particulars in Campbell's own words:—"There was, moreover," he observes, speaking of this session, "a debating society, called the 'Discursive,' composed almost entirely of boys as young as myself; and I was infatuated enough to become a leader in this spouting club. It is true that we had promising spirits among us; and in particular

could boast of Gregory Watt, son of the immortal Watt, a youth unparalleled in his early talent for eloquence. With melodious elocution, great acuteness in argument, and rich, unfailing fluency of diction, he seemed born to become a great orator; and, I have no doubt, would have shone in Parliament had he not been carried off by consumption in his five-and-twentieth year. He was literally the most beautiful youth I ever saw.* When he was only twenty-two, an eminent English artist—Howard, I think—made his head the model of a picture of Adam. But though we had this splendid stripling, and other members that were not untalented, we had no head among us old and judicious enough to make the society a proper palæstra for our mental powers; and it degenerated into a place of personal quizzing and eccentricity."

Returning to the manuscript notes of Dr. Duncan—"I had now," says he, "entered Glasgow College for the first time, having previously studied both in St. Andrew's and in Edinburgh; and, besides the Divinity Hall, had the inestimable privilege of attending the instructions of the celebrated Professor Miller, under whom I studied the Principles of Government. This brought me into contact with the students of Law, and I became a member of their society, which was distinguished by the name of 'Juridical.' I mention these circumstances with the view of stating that the Logic-class society—the 'Discursive'—was induced, chiefly I believe by the restless ambition of our aspiring friend Campbell, to challenge the 'Juridical' society to the exhibition of our mutual powers in a public

* The compliment here paid to his early and talented young friend, has been paid—only in other words—to Campbell himself, by one who knew him at this period, and speaks of him "as no less remarkable for personal beauty, than for intellectual acquirements." Mr. Thomson says that their mutual friend, Gregory Watt, died in his 27th year.

debate. Now, the students of the Law class to which we belonged, were the seniors of those who attended the Logic class by one or two years; and we, regarding this challenge as presumptuous and insulting, indignantly rejected it. This, on the other hand, mortified the pride and excited the anger of our opponents; and in a few days the whole college was ringing with a satirical effusion written by Tom Campbell, in which every member of the 'Juridical'—myself included—was held up to ridicule in no very measured terms."

The "satirical effusions" to which Dr. Duncan alludes, consisted of a series of pasquinades, in which the peculiarities of his opponents, physical or intellectual, were touched off by young Campbell with a rather *free* hand, but with a truth that could not be mistaken. Some of these swift-footed Iambics have fallen into my hands. They are certainly remarkable, as the unpremeditated efforts of his satirical Muse; but if I may venture to give an opinion, I should say they possess more force than delicacy. There is in his boyish satire weight of metal enough, and that, too, of the better quality; but the shaft is at times ill-pointed, and in its operation more apt—if I may so express it—to *crush* than to cut, when used as a weapon of offence. The wit is of an equivocal species; the humour of that dry, arch kind, in which, even to the latest period of his life, the Poet excelled; but I have discovered little or nothing in that particular vein, which would lead me to conclude that his *forte* lay in satire. All that he appears to have aimed at on such occasions, was to raise a laugh against his opponents; and in this aim he never failed. But of those who had rendered themselves obnoxious to his poetical shafts during his whole curriculum, several felt sore and complained bitterly. "The wound was great because it was so small;" and one of them tells me, more

than forty years afterwards, "You will easily perceive that the satirical effusions, of which I have spoken, did not increase the intimacy between Campbell and myself." It is pleasing to add, however, that the first who forgot these squibs was the Poet himself. They were framed without premeditation, discharged without malice, and were quickly dismissed from his thoughts. It is certain, however, that they were carefully remembered by one or two, whose resentment has survived the Poet himself.*

The weekly, or almost daily exercise of Campbell's playful wit, was a source of much amusement to his friends, among whom, as they assembled round the stove in the Logic class in a morning, the usual question was, "What has Tom Campbell been saying?" Another would point to some new inscription on the white-washed wall, an impromptu which had just been committed in pencil. The next minute a ring was formed round it, and the wit and words, passing from lip to lip, generally threw the class into a roar of laughter. This, however, as Campbell asserted, was only a *manœuvre* to exchange wit for warmth, and get a place near the stove; for, being delicate, and short of stature for his years, he could never penetrate the circle of stout, rollicking Irish students, who generally mustered round the hearth, unless by "drafting the fire-worshippers," whom he had found insensible to everything but wit. One cold December morning, it was reported near the stove that a *libel* on "Old Ireland" had just been perpetrated on the opposite wall! Forth rushed the Irish

* Making allowance for the provocation, which has called forth so much posthumous resentment, may we not reply on behalf of the Poet—

"Pointless the satire aimed at him:
They may sneer, detract, and bluster;
But the gold of his genius they cannot dim—
Their rubs but add to its lustre."

students, leaving "ample room and verge enough" about the stove, and read the "libel." It began—in allusion to a passage which they had just read in the class :—

> "Vos, Hiberni, collocatis
> Summum Bonum in—potatoes!" &c. &c.

The libel was acknowledged with a hearty laugh, and procured for the author a good place near the stove.

Early in the spring of this year, and in acknowledgment of his exemplary conduct, Campbell obtained a few days' leave of absence from College. He had just completed the first sketch of a prize poem, and laid it aside for future consideration. Another object had taken strong possession of his mind; and the holidays, just granted, encouraged the hope of his being enabled to realise a pleasing, and long-cherished object of ambition. This was a visit to Edinburgh, during a time of great political excitement, when the trial of Muir, Gerald, and others, for high treason, was expected to take place. At this trial Campbell was present; and no circumstance of his life ever made so powerful an impression on his mind, as what he heard and saw on that occasion. The whole scene within the Parliament-house—the judges on the bench—the prisoners at the bar—their looks—their eloquence—their indignant repudiation of the charges brought against them—their fervent appeals to the jury—their sentence—their solemn protest and despair,—all seemed to haunt his imagination in after life, like a reality which nothing could efface. In detailing the circumstances which preceded the Poet's visit to the capital, I have again recourse to his own manuscript, in which I find some domestic traits of an affecting nature. It commences with a short sketch of

the political aspect of the country at this stirring period; particularly of France, the wretched condition of which Boileau had so briefly but admirably predicted:

> "Déchirant à l'envi leur propre république;
> Lions contre lions; parents contre parents,
> Combattent follement pour le choix des tyrans!"

Of the great events which were now hastening to their consummation, and forcing the public mind into the most painful apprehensions as to their results upon the whole fabric of civilised society, Campbell, though comparatively a tyro in the school of politics, was, nevertheless, a keen and attentive observer. "By this time," he says, "the French Revolution had everywhere lighted up the contending spirits of democracy and aristocracy; and being, in my own opinion, a competent judge of politics, I became a democrat. I read Burke on the French Revolution, of course; but, unable to follow his subtleties, or to appreciate his merits, I took the word of my brother democrats, that he was a sophist. No doubt my principles—if I may so call my puerile opinions—got a check from the atrocities of the French Jacobins; and my hatred hung balanced between them and the allied invaders of France, who brought forth all the evil energies of that kingdom, and eventually created the Salamander Napoleon. But although I wept at hearing of the execution of Louis, and the fate of his Queen * and Dauphin, with the same sincere regret as I now read them in the page of history; I was, nevertheless—boy as I certainly was—possessed, even then, with an opinion which I have retained through life, namely, that the French massacres, and, above all, the death of Louis, were signal calamities to the friends of

* In evidence of this, see his "Verses on the Queen of France," p. 75, in which his sympathy is strongly expressed.

peace and liberty in England, and were equally signal advantages to its bitter enemies.

"It was in those years that the Scottish Reformers, Muir, Gerald, and others, were transported to Botany Bay—Muir, although he had never uttered a sentence in favour of Reform stronger than William Pitt himself had uttered; and Gerald for acts which, in the opinion of sound English lawyers, fell short of sedition. I did not even then approve of Gerald's mode of agitating the Reform question in Scotland, by means of a Scottish convention; but I had heard a magnificent account of his talents and accomplishments; and I longed insufferably to see him; but the question was, how to get to Edinburgh.

"While thus gravely considering the ways and means, it immediately occurred to me that I had an uncle's widow in Edinburgh—a kind-hearted elderly lady, who had seen me at Glasgow, and said that she would be glad to receive me at her house, if I should ever come to the Scottish metropolis. I watched my mother's *mollia tempora fandi*—for she had them, good woman—and eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said, 'Oh, Mama, how I long to see Edinburgh!—If I had but three shillings, I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day.'* To my delightful surprise she answered, 'No, my bairn; I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh and bring you back; but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day'—that was twenty-two miles: 'Here,' said she, 'are five shillings for you in all; two shillings will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way house costs but sixpence.' She then gave me—I shall never forget the beautiful coin!—a King William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude;

* A distance of forty-two miles—"lang Scotch miles."—March 7—17th.

but sallying out to the streets, I saw at the first bookseller's shop, a print of Elijah fed by the ravens. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying confidentially to our worthy neighbour, Mrs. Hamilton—whose strawberries I had pilfered—that in case of my father's death, and he was a very old man, she knew not what would become of her. 'But,' she used to add, 'let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by the ravens.' When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment." His mother's presentiment had its literal fulfilment; every reader will mark and feel the beauty of a passage, to which no commentary can do justice.

"Next morning," continues Campbell, "I took my way to Edinburgh, with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket. I witnessed Joseph Gerald's trial, and it was an era in my life. Hitherto I had never known what public eloquence was; and I am sure the Justiciary Scotch lords did not help me to a conception of it—speaking, as they did, bad arguments in broad Scotch. But the Lord Advocate's speech was good—the speeches of Laing and Gillies were better; and Gerald's speech annihilated the remembrance of all the eloquence that had ever been heard within the walls of that house. He quieted the judges, in spite of their indecent interruptions of him, and produced a silence in which you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. At the close of his defence he said, 'And now, Gentlemen of the jury,—now that I have to take leave of you for ever, let me remind you that mercy is no small part of the duty of jurymen; that the man who shuts his heart on the claims of the unfortunate, on him the gates of mercy will be shut; and for him the Saviour of the world shall have died in vain!' At this finish I was moved, and turning to

a stranger beside me, apparently a tradesman, I said to him, 'By heavens, sir, that is a great man!' 'Yes, sir,' he answered; 'he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him.'"

This visit to Edinburgh, and, above all, the trial he had witnessed in the Parliament-house—the strong political excitement evinced by the spectators—the dignified demeanour, and glowing eloquence of the prisoner Gerald—made an impression on young Campbell's mind that never left him. It may be supposed, indeed, to have had no little influence in strengthening and confirming those early principles, the strict observance of which, on all subsequent occasions, gave him that title of political consistency, to which he so religiously adhered.

Full of his subject, he returned home to his father's house, and to the prosecution of his studies, with that increased thirst for distinction, which had already marked his progress, and was now conducting him to the summit of literary fame.

It was remarked by all young Campbell's associates, that his recent visit to Edinburgh had much altered his general deportment. His characteristic wit and sprightliness had almost evaporated; the gravity of his speech and manner often exposed him to the good-natured raillery of his juvenile friends, and attracted the observation of the Professors. He still seemed to brood, in deep abstraction, over all he had seen and heard. He divided his attention between the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, and the democratic journals of the day; and politics, for a time, usurped much of the attention which he had hitherto bestowed on poetry. In the Debating club, he inveighed with some bitterness, and with no little applause from his "own side of the house," against the spirit with which public trials were now conducted, and denounced that spirit as illiberal and

unjust. In private society he was, by turns, grave, didactic, taciturn; appearing, and feeling as if he had suffered some personal wrong, which he could neither forgive, nor effectually resent. He had college duties to amuse, or rather to distract him as much as ever; but the current of his thoughts appeared to run only in one sombre channel. After the business of the day was over, he would call a few of his comrades together, and read them lectures on the miserable prospects of society, the corrupt state of modern legislature, the glory of the ancient republics, and the wisdom of Solon and Lycurgus. He was still agitated by the recollection of what he had heard at the state-trial; and so warmly had his sympathy been enlisted in favour of the prisoners, that for some time he would talk of nothing else. Never was "any philosopher of fifteen so much harassed by political cares and apprehensions." While he proceeded in this strain, clenching every argument with a Greek or Latin quotation, some of his audience listened with attention; others only smiled at the gravity, and occasional vehemence of his manner. The change was so sudden; his inherent love of fun had so quickly degenerated into moping philosophy, that, even with his own vivid description of the scene he had witnessed, they could not comprehend the cause. They pitied, admired, remonstrated; or, like the gossips in the "Minstrel," only

> ——————"stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad;
> Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad."

But there was excellent "method in his madness;" and when two prizes were afterwards awarded him, they quickly changed their opinion, and said that it was a "fit of inspiration."

Having recovered from the shock, which his generous

feelings had sustained by the trial and condemnation of Gerald, he applied with increased diligence to his studies. The poetical Essay, which he had composed during the winter, was retouched and sent in for competition at the ensuing May-day. The chorus of the "Nubes," chorus of the "Chœphori," and other pieces, which greatly strengthened his claims as a youthful poet, were also finished before the end of April. To accomplish all this, within the prescribed time, must have cost him many long night-watches; for the *days* were not at his disposal. It will be observed, I think, in the tone of these pieces, that his visit to Edinburgh, and the reflections it called forth, had a decided and lasting influence on his poetry. They possess a gravity of thought, a force and elegance of diction, which are not to be discovered in any of his former poems. The logical accuracy with which the principal subject is treated; the sustained vigour with which the arguments are debated; the highly poetical turn given to many of the sentiments and expressions, clearly show that his mind and taste had acquired an expansion and refinement, very far beyond his years.

It may be remarked, also, that his style and subject approach so nearly to those of Pope, as to leave no doubt of his having read the "Essay on Man," and taken its author for his model. The first attempts in poetry, like the first efforts in music, must be imitative; and, as the first poets which young Campbell had perused in English, were Pope, Gray, and Goldsmith, his familiarity with these classics may be easily traced in his own compositions. As a man insensibly acquires the manner, imbibes the thoughts, and adopts the language of those with whom he is most intimate—particularly in youth, when the mind is equally impressible and retentive—these exercises bear internal evidence of the excellent society in which the Muse

of young Campbell first plumed her wing; she is known by the good company she had kept.

Dryden, if I mistake not, has observed in speaking of Ben Jonson's imitations of the classic poets of antiquity, that "you may track him everywhere in their snow;" and if similar indications were at times perceptible in the early poems of Campbell, we may easily imagine what would have been his excuse :—

> "Aspice ut exuvias, veterumque insignia nobis
> Aptemus—
> Nec pudet interdum alterius nos ore locutos!" *

The resemblance, however, between Campbell and the old masters of the art, even at this early stage of his authorship, is to be found in the manner—not in the matter, which bears the indelible stamp of his own original mind.

During the composition of these and similar pieces, many of which were destroyed as soon as written, young Campbell continued to be very reserved in conversation with his old class-fellows. He was as cordially attached to them as ever, but less frank and communicative. This transformation, which they all lamented, was probably the result of incessant study; which, although it enriched his mind and fancy, greatly diminished his health, and subdued the wonted buoyancy of his spirits. He was occupied during several hours of the day in the service of others; he took very little exercise, and spent great part of the night in poetic vigils. These were soon found to be too much for his strength. Nothing, however, could divert him from the pernicious habit. Daniel, who slept in the same room, found his own rest much disturbed by these irregular hours; and made several ingenious efforts to discourage

* Or, quoting in his own good-humoured way, the preceptor of St. Jerome's indignation at the assertion of Terence—"Nihil est dictum quod non dictum fuit prius"—he would have said, "Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!"

his brother in his unseasonable lucubrations. An anecdote illustrative of this state of affairs has been communicated to me.—Daniel, though no poet, was a severe, but facetious critic. He could often detect a flaw where another could see nothing but beauty; and to this young Zoilus Campbell submitted most of his juvenile poetry. A difference of opinion caused no abatement in their friendship; for, ever since the detection of their conspiracy in Mrs. Simpson's case, they had been more and more together, as if a sense of mutual disgrace had drawn the cords of sympathy and good brotherhood closer than ever. Daniel, however, would rather have lost his friend than his jest; and scarcely a day passed without some practical joke being played off on his brother Tom. One morning they were to have breakfasted very early; and for this purpose everything had been arranged over night. Daniel was punctual to the very minute, dressed, in the parlour, and anxiously waiting for his brother, whom he had just left in a state of unusual forwardness. But ten minutes having elapsed with no symptom of his appearance, Daniel became impatient, and called upon him to descend instantly, for breakfast was ready and the time up. "Instantly!" replied the Poet. Another ten minutes passed with no better success. Daniel called to his brother a second, and a third time; but, receiving no answer, rose hastily from the table and went in quest of him. At the same instant the Poet entered, and, laying some pages of manuscript on the table, "There," said he, with an air of satisfaction, "there is my apology. A rare thought struck me during the night—I was afraid of its escaping, and having taken the pen in my hand, I could not lay it down until I had reduced it to rhyme. You 'll soon see whether I have been idle or not." "Very good," said Daniel, "let's have a look at it." "There it is," said Tom, handing it to him with

one hand, and helping himself to a slice of toast with the other. Daniel was silent for a minute. "Ha! very good this—very fine indeed!" "Yes, I thought you would say so." "And this is why you had so restless a night?" "Yes, I had some poetical throes, but you see I have hit it off at last." "You *have*, my boy," said Daniel, appearing to read with much attention. "Well—what do you think of it?" inquired the Poet, rather impatiently. "Why," said the critic, "to tell you the truth, I think it wants fire, don't you?" "Perhaps," said the author, with hesitation. "Yes—it certainly wants *fire;*" and, suiting the action to the word, Daniel twisted up the manuscript and thrust it between the bars of the grate.

At the close of this session—namely, the third of Campbell's attendance at college—he was gratified by a further share of Academic prizes. In the Moral Philosophy class he received a prize for his "Poetical Essay on the Origin of Evil." In the Greek class, he gained the first prize for the best translation of passages from the "Clouds of Aristophanes." In reference to this very gratifying circumstance, Campbell has recorded the fact, in one of his manuscript notes:—"Professor Young pronounced my version, in his opinion, the best essay that had ever been given in by any student at the University. This was no small praise to a boy of fifteen, from John Young, who, with the exception of Miller, was the ablest man in the College."

"One day, shortly before the close of this session, while Professor Arthur, of the Moral Philosophy chair, was showing the University to an English gentleman, who had come into the class-room, I happened," says Campbell, "to be standing unobserved behind him, and could hear distinctly the conversation that passed between them. 'And is

there any one among your students,' inquired the stranger, 'who shows a talent for poetry?' 'Yes,' said the Professor, 'there is one, Campbell, who shows a very promising talent.' Little knew the Professor that I was listening to this question and answer. In explanation of this 'talent,' I had written in Arthur's class," continues the Poet, "a verse Essay on the Origin of Evil, for which I afterwards received the prize, and which gave me a local celebrity throughout all Glasgow, from the High Church down to the bottom of the Salt Market! It was even talked of, as I am credibly informed, by the students over their oysters at Lucky Mac Alpine's, in the Trongate!"

The prize poem, of which the author speaks with so much affected astonishment at his sudden "local celebrity," is here printed from the original. Campbell, as we have already seen, performed most of his exercises in verse, even when they were expected to be in *prose*. In this specimen he certainly does justice to the Professor's opinion, and "shows a talent for poetry."

ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

PART I.—EVILS ARISING FROM IMPERFECTION.

GIVEN IN AS AN EXERCISE IN THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY CLASS.—*Glasgow, April* 25, 1794

WHILE Nature's gifts appear a jarring strife,
And Evil balances the Good of life;
While varied scenes, in Man's estate, disclose
Delusive Pleasure, mix'd with surer woes:
Bewildered Reason, in the dubious maze
Of human lot, a feeble wand'rer strays,
Sees destin'd ills on Virtue vent their force,
Dash all her bliss, and wonders whence the source.
Sure Heav'n is good, no farther proof we need,
In Nature's page the doubtless text we read.
Lo! at thy feet, earth's verdant carpet spread,
Heav'n's azure vault o'ercanopies thy head;

For thee the varied seasons grace the plain,
The vernal flow'ret, and the golden grain;
For thee all-wise Beneficence on high
Bade Day's bright monarch lighten in the sky,
And Night's pale chariot, o'er the vault of blue,
With silver wheels the silent path pursue.
Yes, Heav'n is good, the source of ample bliss;
In spite of ills, creation teaches this.
The simple, yet important truth to spy,
We need no Plato's soul, no sage's eye;
A native faith each distant clime pervades,
And sentiment the voice of reason aids.
The shuddering tenant of the Arctic Pole
Adores revolving suns that round him roll:
No sceptic bosom doubts the hand of Heav'n;
And, though misplac'd, still adoration 's giv'n.
Search distant climates, at the thirsty line,
There still devotion thanks a pow'r divine;
Still, though no Science treads on Libyan plains,
The inborn gratitude to God remains;
And shall the soul, by Science taught to view
Truth more refin'd, call inborn faith untrue?
No—should misfortune cloud thy latest days,
Still view this truth through life's perplexing maze;
While Nature teaches, let not doubt obtrude,
But own with gratitude that God is good.
Yet whence, methinks, repining mortal cries,
If Heaven be good, can human ill arise?
Man's feeble race, what countless ills await,
Ills self-created—ills ordained by fate.
While yet warm youth the breast with passion fires,
Hope whispers joy, and promis'd bliss inspires,
In dazzling colours future life arrays,
And many a fond ideal scene displays.
The sanguine zealot promised good pursues,
Nor finds that wish, but still the chase renews:
Still lur'd by Hope, he wheels the giddy round,
And grasps a phantom never to be found.
Too soon the partial bliss of youth is flown,
Nor future bliss, nor Hope itself is known;
No more ideal prospects charm the breast,
Life stands in dread reality confessed;

A mingled scene of aggravated woes,
Where Pride and Passion every curse disclose!
Cease, erring man; nor arrogant presume
To blame thy lot or Heaven's unerring doom.
He who thy being gave, in skill divine,
Saw what was best, and bade that best be thine.
But, count thy wants and all thine evils name,
Still, He that bade them be, is free from blame;
Tell all the imperfections of thy state,
The wrongs of man to man—the wrongs of Fate;
Still Reason's voice shall justify them all,
And bid complaint to resignation fall.
If Heav'n be blamed, that imperfection's thine,
As just to blame that man is not divine.
Of all the tribes that fill this earthly scheme,
Thy sphere is highest, and thy gifts supreme;
Of mental gifts, Intelligence is given,
Conscience is thine, to point the will of Heaven;
The spur of Action, Passions are assign'd,
And Fancy, parent of the soul refined.
'Tis true, thy Reason's progress is but slow,
And Passion, if misguided, tends to woe;
'Tis true, thy gifts are finite in extent,
What then? can nought that 's finite give content?
Leave, then, proud Man! this scene of earthly chance;
Aspire to spheres supreme, and be a god at once!
"No," you reply; "superior pow'rs I claim,
Though not perfection, or a sphere supreme;
In Reason more exalted, let me shine;
The lion's strength, the fox's art be mine;
The bull's firm chest, the steed's superior grace,
The stag's transcendant swiftness in the chase.
Say, why were these denied, if Heav'n be kind
And full content to human lot assign'd?"—
The reason's simple; in the breast of man
To soar still upward, dwells th' eternal plan;
A wish innate, and kindly placed by Heaven,
That man may rise, through means already given.
Aspiring thus, to mend the ills of fate,
To find new bliss and cure the human state,
In varied souls its varied shapes appear—
Here, fans desire of wealth—of honour, there;

Here, urges Newton Nature to explore,
And promises delight by knowing more :
And there, in Cæsar, lightens up the flame
To mount the pinnacle of human fame.
In spite of Fate, it fires the active mind,
Keeps man alive, and serves the use assign'd ;
Without it, none would urge a favourite bent,
And man were useless but for *Discontent*.
Seek not perfection, then, of higher kind,
Since man is perfect in the state assign'd ;
Nor perfect, as probation can allow,
Accuse thy lot, although imperfect now.—

PART II.—MORAL EVILS.

But, grant that Man is justly frail below,
Still Imperfection is not all our woe :
If final good be God's eternal plan,
Why is the power of ill bestow'd on man ?—
Why is Revenge an inborn passion found ?
And why the means to spread that passion round ?
Whence, in Man's breast, the constant wish we find,
That tends to work the ruin of his kind ?
Whence flows th' ambition of a Cæsar's soul,
Or Sylla's wish to ravage and controul ?
Whence, monster Vice ! originates thy course ?
Art thou from God ?—is purity thy source ?
No ; let not blasphemy that cause pursue !
A simpler source in Man himself we view :
If Man, endow'd with freedom, basely act,
Can such from blameless purity detract ?
An ample liberty of choice is given,
Man chooses ill,—and where the fault of Heaven ?
Say not the human heart is prone to sin,
Virtue, by Nature, reigns as strong within :
The passions, if perverted, tend to woe.—
"What then ? did God perversion, too, bestow ?"
No ; blame thyself if Guilt distract thy lot ;
Man may be virtuous—Heav'n forbids it not.
Blind as thou art, in this imperfect state,
Still conscious Virtue might support thy fate ;
Give Reason strength, thy passions to controul—
Vice is not inborn ; drive it from thy soul !

Yet you reply,—"Though ample freedom 's mine,
The fault of Evil still is half divine;
If Heaven foresaw that, from the scope of choice,
Perversion, vice, and misery should rise;
Why then on Man, if prone to good, bestow
The possibility of working woe?"
Ask not; 'tis answer'd: arrogantly blind
To scan the secrets of the eternal Mind!
If Heav'n be just, then Reason tells us this—
That Man, by merit, must secure his bliss.
Cease, then, with Evil to upbraid the skies;
That, to the vice of mortals, owes its rise:
Is GOD to blame, if Man's inhuman heart
Deny the boon that Pity should impart?
If patriots to brutality should change,
And grasp the lawless dagger of Revenge—
If frantic murd'rers mingle from afar,
To palliate carnage by the name of war—
If pamper'd Pride disdain a sufferer's fate,
And spurn imploring mis'ry from her gate?
No! Heav'n hath placed Compassion in the breast;
The means are given—and ours is all the rest.
But what, to ease thy sorrow, shall avail
For human lot the misanthropic wail?
Since all complain, and all are vicious, too,
Each hates the vile pursuit, but all pursue,
Let actions, then, and not complaints prevail;—
Let each his part withdraw, the whole shall fail.

PART III.—NATURAL EVILS.

Yet, grant that Error must result from choice,
Still man has ills besides the ills of vice;
Griefs unforeseen; Disease's pallid train;
And Death, sad refuge from a world of pain!
Disastrous ills each element attend,
And certain woes with every blessing blend!
Lo! where the stream in quiv'ring silver plays,
There, slipp'ry Fate upon its verge betrays;
Yon sun, that feebly gilds the western sky,
In warmer climes bids arid nature die.

Disgusted Virtue quits her injured reign,
Vice comes apace, and Folly leads her train!
But not alone, if blissful all thy lot,
Were Vice pursued, and Gratitude forgot.
Defects still further in the scheme we view,
Since Virtue, willing, scarce could man pursue.
Say, if each mortal were completely blest,
Where could the pow'r of aiding woe exist?
If, at the gate, no suppliant suff'rer stand,
Could e'er Compassion stretch her lib'ral hand?
Did never winter chill the freezing waste,
Could kindness e'er invite the shudd'ring guest?
What boots—if good the changeless lot of man—
The philanthropic wish, the patriot's plan?
Or what could goodness do? Nought else, tis plain,
But rage to bridle, passion to restrain;
A virtue negative, scarce worth the name,—
Far from the due reward that gen'rous actions claim.
Still less the scope of Fortitude we find,
Were pain dismiss'd, and Fortune ever kind.
The path of merit, then, let ills be view'd,
And own their pow'r, if virtue be thy good.
Nor on that scheme let lawless wishes run,
Where vice had all her scope, and virtue none;
But rest contented with thy Maker's plan,
Who ills ordain'd, the means of good to man.
Nor, midst complaint of hardships, be forgot
The mingled pleasures of thy varied lot!
What, though the transient gusts of sorrow come—
Though passion vex, or penury benumb;
Still bliss, sufficient to thy hope, is giv'n
To warm thy heart with gratitude to Heav'n!
Still mortal Reason darts sufficient day
To guide thy steps, through life's perplexing way;
Still Conscience tells —'tis all we need to know—
"Virtue to seek, and vice to shun below."
Hear, then, the warnings of her solemn voice,
And seek the plaudit of a virtuous choice!

THOMAS CAMPBELL, *æt.* 16.

A lady, who well remembers the Poet's triumph, this session, mentions, in a letter to me, his warmth and tenderness of heart, his mature judgment, enlivened by sallies of wit and humour, which shone forth in numerous anecdotes. In personal appearance, he was not less remarkable for elegance, than for those high mental endowments which were every year acquiring greater force and finer polish. His specimens from 'Medea,' which hardly lost anything of their original beauty by his translation, gained for him the friendship and patronage of the professors. Among the students, at the same time, he was regarded as a prodigy, and often copied as a standard authority in the various branches of study and composition.

This superiority, however, which in other cases would have excited jealousy, and alienated less gifted minds, had no such effect on that of young Campbell. His character, at once open-hearted, and open-handed, was destitute of anything like selfishness, and drew the circle of his friends more and more closely around him. Always disposed to help those who sought his assistance, he awakened in their minds a feeling of gratitude as well as of admiration. He was looked upon, not with envy but affection—not as one who monopolized the prizes in every class, but as one whose talents reflected lustre upon the whole body of the Students. He spoke their sentiments, shared their sympathies, advocated their rights, and was regarded as their friend and representative—one to whom they could point with just pride and confidence, whenever the discipline of the University might be called in question, and say,—"This is a youth after our own hearts—this is one of ourselves!"

Down to this period of his academical career, Campbell appears to have studied with a view to the church. Among the most intimate of his associates was Hamilton Paul, whose talents were of a high order—a grave philosopher,

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but a lively poet. In the congenial society of this worthy compeer, and that of a kindred spirit, the late Rev. Dr. Finlayson, with whom he afterwards travelled to Mull, he spent many pleasant, as well as profitable, hours. And as both his class-fellows were preparing for holy orders; theology, with all the "weighty matters of the law," Ecclesiastical history, and Logic, were the leading studies of the session. Having a warm friendship for those young men, living much in their company, and sharing their sentiments, it is probable that he at length embraced similar views; and, for some time, at least, steadily persevered in regulating his studies by theirs. Circumstances, however, of a domestic or personal nature, appear to have altered his purpose; but these are so indistinctly remembered, or so doubtfully stated, that I cannot take upon me to repeat them with any degree of confidence.

His prospects of church patronage could never have been very encouraging. His family connexions, on both sides of the house, were chiefly engaged in commerce; and when he looked towards Kirnan, "the home of his forefathers," and thought of days when the staunch old "lairds of that ilk" would have sold their last acres to have placed such a kinsman in the pulpit, the case was cheerless; "roofless and wild" was their abode; and under the greensward of Kilmichael Kirk-yard lay the last "heritors" who could have lent him a helping hand. All this passed through his mind. But then it was said "his talents would easily accomplish what family influence could not." Talents he certainly had—talents of the first order—but of what avail were these?

> Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
> Res angusta domi.

Many other such arguments were employed; but they

went merely to show that, if he aspired to church preferment, he must give much more attention to things "ecclesiastical;" study Calvin, compose homilies, read Mosheim, follow in the steps of those noble ancestors, who, at the peril of their lives and property, had ever clung fast to the interests of their Mother Kirk; and take his own words for a motto :—

> Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
> A thousand wild waves on the shore!

What effect this friendly exhortation produced on the mind of Campbell, is not known. He panted ardently for independence; and would have given any amount of labour to have realised the boon. He had at this anxious period a firm conviction that "all difficulties were to be overcome by strenuous exertions, diligence, and industry;" and to these, not to his genius, he attributed all his school and college distinctions. His father had expressed a preference for the civil rather than the ecclesiastical profession, and his opinion harmonised with that of the Poet. But to that, also, there was an insuperable barrier in the state of his finances. The profession of Medicine, or Surgery, was next thought of; and Campbell, as he informs us, attended some preliminary lectures on the subject. But, on one occasion, he was so much affected by a surgical operation, at which he was present, that he could never overcome this repugnance so far as to resume his studies. Law, as we have already seen, was tried with no better success. Its cruel "operations" were as offensive to his mind and taste, as those of surgery; and now physic was also given up as being too nearly related to surgery. Thus, left without any definite aim, he appears to have passed the ensuing summer in the counting-house of a Glasgow merchant, a near relation of his family, where he acquired

some useful habits of business, with the prospective hope of being enabled to join his elder brothers in America, where they had been many years established as merchants and planters. But to enter at large into the distracting hopes and disappointments, which at this time so painfully chequered our Poet's life, would be forestalling the interest of those letters, in which he has adverted to them with much feeling, and with a truth and candour never to be misunderstood or suspected.

Still, however, a vague idea of church preferment seems to have kept its hold of his mind. Many little circumstances tend to show, though indirectly, that his studies inclined in that direction. He read Hebrew* with other theological youths; familiarised himself with some of the "best divines," and wrote the following hymn on the Advent, which, so far as I know, is one of his original poems, which has never been publicly acknowledged. The Poet's copy, however, has an autograph inscription, stating that "he wrote it at the age of sixteen," consequently about the end of the previous autumn. The original, from which the following is a transcript, has been forty years in the possession of Dr. David Irving.

HYMN.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill;
When Salem's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—
Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,

* In a letter, written only a few months before his death, he recalls the fact of having studied Hebrew at this time, in the following words: "I have met a very pleasant, well-informed, and agreeable man, the son of the professor in the Glasgow University, with whom, during my curriculum, I *studied Hebrew*."

In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring, on the raptured soul.
Then swift, to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light and wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came.
High Heaven with sounds of triumph rung,
And thus they smote their harps and sung:—

Oh Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh—
The joys of Nature rise again—
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!
See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a glad stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.—
He comes—He cheers the trembling heart—
Night and her spectres pale depart:
Again the day-star gilds the gloom—
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!
Oh, Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh—
The joys of Nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign! T. C., *æt.* 16.

CHAPTER V.

THIRD SESSION—CORRESPONDENCE.

ONE of the first and most intimate acquaintances of young Campbell at College was James Thomson, a fellow-student from Lancashire, whose kindred genius and amiable disposition formed the bond of a friendship which increased with years, and continued, without interruption, until the Poet's death.* To this congenial friend, Campbell addressed most of his early letters; and from these I shall be readily excused for introducing a few extracts, such as will better illustrate the young Poet's character, than any commentary from the pen of his biographer. They are all written in the full candour and confidence of unreserved friendship, and exhibit a faithful picture of the warm heart, and brilliant intellect of the youthful writer. The second from which I shall quote, was written while residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow, and engaged in a merchant's office, with the view of joining his brothers in Virginia. It appears, that "the employments" of the session had not been agreeable; but by *employments* is to

* 'No distance shall put an end to our epistolary correspondence. Our friendship, though begun in the years of youth, I trust, shall survive that period, and be immutably fixed in graver years.' [Letter, dated June 12, 1794.] This was truly predicted. It was to Mr. Thomson's order that two marble busts of the Poet were executed by Bailey, one of which he presented to the University of Glasgow, and retained the other in his own family. The admirable portrait of the Poet, by Sir Thomas Lawrence,—an engraving of which is prefixed to this volume,—was also commissioned by this early friend.

be understood "the necessity of giving elementary instruction to others." In every other respect the session had been auspicious. Two prizes had been awarded to him; one for his poem on "the Origin of Evil;" and another for various translations from the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. His correspondence with Mr. Thomson begins thus:—

TO MR. THOMSON.

GLASGOW, *April*, 1794.

MY DEAR THOMSON,

I am ashamed to trouble you with apologies for delay in answering your last favour; I shall not, therefore, at present, urge the incessant labours of Professor Anderson's class, or the time-consuming pursuits of Euclid, as the smallest excuse for my second procrastination. Negligent as I may have been in writing, I depend upon your friendship for forgiveness; I assure you, my silence arose not from any cessation of my esteem for your correspondence, or from the smallest diminution of my regard for you, but partly from interrupting circumstances, and partly from that particular flatness of spirits, which, even allowing I were at leisure, would make me a very sorry correspondent. Do not imagine from this that I have grown phlegmatic; perhaps I may be wrong in delaying the duties of friendship on account of any peculiar mood I may be in; yet I cannot help thinking it would be a very bad return for your animated correspondence, to trouble you with the common-place remarks of a humdrum fit. I suppose you are now fairly metropolised. I congratulate you, my dear friend, upon the opportunity you enjoy of being thus introduced into so wide a field for observation. 'The proper study of mankind is man;' and in the metropolis of England, human nature is seen in its most variegated

states and employments. The concourse of characters to be met with there, have given scope to the contemplative geniuses of many distinguished men. The great Johnson speaks much of the improvement to be reaped from residences in numerous societies; and to hear this from the mouth of so learned a man, may convince us that intercourse with mankind, as well as acquaintance with books, has its share in polishing the mind. I once imagined that agriculture had such an effect on the happiness of men, as entirely outstripped all the advantages of commerce; but upon considering the tendency of commerce to bring men together, in more extensive circles than agriculture can do, I became more warm in my admiration of it; and I think it admits of no doubt that commerce humanises society. In your next, however, I expect to hear a more complete review of the benefits of commerce than my narrow observation has permitted me to take. If you are at present in London, I request the favour of a few remarks upon the general cast of its inhabitants. I have heard several accounts of its edifices, curiosities, manners, &c.; but I assure you, your observations, on whatever part of it you have hitherto seen, would afford me much pleasure. The ignorant, you know, may be excused for curiosity; and to one who has seen so little of the world, as I have been acquainted with, the shortest account of our metropolis could not fail to be interesting.

Please to inform me how long you are to remain in London. Are you fixed in business, or only on a visit? What are the politics of London? Are they pacific, or warlike? Are the Englishmen still so mad as to wager that the King of Prussia and his victorious hussars will take Paris in six weeks? Such indeed was a wager laid, when the war commenced, at Change Alley. I thank you for your specimen of English Newspapers. The Scotch papers

speak not so boldly of the fate of our Edinburgh convicts; but I have always esteemed the condemnation of Muir and Gerald, as the blackest stain upon Scotch Justice. Palmer is still in the faith—I had no hand in his conversion. Gregory Watt thanks you for the what-d'ye-call-'em; I forget chemical names. He knows nothing about the *Strontites*, nor can he procure any. But a friend of mine, Mr. Irvine, is at present in quest of some; he esteems it a very rare matter, and has promised to give me some, as soon as obtained, which I shall send by the carrier.—My dear friend, I have much to say, but must defer it till another opportunity. Be so good as excuse my long delay; write me soon, and you shall be speedily answered by your most faithful and affectionate T. C.

TO MR. THOMSON.

GLASGOW, *May 17th*, 1794.

MY DEAR THOMSON,

I am almost afraid that my last scribbles were so miserable as to be totally illegible, and so hurried as to give you disgust. I assure you, my dear friend, nothing has tended so much to make my late employments disagreeable, as the idea of not having it in my power to commence an epistolary correspondence, in which I promised myself so much pleasure. But I find myself now almost entirely at leisure; and happy indeed shall I be, if the many long "botherations" with which I intend to plague you this summer be answered in due turn by you. We are now settled in our new rural habitation, which, though by no means a lordly dome, affords us all the pleasure of being free from the smoke of Glasgow. Our windows look down upon a valley, which is at present very fresh and beautiful; but I need not describe the place

to one who has seen it. I come into town regularly every morning at seven o'clock. My first resort is to the "Green" on purpose to listen to the "shrill fife or martial drum." When Gregory Watt comes out of the Greek class, I walk with him till breakfast, unless he be in a stubborn fit and refuses to go, in which case I must pace away *solus*. I threatened one day to tell the "Doctor"* of his behaviour; it had no effect; but he is a very agreeable fellow when he chooses. We often—very often talk about you; indeed, I never hear well-played music but I think of the 'Doctor' and his flute; two very agreeable ideas without flattery. Remember to bring your sweet instrument along with you when you return to Scotland. I hope in God you have no intention of staying at home after September. Professor Young left town yesterday.—I dined lately with him at our friend's grandfather's, where he sat at the head of the table.—Richardson and Jardine (Professors) are still in town; the former is a polite agreeable gentleman; the latter is a most worthy, honest man; he is neither proud nor partial. This you will find when you are his student. I believe, however, he is not nearly so good a *chemist* as the gentleman I alluded to; for I believe that Europe never produced his match for extracting copper from all substances, and chiefly from the pockets of his students.

What a long letter have I written you, and not one word of poetry in it—surely, this is an insult to the Muse! Many a sheet of nonsense have I beside me; insomuch, that when my father comes into my room, he tells me I would be much better reading Locke, than scribbling so. I intended to have sent you an Ode upon Mr. Tait's poetical abilities just now; but shall postpone it till next time I write you—that is, when I answer your next letter. In the meantime receive a few lines upon Music; the subject was

* 'The Doctor;' the class-name for their mutual friend, Thomson.

inspired by hearing a most beautiful "March" played by the band on the Green.

ODE TO MUSIC.

ALL-POWERFUL charmer of the soul,
Each mood of fancy formed to please;
To bid the wave of Passion roll,
Or tune the languid breast to ease.
Come, in thy native garb arrayed,
And pour the sweetly simple song;
And all the Muse's breast pervade,
And guide the fluent verse along.
What time the moon, with silver beam,
Shall sparkle on the light-blue lake;
And Hope with sympathetic gleam,
And silent pleasure, shall awake:
Then, as thy quivering notes resound
From lively pipe and mellow horn;
And quick-paced marches breathe around,
Shrill thro' the ringing valleys borne—
Then, swelled with every winding tone,
Tumultuous shall my heart rebound;
And ardour o'er my bosom thrown,
Shall kindle at the rising sound.
Or, oft at evening's closing hour,
When deeper purple dyes the cloud;
When Fancy haunts the silent bower,
And pensive thoughts the bosom crowd.
What time the softening zephyr flies,
Thy notes shall aid the gentle theme
That lonely Meditation tries,
And, grateful, soothe her placid dream.
Far from the world's assiduous throng,
Then let the mellow warbling flute,
In slow, sad numbers pour the song,
The best this solemn hour may suit.
And thou, O Thomson, skilled to wake
The wild notes Scotia loves so dear;
Oft let me these with thee partake
And oft thy silver cadence hear!

When I look back upon my letter, I am ashamed that I have written no better ; but as the sailors say at Wapping, you must excuse haste—that is, when they knock a man down.—Adieu, &c. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In this and the following letters Campbell expresses much solicitude for his friend's return to Scotland ; for, in the previous session, their acquaintance had commenced under very pleasing auspices, and he was desirous for improving it by the habits of daily intercourse. In this prospect he was sadly disappointed. "Unfortunately for myself," says Mr. Thomson, "I was only one session at Glasgow ; but, during that session, was laid the foundation of my after-intercourse with two men, who may be said to have given the right direction to my future life and character. These were Thomas Campbell, and Gregory Watt, youngest son of the great engineer. Gregory died in 1805, at the early age of twenty-seven, after having given proofs of extraordinary talent and promise.*

Campbell, Thomson, and Gregory were much together ; and were avowed rivals in the Classes and Debating Clubs. But the rivalry that stimulated their talents cemented their friendship, the basis of which was laid in mutual esteem and preference. To record such traits of generous fellowship in youth, is one of the pleasing duties of a biographer. The remembrance of their early friendship,

* In the College Session of 1793-4, Gregory Watt was Mr. Thomson's friend and rival in the Greek Class, and the competition excited extraordinary interest among their companions ; for, in them, "Greek met Greek," and the result was anxiously expected. Thomson won the prize ; but, with the exception of the victor himself, Gregory was the most delighted Student in the class. He was a generous, liberal, and open-hearted youth ; so attached to his friend, and so sensible of his merit, that the honours conferred on Thomson, obliterated all recollection of personal failure.

so often mentioned by the Poet, was cherished to the last; and of their gifted friend Thomson and Gregory never spoke but in terms of unfeigned admiration—

> "*Thou art so far before,*
> That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
> To overtake thee."

GLASGOW, *June 12th*, 1794.

MY DEAR THOMSON,

Think not from the lateness of your answer to the frivolous contents of my last, that I had formed any opinion of your friendship, unjustified by reason and experience. I longed, indeed, to hear from you, nor was it without feelings of the warmest kind that I opened your kind favour. It is strange, indeed, what emotions the known hand-writing of an absent friend can excite. "Words upon paper," says the philosophic Jardine, "can paint the object of description in colours superior to those of the most artful limner; and, though silent of themselves, can speak forcibly to the heart." But, my dear Thomson, why did you value my esteem for you so low, as to imagine that a letter, such as yours was, could be uninteresting? I assure you, my dear friend, I shall ever esteem it one of the most refined pleasures in life to be your constant correspondent, whatever the subject of your letters may be. I am sorry that you are so undetermined about your return next winter. Heaven grant you may! The paths of learning would certainly be smoothed, and labour rendered pleasant, with such a fellow-student. But, laying aside all consideration of my own, though I were entirely disinterested in the case, I would, by all means, advise you to pay our University a second visit. Though your last year's diligence and literary eminence were very

ill rewarded by Mr. ——, yet I can assure you the same degree of attention will meet with a very different reception from Professor Jardine, with whom you will study, of course. You will neither have a partial preceptor, nor a dissipated tutor; for I suppose you will readily obtain Mr. Jackson, who stays in town all summer. But, for eminence in the Logic class, you have, besides these, one very capital advantage. Your ability in composing is far superior to the generality of those who go there; and I am certain it will entitle you to the foremost distinction. But in case the view of pre-eminence should be no inducement, the improvement and pleasure which must accrue from your next year's attendance, might, I think, offer themselves as very strong motives. A knowledge of the human mind, and the method of improving its faculties of every kind; a knowledge of composition, and of the means of improving language, and acquiring a beautiful style, must, to one of your taste, be productive of great pleasure, and to one of your genius must prove highly useful. The Logic class is accounted difficult to those whose laziness renders the writing of an exercise difficult. But I can assure you, although from several circumstances I can by no means boast of deriving any great advantages from it—that I always found its employment very agreeable. But pray, my dear friend, don't think me officious though I speak thus; and should what I have said not be accepted as inducements to your return, I beg you will not be offended at my offering an advice. I am, next winter, to be Master of Arts, if possible. I believe I shall spend no more winters in this country, as my purpose is to join my brothers in America*,

* It appears from this letter that Campbell had seriously turned his thoughts to a mercantile life, and was now studying with the prospect of joining his brothers in Virginia; but from this view he was shortly afterwards diverted by unforeseen circumstances; and, like Burns, who had formed a similar project, he

in the mercantile line, upon which I have now fixed. I had a different intention when we parted. In the view of following merchandise I am busily employed at book-keeping, and endeavouring to improve this hand of mine. I hope, however, dear Thomson, should my purpose be accomplished of going to America, that no distance shall put an end to our epistolary correspondence. Our friendship, though begun in the years of youth, I trust shall survive that period, and be immutably fixed in graver years. I took farewell of G. W. (Gregory Watt) about three weeks ago. Poor fellow! you will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that he has lost his younger sister. I had not the smallest knowledge of the illness, of which she died, till I heard of her death. It is a solemn warning of life's uncertainty. I don't expect, however, to hear from him, owing to this melancholy occurrence; nor do I feel myself inclined to write to him first, for the same reason. Whether I am right or not, I cannot say. Pray, my dear friend, do write me soon; and if you can send me good news about your return next winter, the pleasure of hearing from you will be heightened, if possible. The choice of a subject fit for our correspondence, I leave to your superior judgment. Adieu, for a while, my dear Thomson. Present my humble respects to your honoured father.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

An epoch in the life of Campbell was now opening, which had a marked influence on his future mind and character. It has been already shown by what heavy losses his family had been visited, and with what resolution they had borne

was happily destined to earn his immortality at home. To the plan of entering into business in America, there is frequent reference in his correspondence; and when the project was finally abandoned, it seems to have been felt as a severe disappointment.

up against them. The tide of misfortune, however, had not yet subsided, and the pressure of adversity was to be still more keenly felt. To his father's commercial losses, was now to be added the failure of a Chancery suit;—that suit which the good man thought would never wear out*—and the result involved him in the necessity of a still farther reduction in his slender establishment. With this failure, the faint but fondly cherished hope of leaving some little provision for his daughters entirely vanished. While on this subject, I must not omit the fact—so much to the honour of Mrs. Campbell—that on this, or the previous occasion, when his creditors had become painfully annoying to her husband, she made the last sacrifice by giving up for their benefit a small annuity, which she derived from her parents. The Poet's father was now on the verge of eighty-five, with no means of supporting his family, or of alleviating the infirmities of extreme age, but the annual pittance received from two commercial societies, already mentioned, of which he was the oldest member. He was, literally, reduced to the position of

"A most poor man—made *tame* by *Fortune's blows*."

It may be easily imagined with what intense anxiety young Campbell observed this new stroke of misfortune, and with what eagerness he looked around him for some means of relieving the pressure. His prospects were very discouraging; but his filial affection rose superior to every difficulty. The ardent desire of ministering to his father's necessities inspired him with unwonted strength, and he determined, long before the session had closed, to look out for some permanent situation. He consulted his patrons—the professors of Greek, and of Moral Philosophy—as to the course he should adopt. These gentlemen were well

* Vide the anecdote, page 19.

acquainted with the circumstances which had suggested the step, and commended his resolution. In the list of cotemporary students, no name stood so deservedly high as that of Thomas Campbell, and his patrons incurred no risk in recommending a youth, whom his own personal merits and acquirements had so strongly, and constantly recommended. The result was, that in the course of a few weeks the offer of a temporary situation was made and accepted. The duty was to commence at the close of the session, and to continue until the end of October, when he would be enabled to return home, and resume his studies at the University. It is not to be disputed that the Professors felt a cordial desire to promote the interests of young Campbell. His personal character gave him a claim to their friendship, and that claim was strengthened by the peculiar circumstances of his case. It is melancholy to reflect, however, that with the patronage of men whose good word was a passport in the literary world—and with talents which had crowned him in three previous sessions, no better outset in life could be found than an exile to the Hebrides, where, in the words of a great authority—"He was not dead—but he was buried."

It will be seen, however, that from this apparent misfortune, substantial good was educed. His admirers had reason to congratulate themselves upon it; and even the Student had just cause to say—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

A clear month was yet before him; and Campbell redoubled his exertions, in the hope of carrying with him from College some new proofs of distinction. Much of his time was still occupied in teaching younger "ideas how to shoot;" but the night, as usual, was made to refund the losses of the day,—and seated at his lamp, with Æschylus and

Aristophanes before him, he prepared to enter the lists once more as a competitor for honours.

The venerable Principal of the College has a distinct recollection of young Campbell at this time. They were then fellow-students, and destined—in after years—to fill respectively the highest office and duties in the University. Dr. Macfarlane used to visit in the Poet's family. His seat in church was contiguous to theirs, and he well remembers what a "beautiful boy Tom Campbell was." He adds what has been already mentioned—that he used to write his college exercises in verse, when it was expected that they should be written only in prose. After leaving Glasgow, they seldom or never met again, until the day of Campbell's installation as Lord Rector of the University.

In the following letter, written at a very critical moment —for the honours were to be decided, if not declared, the following morning—Campbell thus lays open to his friend Thomson, the anxious but most unselfish feelings by which he was agitated :—

GLASGOW, *April* 17, 1795.

I know not, my dear Thomson, whether this may find you at home or elsewhere. I conjecture that my last has not reached you, owing to your departure to the metropolis. I have longed exceedingly to hear from you. Indeed, could I have assured myself that you had already reached London, and that multiplicity of business had prevented you from writing me, I should have been less anxious ; but it gives me the highest uneasiness to think that, perhaps my indolence in answering your last had given you offence. I own you had cause to blame me—I have blamed *myself* for my inexcusable procrastination ; but I assure you, it was from no cessation of esteem that I deferred writing.

Perhaps, however, I am wrong in my conjecture as to your silence. I beg of you, however, to write me as soon as convenient. Beside the pleasure of hearing from you, your answer will free me from the most painful of all sensations —"self-reflection." To break off from your correspondence would surely give me uneasiness; but it must be no small aggravation to suppose that my own negligence had been the cause of it.

Write me soon, my friend; your correspondence is cheerful to me at all times, whether I be in high or low spirits. In my next I shall broach a subject to you, upon which I wish much to hear your sentiments. Gregory is still among us. He and I are at present very intimate—but as different souls as ever God created. Gregory is all volubility and solution of copper; for *me*, you would take me for a Spaniard—as sober as a Socrates. Our *prizes* are to be decided to-morrow, for the Summer Exercises. I care not twopence about the event. Professor ———'s "*genteelity*" in his prizes has made me a stoic about obtaining them. Gregory speaks of writing you; he has made a fine figure at College this winter; and has a chance of several premiums. God bless you, my friend Thomson.

T. C.

A vague suspicion, it appears, of having been overlooked in the previous distribution of Academic honours, had taken momentary possession of his mind; and Campbell, in pique, was resolved to be a stoic. But next morning effaced every impression of this kind. The high encomiums pronounced upon his translations from the Greek, by Professor Young, established the reputation of the youthful Poet as second to none. His version of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes was declared to be "the best that had ever been given in by any student at the University." This, I am glad to say, is

one of the prize-translations of which I have been fortunate enough to obtain a perusal.

The second prize was for a translation of Claudian's "Epithalamium on the marriage of the Emperor Honorius and Maria." It was gained in Professor Richardson's class, and most highly commended; but I have not been able to find any copy. A prize for the same poem was awarded only two years previously, to one of young Campbell's friends, from whom I have obtained a few interesting particulars:—"I got only two prizes," he says, "in the Greek class; whereas Campbell carried all before him. The 'Clouds,' the 'Choephoræ,' the 'Medea,' were unrivalled translations. One of the most singular events in our College was the fact of our both gaining a prize for the same poem —Claudian's 'Epithalamium.' I never saw Campbell's translation; but it must have been vastly superior to mine. It would be worth while to compare the parallel passages in our translations; as I am certain his was greatly superior in point of poetical merit." *

* I have not discovered any traces of Campbell's translation, so generously commended by his fellow-prizeman: but it will show that he had no ordinary talent to compete with, when he entered the lists with such Students as my correspondent, whose translation—to use the words of Professor Richardson—"possesses great merit in respect of language, fancy, and versification; and, although it flows with all the ease of an original, it is so extremely literal, that there is not a new thought in it." As this was probably the first English translation of the Epithalamium ever made at the Glasgow University; the classical reader will not be sorry to have an opportunity of comparing it with the original, the interest of which will not be lessened when it is remembered that Claudian was a native of Egypt, received the education of a Greek—and, in an age comparatively barbarous [A.C. 300], placed himself on an equality with the best poets of ancient Rome. I select that passage in which the "Court of Venus" is thus described:—

"Where heaving billows lave fair Cyprus' side,
A mountain rises in majestic pride,
Whose stately front o'erlooks those fertile shores
Where Nilus thro' his seven-fold channel pours—" . . . .

The third prize awarded to Campbell, was for his translation of passages from the "Choephoræ" of Æschylus; a copy of which has been sent to me by a lady, to whom it was shortly after presented by Campbell, in the Island of Mull. One of the passages is as follows:—

CHOEPHORÆ—SPEECH OF THE CHORUS.

WRITTEN, 1794.

SENT from the Mourners' solitary Dome,
I lead the solemn, long, parade of Woe;
To lull the sleepless spirit of the Tomb,
And hail the mighty Dead, that rest below.

Hail, sacred Dead! a maiden weeps for you;
For you, I wake the madness of despair!
The deep-struck wounds of woe my cheeks bedew;
I feed my bosom with eternal care.

Lo, where the robes, that once my bosom bound,
Rent by despair, fly waving in the wind;
The ceaseless strokes of anguish rudely sound,
As sorrow heaves tumultuous in my mind.

"Here Luxury has found a tranquil seat,
And Love secured an undisturbed retreat;
A hedge, the product of immortal skill,
Of purest gold, encompasses the Hill." . . . .

"Depending on no cultivator's care,
The inner fields eternal verdure wear;
No aid is asked to bid the herbage spring,
Save what is wafted on the zephyr's wing:
Here groves arise, from which the feathered throng—
Save those distinguished by the powers of song—
Are all debarred; the Goddess such selects
As greatly charm—but vulgar notes rejects." . . . .

"Love's fervours even the vegetables seize,
And courtship reigns among the happy trees:
Palm nods to palm, its summit waving high;
To poplar, poplar sends the mutual sigh:
In amorous whispers, plane addresses plane;
To alders, alders lovingly complain."

Hamilton Paul, 1793.

Heard ye wild Horror's hair-erecting scream
Re-echo, dismal, from his distant cell?
Heard ye the Spirit of the nightly dream
Shriek, to the solemn hour, a long resounding yell?

The females heard him, in the haunted Hall,
As shrill, his accents smote the slumbering ear—
Prophetic accents—when the proud must fall—
And wrapt in sounds of agonizing fear.

Lo, Wisdom's lips your nightly dreams divine,
And read the visions of impending woe;
Blood calls for vengeance on a lawless Line;
The murdered spirit shrieks in wrath below.

Vain are the gifts the silent Mourners send;
Vain Music's fall, to soothe the sullen Dead;
The dark collected clouds of Death impend;—
Shall Ruin spare thy long devoted head?

O, sacred dust! O, Spirit, lingering nigh,
I bear the gifts of yonder guilty Throne!
My trembling lips th' unhallow'd strain deny;
Shall mortal man for mortal blood atone?

Mansions of Grief! a long impending doom
O'erhangs the dark Dominions where ye reign;
A sunless horror, of unfathomed gloom,
Shall shroud your glory—for a Master slain.

The sceptred Pomp, ungovernably grand,
Untam'd in battle, in the fields of yore;
That martial glory, blazon'd o'er the land,
Is fallen—nor bids the prostrate world adore!

Yet, sure, to bask in Glory's golden day,
Or on the lap of Pleasure to repose,
Unvex'd to roam on Life's bewildered way,
Is more than Earth—is more than Heaven bestows.

For Justice oft, with ready bent arraigns,
And Guilt hath oft deferred his deadly doom—
Lurked in the twilight's slow suspicious pains,
Or wrapp'd his deeds in Night's eternal gloom.

T. Campbell, *æt.* 16. 1794.

From the first until the eighteenth of May, the Poet was busily engaged in preparations for his journey. His spirits had much improved, in consequence of the three prizes awarded to his essays in the Greek and Latin classes; and he was now looking to the Hebrides as the 'ultima Thule,' where he should find leisure and inspiration for still more successful efforts. It is worth mentioning, as a characteristic feature in young Campbell, that in the correspondence which immediately followed his May-day "honours," he bestows only a few words on the subject, and takes no credit to himself for any personal distinction in the classes. But it is evident that he was much gratified by the result, and meditated another victory.

In this soothed and cheerful state of mind—so different from the depression under which he had suffered during the winter—he appears to have given way, in one or two instances, to that spirit of frolic which now and then relieved the monotony of a studious life. Those who have never felt what that monotony is, may censure the following anecdote, as "a sinking in poetry—" unworthy of one who was a man in intellect, though still a boy in years. But I cannot resist telling what the Poet himself has often told—namely, his "last *spree*" at the University.

A respectable apothecary, named Fife, had a shop in the Trongate, with this notice in his window, printed in large letters—"*Ears pierced by A. Fife*,"—meaning the operation to which young ladies submit for the sake of wearing earrings. Mr. Fife's next-door neighbour was a worthy citizen of the name of *Drum*, a spirit-dealer, whose windows exhibited various samples of whisky, rum, and other stimulating liquors. These two industrious tradesmen had long lived upon terms of mutual goodwill; but very shortly before this epoch jealousy in trade appeared to have made them rather shy in their intercourse. More customers were caught

by the palate than by the ear; and this did not escape Mr. Fife's observation. They were both well known to the students; and every one wished to see them once more united in the bonds of good neighbourhood. Campbell affirmed, in spite of appearances, that they were naturally inseparable. This opinion he broached to his brother Daniel; and so much were both interested in the matter, that they went into the Trongate, and took a more than common interest in looking at the spirit and drug shops. They were soon joined by a third party—afterwards a most grave and learned Senator,—who entered warmly into their feelings, and gave them some friendly hints. A thin fir deal was then found by Daniel, on his father's premises, and prepared, by a rather hasty process, for the end in view. Thomas, even then, had a turn for printing, and to him was confided the task of imparting to the timber certain letters and words, which were to be expressed in dramatic language.

By twelve o'clock the same night their plan was ready for execution, and they stepped quietly into the street, carrying the plank with them. Even then it was scarcely dark; but there were no gas-lights, and few lanterns in those old-fashioned nights, and they proceeded without molestation to the Trongate. The only man who could have seen them was Duncan M'Alpin—but Duncan was only a "watchman," and not obliged to see those who had no wish to be seen.

Next morning, by five o'clock, there was quite a mob of the early population in the Trongate—many of them laughing heartily, and pointing to the shop of Mr. Drum, and that of his next neighbour, Mr. Fife. Among the crowd, Campbell and his two associates were enjoying the scene, and the complete success of their night's adventure. One head after another was popped out of the casements opposite, till at last Mr. Drum himself, and then Mr. Fife,

opened their doors, to ascertain the cause of all the laughing and talking. The cause was soon manifest — for, advancing a few steps into the street, and looking up they saw a long sign-board, stretching from window to window of the two contiguous shops, with this inscription from 'Othello,' in flaming capitals :—

"THE SPIRIT-STIRRING DRUM, TH' EAR-PIERCING FIFE."

Hitherto, indeed, they had pursued very distinct callings; but, to their utter surprise, a sudden co-partnership had been struck during the night, and Fife and Drum were now united in the same martial line. A great sensation was produced—the partnership was dissolved on the spot; the false standard was demolished, and diligent search made for the sign-painter. A grave charge was set up: Campbell was at last found, and openly accused as principal in the "lettering;" and all three were menaced with fine and imprisonment. The sentence, however—which caused no little mirth even among those who pronounced it—was commuted to a severe reprimand; and, when it was finished, Campbell muttered with Parolles :—

"I'll no more drumming: a plague of all Drums!"

The following letter announces his immediate departure to the Hebrides :—

TO MR. THOMSON.

GLASGOW, *May* 17, 1795.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Yours I received a few days ago. The pleasure — which you speak of so warmly — that accrues from the letter of a friend, I can assure you, I felt in its full force; but it was heightened, in no small degree, by this

circumstance—that, previous to the reception of your letter, I had been entirely miserable in the idea that you had not received my first letter, and that my second had also been impeded in its progress to you. A thousand notions and suppositions entered my brain, which it were needless now to detail; suffice it to say that your kind favour was a "Doctor" to them all. I am, my dear friend, glad that our correspondence is again renewed; and this is all my time permits me to say. The post is just going off for London, and your humble servant sets off to-morrow morning for the Island of Mull—that spot in the Hebrides so celebrated by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell.

Mull is to be my place of residence this summer! I go to stay with a young widow lady, a namesake and connexion of my own.—*Quære?* would it be impossible to make an elopement from the Hebrides to Gretna Green in a coach and four? This is only a hint by the way.—I expect, in Mull, a calm retreat for study and the muses. I shall write you as soon as I can from that place. May the muse assist me to please your ear! I am at present employed in packing up my trunk—but I could not set off without popping you these hurried lines—forgive their inconsistency of style.—Write me soon. God bless you, my dear friend! You shall hear from me as soon as I can find an opportunity.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER VI.

RESIDENCE IN THE HEBRIDES.

In full anticipation of the romantic country now before him, and already familiar with their feudal history and poetic legends, a residence in the Hebrides seemed to the ardent mind of Campbell, to promise a new world of thought and observation. However uncongenial the duties upon which he was to enter might at first appear, they were to be only temporary; and after the lapse of a few months he would return to College—as he flattered himself—with a vast fund of materials, fresh from the wild heaths and still wilder shores of Mull, which he could turn to good account among the periodical works of the day. He set out from Glasgow on the eighteenth of May, in the company of his old class-fellow, Joseph Finlayson, and took the road to Inverary. The journey abounds in interest, and that interest is greatly increased by being enabled to express it in the Poet's own words:—"I was fain, from my father's reduced circumstances, to accept, for six months, of a tutorship in a Highland family, at the farthest end of the Isle of Mull. To this, it is true, my poverty, rather than my will, consented. I was so little proud of it, that, in passing through Greenock, I purposely omitted to call on my mother's cousin, Mr. Robert Sinclair—at that time a wealthy merchant and first magistrate of the town, with a family of handsome daughters, one of whom I married some nine years afterwards. But, although I knew that the

Sinclairs would have welcomed me hospitably, I did not like to tell my pretty cousins that I was going out in that capacity. I well remember spending a long evening—*sub dio*, for economy's sake—on the Greenock Quay, in company with my College friend, Joseph Finlayson*—now a reverend minister of the Scottish Kirk—who was also going off to a Highland Tutorship. When the night came on, we repaired together to the little inn, where we had bespoken our beds; and there our famine overcame our frugality. Poor dogs! We had ate nothing since noon, and were ravenously sharp-set. In the course of the evening we had saved the life of a little boy, by plunging after him into the water; and we thought it hard that two such heroes should go supperless to bed. So we ordered a dish of beef-steaks. What the landlady chose to call a pound, was brought in, set upon the table, and vanished like smoke. Then came in another —then a third, together with a tankard of ale, that set us both singing and reciting poetry.

"I still retain the opinion that life is pleasanter in the real transition, than in the retrospect; but still I am bound to regard this part of my recollections of life as very agreeable. I was, it is true, very poor, but I was gay as a lark, and hardy as the Highland heather. After plunging into the sea, to save the urchin who would otherwise have been drowned, I continued in my wet clothes until they dried on my back, and felt no bad result from it.

"Finlayson and I crossed the Frith of Clyde, to Argyllshire—our trunks being sent by land to Inverary; and our whole travelling equipage, consisting of a few articles tied in our handkerchiefs, we slung on sticks over our shoulders. The wide world contained not two merrier boys. We sang and recited poetry throughout the long wild Highland glens. I had still a half-belief in Ossian, and an Ossianic interest

* The late Rev. Joseph Finlayson, D.D.

in the Gaelic people. To be sure, travelling in the Highlands, at that time, was about as comfortable as it is, now, among the Arab tribes in Africa—with this difference in favour of Ossian, that it was not over safe to lay yourself down in a Highland bed, without being troubled with cutaneous sensations next morning—so my companion and I slept all night on chairs, by the side of a peat fire. The miracles of steam-boats and Highland hotels, were then unknown. When you came to an inn, the only bill of fare announced was—"Skatan, agas/spuntat, agas/usquebaugh"—which is to say—herrings and potatoes, and whiskey! Nevertheless, the roaring streams and torrents, with the yellow primroses, and chanting cuckoos on their banks—the heathy mountains, with the sound of the goats bleating at their tops, delighted me beyond measure. I felt a soul in every muscle of my body; and my mind was satisfied that I was going to earn my bread by my own labour.

"At last, after crossing Cowal, and reaching Inverary, we regained a spot of comparative civilization, where there was a high road, with mile-stones. On that road, I remember, we came up with a little boy, in a postman's dress, whose pony was left grazing on the road-side, whilst red-jacket himself was quietly playing at marbles with some other boys. 'You little rascal!' we said to him; 'are you the post-boy, and thus playing away your time?' 'Na! sir,' he answered; 'I'm no the post—I'm only an *express!*'

"At Inverary I parted with my worthy companion, Finlayson, and travelled on to Oban, across Lochawe, under rain that soaked me to the marrow. From Oban I crossed over to Mull; and, in the course of a long summer's day, traversed the whole length of the island—which must be nearly thirty miles—with not a foot-path to direct me. At times I lost all traces of my way, and had no guide but

the sun going westward. About twilight, however, I reached the point of Callioch *—the house of my hostess, Mrs. Campbell, of Sunipol—a worthy, sensible widow lady, who treated me with great kindness. I am sure I made a conscience of my duty towards my pupils; I never beat them—remembering how much I loved my father for having never beaten me.

"At first, I felt melancholy in this situation—missing my college chums—and wrote a poem† on my exile, as doleful as anything in Ovid's Tristia. But I soon got reconciled to it. The Point of Callioch commands a magnificent prospect of thirteen Hebrid-islands, among which are Staffa and Icolmkill, which I visited with enthusiasm. I had also, now and then, a sight of wild-deer, sweeping across that wilder country, and of eagles perching on its shore. These objects fed the romance of my fancy, and I may say that I was attached to Sunipol, before I took leave of it. Nevertheless, God wot, I was better pleased to look on the kirk steeples, and whinstone causeways of Glasgow, than on all the eagles and wild-deer of the Highlands."

I shall now interrupt the Poet's narrative, by a few extracts from letters to his friends, during his residence in Mull, which express more distinctly the feelings and circumstances upon which he has slightly touched in the posthumous notes above quoted. The first in the series is addressed to his friend, Mr. James Thomson.

* "The Point of Callioch" is on the northern shore of Mull, where the house of Sunipol may be easily seen by any one sailing from Tobermory to Staffa. It stands quite upon the shore, and occupies the centre of a bay immediately before you turn that Point of Mull, where you first get a view of the wondrous Island, which contains the Cave of Fingal.—T. W.

† See the letter to his friend Paul, containing a copy of this poem, and dated Mull, pp. 136-7.

MULL, *June* 14, 1795.

[*Perhaps my date is wrong. I forget the day of the month.*]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My trunk and paper have just reached me this afternoon. Their long wished-for arrival puts it in my power to fulfil the promise I made before I left Glasgow; and, though the far-retired Isle, which I now inhabit, can furnish no important articles of information, yet the pleasure of speaking to a bosom-friend, is a good deal increased by my being at present excluded from society. If my Thomson is the subject of my thoughts—or if I can enjoy the pleasure of his letters—there is no shore too barren to afford delight—there is no hermitage so lonely as to be disagreeable. Don't call me romantic, my dear T., for saying so. I never thought myself enthusiastic in friendship till this afternoon. Previous to that time, I had been in a most uncomfortable situation, owing to the absence of books and paper—for there is no paper in Mull; and my trunk being detained on its way thither, by cross-accidents, I had got no letter from you, nor any friend on earth; and—what was worse—I could expect none from yourself, till I fulfilled the promise of writing, which the want of paper totally forbade. I had thus no pleasure to look for, but the domestic society of the friends I live with, and with them I was scarcely acquainted. I thus grew weary of life; and Mull, God knows, is a place ill-suited to rub off the rust of a dull temper. Every scene you meet with in it is, to be sure, marked by sublimity, and the wild majesty of nature; but it is only fit for the haunts of the damned in bad weather. In this situation I continued from May 21st till a few days ago, when a few excursions at shooting wild geese, and a most delicious alteration in the weather, somewhat roused

my spirits. Still, however, I could not get the means of writing to you; and that idea was sufficient to give me trouble in no small degree.

Well, at long—and at last—my box came, and all the above preamble is intended to give you some conception of the joy I felt in producing the materials, which enabled me to put an end to this total suspension of pens, which I lately experienced. Thank God, I may now call myself happy. I can get corresponding with my best friend—I can get a reading of the best poets, and scribble whatever my brain dictates. I can go out in shooting and fishing parties, whenever I please. I am not in love; and, pray, why the deuce should not a man in such circumstances be happy?

I thank you sincerely for your detail of the London characters. I understand what sort of Lockes you have in London. Give my compliments to these Lockes, and tell them that for the disease of the Locke-jaw madness, the padlock applied to the mouth is a sovereign remedy. I am glad that your situation in London is agreeable to your wishes. Happy may you ever be, my dear friend! May this bad world use you better, than it uses those who resemble you in sincerity of heart; and may you ever have that happiness in friendship, which the good-hearted always deserve—but, sometimes, I am afraid, do not find. The self-sufficiency of the rich has poisoned many a generous heart;—it makes the fortunate believe himself far above the friendship of those whom he discovers inferior to him in wealth; and after two have formed a friendship—founded upon the strictest union of sentiments—if fortune has not been alike favourable to both, it discards the baser friend as unworthy of possessing esteem. I speak not from the story which another has told me; but I have found somewhat of that from experience. It is my first, and shall be my last,

disappointment of that kind.*—But I trouble you with a useless digression, which, I dare say, you don't know the meaning of. I find my paper near a close.—Good heavens! I could fill twenty sheets. I have a thousand things yet to say. I had a very queer subject to start for debate to you, but shall delay it once more. I cannot close this scrawl, however, without reminding you—if you have any saint in heaven, who likes you well, to pray to him that you and I may be so fortunate as to meet soon! I should start out of my wits at the prospect of shaking your honest hand once more. Grant it, kind Heaven! and pray for it, my dear Thomson. Thine for ever,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

In allusion to a passage in this letter, Campbell mentioned, forty years afterwards, that, for the temporary want of writing materials, he was driven to the expedient of scribbling his thoughts on the white-washed wall of his room with a pencil; and that, by the time pens, ink and paper arrived, his "mind was turned inside out," and so liberally confided to the plaster, that it appeared like a spacious broad-sheet of manuscript. He did not say whether the "sheet" was ever transcribed.

The next correspondent—to whom he sends a "lecture" from his island solitude—is his college friend, Hamilton Paul, with whom he subsequently spent many delightful hours on the romantic borders of Loch Fyne. Mr. Paul was a brother bard—a prize-man of some years' standing—and, as already

* There is evidence, in this passage, that the feelings of the young poet had been recently wounded, and that he was smarting under the effect of what was probably a very unintentional slight. His extreme sensitiveness often exposed him to this pain, which—from whatever cause, real or imagined—he could seldom conceal. The rich man's scorn—the proud man's contumely—whether expressed by word or gesture—were what his own frank and independent spirit could never brook. The "disappointment" will be explained.

noticed, co-translator of Claudian's "Epithalamium." The letter (written in August) begins with this preface :—

TO MR. HAMILTON PAUL.

[N.B.—We savages in Mull never keep any reckon of the months. I believe it is the eighteenth century.]

DEAR SIR,

Your agreeable epistle came to hand last Monday. I am as little disposed as yourself to enter into the momentous dispute which you mention at the outset of your letter. Selfish motives would incline me to drop such a subject, as I am afraid the decision would not be much in my favour. Lazy, however, as conscience tells me I have been, I am not without some plausible apologies for my conduct. But, as apologies are hackneyed things, I shall trust to your good nature to believe what my eloquence is unable to prove.

I have many faults to find with your epistle, which I shall mention not as a trial of your temper, but as a fund of advice, which may be of some service to myself, in as far as it adds perfections to, and removes all objections from my worthy correspondent's future epistles :—

I. By the laws of propriety and Parnassus, your epistle was by far too short. A Poet's head should be crammed to the brim by ideas of the eccentric and amusing stamp. You must know from experience, that when one of them is drawn out, a long train follows, as fast as bees from a hive, or students from the Common Hall. It is my opinion that when this train of ideas is committed to a letter, the chain that unites them should not be broken, till want of room absolutely requires it. Judge then of my surprise when I found in your welcome epistle a large blank below your name! The train of imaginations were brilliant, but why so soon arrested in their career? There is no vacuum

in your brain, and why so immense a blank in your letter? No—no: imitate the worthy example of your little friend, and write a large and well-filled epistle!

II. Your letter was by far too full of love. A poet should have no mistress but his muse! What smile of a virgin is so bewitching as the smile of Calliope? What innocent young romp was ever so playful as Thalia? What august beauty so dignified as Melpomene? The short and the long of it is, Mr. Paul, unless you give over talking with such ravishment of the Inverary Belles,* I will send a formal message to the kind nymphs of Parnassus, telling them that—Whereas H. P., their favourite and admired laurelist of the north, has been heard at sundry times, and in divers manners, to express his admiration of certain nymphs in a certain place, and that the said H. P. has ungratefully and feloniously neglected to speak in praise of the nine goddesses, daughters of Helicon—that he, the said H. P. shall be deprived of all aid in future from the said goddesses, and be sent to draw his inspiration from the dry fountain of Earth; and that furthermore, all the favours so taken away from *him*, shall accrue to the said informer and petitioner, *T. C.*

We have plenty of beauties in Mull; but my vast employment in more important concerns, and my disregard of any virgin but Melpomene, has prevented me from giving way to refined sensations. I am at present much hurried at my old comedy of the "Clouds of Aristophanes."—It is to be castigated this summer, and sent into Young next winter. I am the length of the 73rd page with the Choephorœ of Æschylus, the choral parts of which are very fatiguing; the length of the piece is ninety pages.

* His friend had probably alluded to the approaching visit, which one of these belles paid to Sunipol shortly after this date, and which the Poet himself has recorded in his "Caroline."

My desultory pieces have this summer been very few—of these I shall scribble down an Elegy*—very humdrum indeed, which was dictated by the dulness I felt at my first arrival here—a dulness now entirely gone.

N.B. I expect you will write me very soon, and prevent my giving the intended information to Parnassus, by producing some certain proof that you still honour the Muses, as formerly. Remember your agreement at parting with your friend.—With sincerity,

T. CAMPBELL.

To MR. HAMILTON PAUL,
CAPTAIN GRAHAM'S, Inverary.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN MULL.

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood, I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
O whither fled, the pleasurable hours
That chas'd each care, and fir'd the muse's powers;
The classic haunts of youth, for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheer'd the close of day;
The well-known valleys, where I wont to roam;
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?
Far different scenes allure my wondering eye—
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile,
The sounding storm, that sweeps the rugged isle—
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow,—
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below;
The dark blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled;
The cuckoo, sighing to the pensive wild!

* This is the Elegy with which Dr. Anderson was so much pleased, on the author's introduction to him in Edinburgh, two years after this date (July, 1797), and from the perusal of which he predicted his success as a great poet

Far different these from all that charm'd before
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore;
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lin'd,
Her smooth, blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.
Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

June, 1795. T. C.

Of the melancholy, with which the Poet was seized after his arrival in Mull, many indications are found in his letters. Mr. Paul, in his recollections of that year, thus touches upon the subject: "When Campbell went first to the island of Mull, he was affected with *ennui* and the *maladie du pays*. He requested me to send him some lines consolatory to a hermit; and I sent them in the following note:—

TO THOMAS CAMPBELL.

DEAR TOM,

Armstrong says that "mere good-nature is a fool." Notwithstanding the judgment of so great a man, and so eminent a physician, the epithet good-natured, which you have applied to me, in the introduction of your last epistle, gratified me not a little. Your "chorus," in my opinion, possesses superlative merit. As you have almost brought yourself to the persuasion that you are an anchorite, I send you a few lines adapted to the condition of a recluse. It is the sentiment of Dr. Moore, that the best method of making a man respectable in the eyes of others, is to respect himself. Take the lines,* such as they are, and be candid, but not so flattering.

* The lines are entitled "The Pleasures of Solitude," and consist of twelve stanzas—sprightly, classical, and well timed,—such as must have had some influence in conjuring the Poet's melancholy.

We have now three "Pleasures," by first-rate men of genius, viz.—"The Pleasures of Imagination,"—"The Pleasures of Memory,"—and, "The Pleasures of Solitude!" Let us cherish "The Pleasures of Hope" that we may soon meet in Alma Mater!

Thine in sempiternum, H. P.

This is rather remarkable, as the first time the title —*Pleasures of Hope*—occurs, either in Campbell's letters or in those of his correspondents. It was probably from the challenge, thus playfully thrown out, that he conceived the idea of writing a Poem with the name of the "Pleasures of Hope." But whether the title was thus suggested or not, it is certain that the Poem by which he is best known, was begun soon afterwards. His facetious correspondent little imagined that while exhorting Campbell to "cherish the Pleasures of Hope," he was suggesting, and predicting, the very theme which, within three years from that date, was to establish his reputation as a classic poet. I now return to the Poet's letters from Mull—the second of which, to his friend Thomson, gives the history of his recent visit to Staffa and Icolmkill.

TO MR. JAMES THOMSON.

Thules's Wildest Shore, 18th day of the Harvest Storm, Sept. 16, 1795.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have deferred answering your very welcome favour till I could inform you of the accomplishment of my long meditated tour through the Western Isles. Though I have been disappointed in my expectations of seeing St. Kilda, yet I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my short voyage, having visited the famous Staffa and Icolmkill, so much admired by your country-

men. I had formed, as usual, very sanguine ideas of the happiness I should enjoy in beholding wonders so new to me. I was not in the least disappointed. The grand regularity of Staffa, and the venerable ruins of Iona, filled me with emotions of pleasure, to which I had been hitherto a stranger. It was not merely the gratification of curiosity; for these two islands are marked with a grand species of beauty, besides their novelty, and a remarkable difference from all the other islands among the Hebrides. In short, when I looked into the cave of Staffa, I regretted nothing but that my friend was not there too. Staffa, the nearest to Mull, and the most admirable of all the Hebrides, is but a small island, but exceedingly fertile. From one point to another, it is probably an English mile. The shore is boisterous and rocky near the sea; but at the distance of twenty yards from its rugged base, it rises for thirty or forty feet into a smooth stony plain, gradually sloping to the bottom of the rocks, which rise perpendicularly to a vast height, and form the walls of the island. On the top of these are rich plains of grass and corn, in the centre of which stands a lonely hut, in appearance very like the abode of a hermit or savage. The walls of the island (for so I beg leave to denominate the rocks that form its sides) are truly wonderful. They are divided into natural pillars, of a triangular shape. These pillars are not a random curiosity, broken and irregular. They are as exactly similar and well proportioned, as if the hand of an artist had carved them out on the walls with a chisel. The range of them is so very long and steep that we cannot admit the idea of their being wrought by human hands. There is a wildness and sublimity in them beyond what art can produce; and we are so struck with its regularity that we can hardly allow Nature the merit of such an artificial work. Certain it is, if Art accomplished such a curiosity, she has handled instruments more gigantic than

any which are used at present; and if Nature designed the pillars, she has bestowed more geometry upon the rocks of Staffa, than on any of her works so stupendous in size. The cave of Staffa is at least three hundred feet long, lined with long stripes of pillars of the same kind, and hung at the top with stones of an exact figure of five sides. The height is seventy feet, so that, being very wide, it appears like a very large gothic cathedral. Its arch is gradually narrowed at the top, and its base, except the foot-path on one side, is the sea which comes in. We entered the mouth of the cave with a peal of bagpipes, which made a most tremendous echo.

Icolmkill is venerable for being the burial-place of forty-eight Scotch, and eight Danish kings, whose tombs we saw. Our voyage lasted three days. I slept the first night at Icolmkill, the second at Tiree, and the third again at Mull. If I had room, I would scribble down an elegy, composed a few days after my arrival in Mull from Glasgow; but you see I have clattered away all my paper upon Staffa. I depend upon your good-nature to excuse my prolix description, and the illegible scrawling of your very sincere friend,

LE CAMILLE.

MR. JAMES THOMSON, London.

These extracts from his correspondence afford clear evidence that Campbell's residence in Mull was not unprofitable. The copious translations from the Greek dramatists occupied much of his leisure, and he lost no opportunity of studying those grander phenomena of nature, which every change of season or temperature brought into vivid display, and forced upon his observation. It was the very school for laying in a stock of poetic imagery, and he fully availed himself of the opportunity. On one hand, he had a heath-clad wilderness—bleak—lifeless—and broken into numberless glens—strewn with rocks—

and scantily clothed with copse-wood; from the dusky covert of which he could observe the wild deer darting forth at intervals, and again vanishing in a deeper and more distant shade. Blue rocks, fringed with wild flowers, rising in huge and often grotesque masses through the purple heath; streams and torrents winding peacefully through the deep grassy glens, or dashing, in clouds of spray, over some rugged precipice; the shrill pipe of the curlew—the blythe carol of the lark over head—the scream of the eagle from his eyrie in the rocks—the bleating of goats from the steep pastoral acclivities—the crowing of the heath-cock—the barking of the sheep dog—the casual step or shot of the deer-stalker—the vigilant and suspicious glance of some petty obstructor of the revenue, as he left, or returned to his illicit *still*, in glen or cavern—boating, hunting, and shooting excursions:—these were the chief sights and sounds that met the Poet in his inland rambles. But the sea, that lay wide and boundless before him—studded with islands and agitated by frequent storms—was that which made the deepest impression on his fancy. His descriptions of the striking phenomena, which he afterwards introduced with so much effect into his poems, received their first promptings among the island solitudes of Mull. These scenes remained deeply rooted in his memory through life. The softer features, too, which presented themselves to him, in what he used laughingly to call his "Pontian Exile," were not forgotten. Often in distinct, though distant retrospect, he roamed through these deep primeval solitudes. Seated on his accustomed rock, and wrapt in contemplation, he again beheld

> "The ships at anchor on the quiet shore . . .
> The Pellochs rolling from the mountain bay;
> The lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
> And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar."

But it is in his last Poem—the Pilgrim of Glencoe—that he has embodied most of the native landscape in various colouring; and with such truth, that there is no difficulty in identifying it with the original. The early impressions received in Mull, and the classic islands of Iona, and Staffa, retained their influence, when those of a much later date were enfeebled, or forgotten.

Among the poetical fragments, originating in scenes, or incidents connected with Campbell's short residence in that island, is "The Parrot, a domestic anecdote." "This incident" he says, "so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged."

——"A parrot from the Spanish main,
Full young and early-caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and sky, and sun,
He bade adieu." . . . .

At last, when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more;
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;
In Spanish speech the bird replied;
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech—
Dropt down, and died."

During his retirement at Sunipol, the Poet was treated with every mark of respect and attention; but the climate was ungenial; the place had lost its "first attraction;" and, as the College season approached, his island prison became more irksome. Whatever leisure he could spare

from the pages of Æschylus, he spent in what he calls "botanizing" excursions round the neighbourhood. This was his usual practice while meditating, or maturing his original pieces. In one of these rambles, he very unintentionally rendered himself an object of great interest among the inhabitants. "It happened to me early in life," he says in his retrospective notes, "to meet with an amusing instance of Highland superstition, with regard to myself. A mile or two from the house, where I lived in Mull, there was a burial-ground, without any church attached to it, on the lonely moor. The cemetery was enclosed and guarded by an iron railing, so high that it was thought to be unscaleable. I was then, however, commencing the study of botany, and thinking there might be some nice flowers, and curious epitaphs among the grave-stones, I contrived by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs. Some of the natives chanced to perceive me, not in the act of climbing over the railing, but in that of skipping over the burial-ground. In a day or two after this adventure, I observed the family looking on me with an expression of not angry, but mournful seriousness. It was to me unaccountable; but at last the old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, "that I could not live long, for that my *wraith*, or apparition, had been seen!"—"And, pray, where —?" "Oh, leaping over the grave-stones, in the old burial-ground!" The good old lady was much relieved by hearing that it was not my *wraith*, but myself."

I applied last year to the Rev. Dr. McArthur, of Kilninian in Mull, requesting him to favour me with such traditional particulars, regarding the Poet, as might still be current among the old inhabitants; but I regret to say that nothing of much interest has resulted. "In the course of

my inquiries," he says, "I have met with only two individuals who had seen Mr. Campbell, while he was in Mull, and the amount of their information is merely that he was 'a very pretty young man.' Those who must have been personally acquainted with him in this country, have, like himself, descended into the tomb; so that no authentic anecdotes of him can now be procured in this quarter." . . "It is generally believed that Mr. Campbell exercised his poetical talents while in Mull; and that one of his minor poems, entitled 'Caroline,' received its name, at least, from the circumstance of a Miss Caroline ——— daughter of the late Rev. Dr. ——— of Inverary, and a young lady of considerable merit and attractions, having been on a visit at Mrs. Campbell's, of Sunipol, during the Poet's residence in the family."

The "Caroline," named in the preceding letter, was a young lady to whom Campbell presented copies of two prize poems in manuscript, including several others never published. The precious autograph is still in the lady's possession, and nearly in the same state it was in, when presented to her by the young Poet at Sunipol, where, as above stated, she was on a visit to Mrs. Campbell, the widow of her maternal uncle, Archibald Campbell of Sunipol.* She was then in her seventeenth year—the Poet in his eighteenth; and both were remarkable for their personal and intellectual accomplishments. "Caroline" was proverbial for her radiant beauty, to which the minstrel, in common with others of his brethren, did faithful homage. But hers was literally 'an angel's visit' in Mull; and after having enjoyed the summer festivities at Sunipol, she returned to her father's

* Mr. Campbell of Sunipol was a younger brother of Donald Campbell of Airds, who, although a Baronet of Nova Scotia, never assumed the title. It was taken up, however, by his son, and lastly by his grandson.

house at Inverary, carrying with her, as a parting gift, this poetical souvenir. It is pleasing to add, that notwithstanding her advanced age, many family bereavements, and delicate state of health, this Lady* retains very distinct traces of that beauty which inspired the young Harper of Mull, and produced the "Caroline" of the West. Their next meeting, as will be seen, was at Inverary; after the Poet had left Mull—had increased his reputation at the University—and become a temporary resident at Downie. The Poem entitled "Caroline" owed its origin to the incidental circumstance above related—

"Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours,
In Nature's more propitious home,
Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than Cherub loves,
And let that name be *Caroline*."

"Caroline," however, had not so entirely engrossed the Poet's admiration, as to render him blind, or indifferent to the native beauty, that now and then shone forth among the daughters of the "lonely isle." While he justly admired the queenly rose, he was not inattentive to the lowly violet that grew at its feet. Hence the following verses—partly illegible in the manuscript—"On a Rural Beauty in Mull":—

"The wand'ring swain, with fond delight,
Would view the daisy smile
On Pambemara's desert height,
Or Lomond's heathy pile.

* Miss Caroline F—— was married on the 29th January 1799, to the late Thomas W——, Esq., of Stirling; and has been a widow since the 27th January, 1815.

So, fixed in rapture and surprise,
I gazed across the plain,
When young Maria met my eyes
Amid the reaper-train.

Methought, shall beauty, such as this,
Meek, modest, and refined,
On Thule's shore be doomed to bless
The shepherd or the hind?

From yon bleak mountain's barren side
That gentle form convey,
And in Golconda's sparkling pride
The shepherdess array.

In studious fashion's proudest cost
Let artful beauty shine;
The pride of art could never boast
A fairer form than thine.

Yet, simple beauty, never sigh
To share a prouder lot!
Nor, caught by grandeur, seek to fly
The solitary cot!" . . . *

* The concluding stanza is illegible in the manuscript.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN FROM MULL—FIFTH SESSION.

After an absence of five months from his native Clutha, Campbell took a final leave of those shores—

> "Where the Atlantic wave
> Pours in among the stormy Hebrides."

He returned home—"glad," as he says, "to behold the kirk steeples, and feel his feet, not on the 'bent' of Mull, but on the whinstone pavement of his native city." His feeling of partiality to Glasgow, naturally strong, had been increased by distance and absence, and was now more warmly cherished than ever. Here was the scene of his earliest trials and distinctions; here were many of his youthful comrades; and here was the mental palæstra, where he aspired to new honours. With his mind refreshed and filled with original ideas, drawn from a region little frequented, he longed to communicate its intellectual treasures to others; and with this feeling, returned to his friends and studies with increased alacrity. The sight of his Alma Mater, was like that of some fair and indulgent friend, of whom he had thought often and tenderly during his absence, and who was the first to bid him a cordial welcome. It appeared to him, that, until now, he had never felt in all their force and purity, the united ties of friends, kindred, and home. As the old-cherished landmarks one after another reappeared, we can easily believe how his feelings melted into poetry:—

"Then, then every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimm'd by a tear,
And a sweeter delight every scene seem'd to lend,
That the mansion of peace was the home of a friend."

His journey by land and water occupied four days, and was performed in a season when the mountains are frequently covered with snow. The fact which he relates, of his passing a long, cold night in this open waste, sufficiently proves what he had before stated, that in spirit and health, he was as "gay as a lark, and as hardy as the Highland heather." "I came back to Glasgow," he says, "in company with my friend Joseph Finlayson, who, like myself had been living on an adjoining Highland estate. On our way between Oban and Lochawe-side, we were benighted; and totally losing our way, were obliged to pass a cold night, in the end of October, on the lee-side of a bare whinstone wall. But wrapping ourselves in our Highland plaids, we lay quietly down on the ground, and next day found ourselves nothing worse for our exposure."

Immediately after his return, Campbell resumed his duties as a College tutor, and appropriated what leisure he could spare to the prosecution of his former studies. He was again enrolled in the Greek—Law—Logic—Moral and Natural Philosophy Classes, and devoted a portion of every day to a critical revision of the translations made during the summer. In his correspondence of this session, the first letter on the list is the following,

TO MR. THOMSON.

GLASGOW COLLEGE, *November 14th*, 1795.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Whether the hurry of business, or some accident has prevented the long-wished-for receipt of my friend's letter I know not; but, God knows, I have counted

many a solitary moment since the time when I expected his answer to my last. Yet I look forward with pleasure to that happiness; and rely upon the constancy of his affection for a long and agreeable series of correspondence. Write me speedily, my friend; tell me if you form a distant idea of Staffa, and whether you could ever be persuaded to visit the scene of such a sublime curiosity. Methinks I see you shake your head as a sign of negation, contemplating at the same time in your imagination, the danger of being trusted to the mercy of wild Highlanders! Don't determine too speedily; you may perhaps find leisure for such a tour; and in that case, by meeting with you at Edinburgh or Glasgow, I should not only have the pleasure of shaking hands with my long-absent Thomson; but perhaps be of some service to you in finding quarters in those places, where society is not so far refined, as to give encouragement to innkeepers.—Nothing worthy of notice has occurred since I left Mull. You inquire very feelingly for poor W——, and poor he is,—a living monument that genius and prudence do not always correspond. . . . Yet I felt my heart warm to him when he mentioned your name with respect and affection. . . . Poor man! he has lost his character and prudence, but a good heart can compensate for many failings.* No doubt you will think me a queer being for delaying a scrap of poetry so long; the following short piece,† I composed the day after my arrival in Mull, during bad weather and low spirits. The latter affliction soon vanished before the diversions of Mull. . . I this night give in Æschylus to

* This is one of several cases, to which Campbell has alluded, as lamentable instances of genius, degraded and lost by a too intimate acquaintance with the hard-living students of that day. Further reference to this subject will be found in a subsequent portion of the letters.

† *See* Elegy, page 136.

Professor Young. What its fate may be, I know not—*Spero timeoque vicissim*—Adieu, my dear Thomson.

T. C.

Mr. James Thomson.

The cold bivouac at Oban, harmless as it appeared at the time, had produced effects on Campbell's health, which he found it difficult to shake off. These, however, were rendered more obstinate by great depression of spirits, the cause of which was uncertainty as to his prospects, and an attachment which he had formed during the summer. In this state of mind and health, he again writes to Mr. Thomson in December.

Glasgow, ——. But I am ashamed to put a date to it.

My dear Thomson,

A severe cold caught in the country, and which I foolishly took no care to get rid of in proper time, continued my constant companion till within these three weeks—ever since the end of September. A month's confinement during the gloomiest season of the year was an unusual luxury to me, and, I assure you, I by no means relished it. I was excessively low-spirited. When the weather was wet I grew so dreary and sullen that I took pleasure in reading nothing. . . . . I believe, had I continued in this mood for a month longer, I should not only have been by this time a democrat,—for I am so already,—but a misanthrope. While under these cheerless thoughts, I then imagined—tho' I now blame myself for thinking so—that anything from my pen would be very unentertaining to you. But you may be assured that I shall never fall into the same error again; for whether Democrat or Burkite—whether lively or cheerless—I

shall never forget the pleasant hours which your acquaintance afforded me; nor shall I ever, thro' any excusable procrastination, deprive myself of the pleasure which your epistles still afford me. Gregory Watt is in town at present. He has got seven coats of brass upon his face, swears like an Irish dragoon, and grows no longer purple and blue at meeting the professors, but clatters to them with great confidence. While staying in the Highlands I finished a translation, in verse, of the whole "Clouds" of Aristophanes. It was the only entertainment I found—for I was secluded, I thought, from all mankind. What its success may be I shall not know till May.

T. C.

From this illness, which was evidently protracted by the irksome nature of his duties as a preceptor—and his own severe studies—he at length rallied, and went through the business of the College with his wonted energy and success.

In referring to Campbell's notes of this session, I find the following entry:—"After my return from Mull, I supported myself, during the winter, by private tuition. Among other scholars I had a youth, named Cuninghame, who is now Lord Cuninghame, in the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh. Grave as he is now, he was, when I taught him 'Xenophon and Lucian,' a fine, laughing, open-hearted boy, and so near my own age, that we were rather like playfellows than preceptor and pupil. Sometimes, indeed, I used to belabour him—jocosely alleging my sacred duty as a tutor—but I seldom succeeded in suppressing his risibility."

Of this interesting period Lord Cuninghame has kindly furnished me with the following reminiscences :—

"I became first acquainted with Campbell and his family in October, 1795. When I went to the Greek class, in the College of Glasgow, Mr. Young, then the eminent Professor of Greek in that University, took some direction of my education, and recommended the house of Mr. Campbell's father, as a proper one for me to be placed in as a boarder, so that I might have the benefit of reading Greek with his son. In this house I remained during the whole Session, having the aid of my young tutor's instructions, whose age only exceeded my own by about four years.

"Mr. Campbell's father was the youngest son of Campbell of Kirnan, a family who inherited a small estate in Argyllshire. He was a man of great benevolence of disposition, and of peculiar mildness and courtesy in his manners. He had been at one time in a prosperous business in Glasgow, as a trader to Virginia. But, having been ruined by the American War, he was chiefly dependent on boarders, for the maintenance of his domestic establishment, which was conducted by his wife, the mother of the poet. She was an active and clever woman, though of a more ardent and irritable temperament than her husband. Shortly before the period when I was fixed with Campbell, he had risen into considerable distinction as a scholar and a poet, and had thus attracted the notice of those professors disposed to foster rising genius. In this manner he acquired the friendship and patronage of Professor Young, to whom I have already alluded. His classes were attended by Campbell for the then unusual period of four years. His rapid progress in the Greek language, and his ease and accuracy in poetical translations from the Greek poets, soon excited the enthusiastic admiration of his master, and procured for him such encouragement as it was in the professor's power

to bestow.* In June, 1796, Campbell left College"—and went to reside at Downie, near Lochgilphead—"so that our connection, as master and pupil, broke up with the session of that year. But he left on my mind," continues Lord Cuninghame, "young as I was, a high impression, not merely of his talents as a classical scholar, but of the elevation and purity of his sentiments.

"In reading Demosthenes and Cicero, he delighted to point out and enlarge on their sublime eloquence and the grandeur of their views. He contrasted their speeches with those of modern orators; and admired the latter only in so far as they could be assimilated to the ancient models. He used occasionally to repeat, with the greatest enthusiasm, the more impassioned passages of Lord Chatham's speeches in favour of American freedom; while at other times he poured forth, with great rapture, Mr. Burke's declamation against Warren Hastings, and Mr. Wilberforce's heartrending description of the "Middle Passage." It cannot appear surprising that these sentiments—oft repeated, and made the subject of reflection in youthful minds, produced a strong conviction, both with master and pupil, that the governors of the world were in league against mankind, and that a time would come for the vindication of the wrongs of society.

"In the politics of these times it will be expected, from what I have said, that Campbell would espouse warmly the cause of the French Revolution. Our little circle at home included Mr. Campbell's parents, his sisters, and myself, and his brother Daniel—who was an avowed Repub-

* His Lordship has mentioned the date of Campbell's matriculation at the age of thirteen, and enumerates the prizes which he successively gained. In this enumeration the only omission is that of the first year or Session, when—instead of "earning no particular distinction," as stated on the authority of "the journals of the day," he appears, by his own recollections, to have gained two prizes, as well as victory in the competition for a bursary.

lican—and also two gentlemen's sons from a distance, who were in manufacturing establishments, learning their future trade. They were older than I was; and having been bred up, at home, with a deep hatred of innovation and Democracy, they constantly gave battle to the Poet and his brother in conversation, and opposed sternly all their opinions, bringing prominently forward the hideous outrages of the 'Reign of Terror' in France, then fresh in the memory of the alarmed inhabitants of the rest of Europe. But the Campbells adhered to their ultra-liberal opinions, maintaining that the excesses of a year were not to be compared with the manifold evils that would ensue, if the allied powers were successful in restoring Despotism in France, or in subjugating, and dividing that country, as they had shortly before partitioned Poland—a country for which he always expressed the deepest sympathy. Still, I have the most clear recollection, that these controversies were carried on with all possible good-humour. In fact, the parties most frequently assailed each other with banter and badinage, and were never led into the exasperation too common on such subjects, among older and more interested politicians.

"At this period, John Miller was Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow. He was a very zealous Whig of the old school. By his learning, sagacity, and wit, he made many converts, and confirmed the principles of those youths in the College, who had any partiality for the ascendancy of freedom. The Government of the day seldom fell into error, or put forth extreme opinions, that were not characterised by some pithy remark, or *mot* of Miller; and though Campbell was not a regular student of law, he was a great admirer of the Professor, and heard some of his more celebrated lectures, and repeated his best sayings and jests with much glee.

"During this session, Campbell was a member of a Debating Club, to which a limited number of strangers were admitted. He took me to hear one of the debates, where, I recollect, the question discussed was, 'Whether Ridicule was a test of Truth?' I was, of course, neither a judge of the subject of controversy, nor of the merits of the speakers; but the debate lasted till midnight. Campbell and other members seemed to me to speak with great force and fluency; and I came home not a little envious of the apparent learning and eloquence of the members." *

We are now come to the close of the Poet's fifth and last session at College. Of the two prize poems gained this spring, namely, for the *Choephoræ* of Aristophanes, and a Chorus in the *Medea* of Euripides—the latter is the only prize subject ever included in his printed Poems. Both these translations, as mentioned in his letters to Mr. H. Paul, were written in Mull, during the previous summer and autumn. His familiar letters this year are fewer than usual. His correspondents charge him with "unkindness, indolence, and forgetfulness!" But the increase of his original pieces, may account satisfactorily for his diminished correspondence. Having failed in my efforts to discover his prize-translation of the "Choephoræ," I annex as a substitute, the hitherto unpublished "Chorus from the Tragedy of *Jephthes*."

Glassy Jordan, smooth meandering
Jacob's flowery meads between;
Lo, thy waters gently wandering
Lave the valleys rich and green!
When the winter, keenly show'ring
Strips fair Salem's holy shade;

* Letter from Lord Cuninghame to the *Editor*.

There thy current, broader pouring,
Lingers in the leafless glade.
When, O when, shall light returning,
Chase the melancholy gloom?
And the golden Star of morning,
Yonder sable vault illume!
When shall Freedom, holy charmer,
Cheer my long-benighted soul?
When shall Israel, fierce in armour,
Burst the tyrant's base control!
Ye, that boldly bade defiance,
Proud in arms, to Pharaoh's throne;
Can ye now, in tame compliance,
In a baser bondage groan?
Gallant Nation! nought appall'd you
Bold, in Heav'n's propitious hour;
When the voice of Freedom called you
From a tyrant's haughty power.
When their chariots, clad in thunder,
Swept the ground in long array;
When the ocean, burst asunder,
Hover'd o'er your sandy way.
Gallant race! that, ceaseless toiling,
Trod Arabia's pathless wild;
Plains in verdure never smiling;
Rocks in barren grandeur piled—
Whither fled, O altered Nation?
Whither fled that generous soul?
Dead to Freedom's inspiration,
Slaves of Ammon's base control!
God of Heav'n! whose voice commanding,
Bids the whirlwind scour the deep—
Or the waters, smooth expanding,
Robed in glassy radiance, sleep.
God of Love! in mercy bending,
Hear thy woe-worn captives' prayer!
From thy throne, in peace descending,
Soothe their sorrows, calm their care!
Though thy mercy, long departed,
Spurn thy once-loved people's cry;

Say shall Ammon, iron-hearted,
  Triumph with impunity?
If the sword of desolation
  Must our sacred camp appal,
And thy chosen generation
  Prostrate in the battle fall—
Grasp, O God! thy flaming thunder;
  Launch thy stormy wrath around!
Cleave their battlements asunder,
  Shake their cities to the ground!
Hast thou dared, in mad resistance,
  Tyrant, to contend with God?
Shall not Heaven's supreme assistance
  Snatch us from thy mortal rod?
Wretch accursed; thy fleeting gladness
  Leaves contrition's serpent sting;
Short-lived pleasure yields to sadness;
  Hasty Fate is on the wing!
Mark the battle, mark the ruin;
  Havoc loads the groaning plain;
Ruthless vengeance, keen pursuing,
  Grasps thee in her iron chain!

T. C., *æt.* 16.

In a short review of his College days, which terminated with this session, I find the following remarks by the Poet, then in his eighteenth year:—"This winter was one in which my mind advanced to a more expansive desire of knowledge than I had ever before experienced. I attended Professor Miller's explanation of Heineccius, and Lectures on Roman Law. To say that Miller gave me *liberal* opinions, would be understating the obligation which I either owed, or imagined I owed, to him. He did more. He made investigations into the principles of justice, and the rights and interests of society, so captivating to me, that I formed opinions for myself, and became an emancipated lover of truth.

"I will not take upon me to say that Miller's tuition

was profound; for his mind, with all its natural strength, had grown to maturity in an age, when, with the exception of Adam Smith and a few others, there appears to me to have been a dearth of deep-thinking men. Accordingly, I remember something like astonishment at so acute a man as Miller holding forth upon the necessary progress of man, from the savage to the pastoral, and from that to the agricultural state, as well as the sacred usefulness of a hereditary aristocracy.—But John Miller had the magic secret of making you so curious in inquiry, and so much in love with truth, as to be independent of his specific tenets. Every lecture that he gave was a treat from beginning to end. There was so much earnestness, and yet such easy conversation-like familiarity. Never shall I forget our looking out from the window of his class-room to watch his arrival, for which we were all impatient; nor the general pleasure, when it was buzzed about that he was 'coming!' When his lecture was done we were all sorry."

"It could not be said of any of the Glasgow Professors that they were not gentlemen, or otherwise than very respectable College-like persons; but there was an air of the high-bred gentleman about Miller, that you saw nowhere else. Something that made you imagine such old Scottish patriots as Lord Belhaven, or Fletcher of Saltoun. He was a fine muscular man, somewhat above the middle size, with a square chest and shapely bust, a prominent chin, grey eyes that were unmatched in expression, and a head that would have become a Roman senator. He was said to be a capital fencer; and, to look at his light elastic step, when he was turned of sixty, disposed you to credit the report. But the glory was to see his intellectual gladiatorship, when he would slay or pink into convulsions some offensive political antagonist. He spoke with no mincing affectation of English pronunciation; but

his Scoto-English was as different from vulgar Scotch, as that of St. James's from St. Giles's. Lastly, he had a playfulness in his countenance and conversation that was graceful from its never going to excess.

"John Young, our Greek professor, was a man of great humour. I never saw any man who had a more exquisite sense of the ludicrous; but he had no very graceful command of his humour. I remember an instance where, in reading Lucian and Aristophanes, he gave, by his example, a holiday to our risibilities. On another occasion, I remember his throwing himself almost into convulsions of laughter, on a report being made to him by the censor of the Class to this effect—that an idle student had been detected in the act of moulding a piece of bread into an ungainly imitation of a man. The censor repeated—'Joannes Mac—something—soluturus'—a certain fine for the crime of 'faciens hominem in pane!' The absurdity, it is true, made but a moderate joke; yet I thought that Young would have died with laughing."

"At the end of the session," he writes, "I returned to Argyllshire in the capacity of domestic tutor to the present Sir William Napier, of Milliken. His father, General Napier, had married the daughter of Robert Campbell, of Downie, in whose house my pupil lived.

"The impulse which Miller's lectures had given to my mind, continued to act long after I had heard them. In this Highland tutorship, I had but a few hours a day employed in tuition; and after I had finished a scramble on the rocky mountainous shores, I had no resource for beguiling time but in reading and writing; and having provided myself with ample notes, which I had taken from Miller's Commentaries on Heineccius, as well as with several choice books on jurisprudence and history, I transcribed the former, and devoted myself to study. Poetry itself,

in my love of jurisprudence and history, was almost forgotten. In the course of that secluded year, I wrote no verses but those on Miss Broderic, which continue still to hold a place in my published Poems. At that period, had I possessed but a few hundred pounds to have subsisted upon in studying law, I believe I should have bid adieu to the Muses, and gone to the Bar; but I had no choice in the matter."

Campbell now took a final leave of the University, and did so with many regrets. On former occasions the absence had been short. When he resided in Mull, his exile was sweetened by the thought, that when "the gusts of October had rifled the thorn," he should find himself once more in the Common Hall, and amongst all his old comrades; but in the present case he had no such cheering prospect. He was engaged to reside in the country for at least a twelvemonth; to live, as he expresses it, the life of "a caged starling"—hemmed in by floods, and rocks, and mountains; but all of which he contrived to make vocal. The circumstances under which he left home, and the object he had in view, are so fully stated in his letters, that any formal introduction to his second exile in the Highlands, would be superfluous. After a residence of six weeks at Downie, he thus writes:—

TO MR. HAMILTON PAUL, INVERARY.

The Epistle of Timothy to his beloved Paul—greeting.
Downie, August 12, 1796.

You have no doubt already passed sentence upon my shameful negligence, and what apology can I plead? I have no fair nymphs, as you have, to bewilder my attention from the duties of friendship, nor am I overpowered

with such labours as should deprive me of time to dedicate to social correspondence. To draw my defence from the corner-stone of all erudition—"Ruddiman's Rudiments," I must first observe—"*Pænitet me peccati*," for truly I have good reason; secondly, "*non decet te rixare*,"* it becometh not thee to scold. Now, after such convincing arguments in my favour, my pardon is undoubtedly sealed. . . . Write to me soon, and give me some news to cheer me in this sequestered corner, where there is nothing to chase the spleen — Give my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. F. and the adorable Miss Caroline. I will send you, perhaps in my next, a copy of some verses for her perusal.

T. C.

The verses here promised, were printed many years afterwards—in the second part of "Caroline"—and are justly admired for their sweetness and delicacy :—

"O! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear!
And early rise, and long delay,
When *Caroline* herself is here!
Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.
Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the weary pilgrim home.
Shine, where my Charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew;
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

* Examples of impersonal verbs in the Syntax of the "Rudiments," in the application of which he assumes the air of a learned pedant.

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.
Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my *Caroline*,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!"

The short distance between Downie and Inverary led to frequent intercourse between Campbell and his friend. Both were intimate in the family circle of the "adorable Caroline," who had made so favourable an impression on the young poet, and many pleasing interviews were obtained during the summer. Her residence at Inverary —the "chosen green resort, whose trees the sunward summit crown;" and her evening walk, "the sweetly-scented road," along the border of the lake, are clearly pointed out in the lines. Caroline was the belle of Inverary; the "Lady of Loch-Fyne," and received the homage of more than one minstrel.*

In the course of the autumn, when the landscape was peculiarly inviting to the eyes of poet and painter, Camp-

* One of her admirers, after a parting interview, and while "walking his troubled spirit down," in the company of his friend, suddenly stopped, smote his breast, in right tragic style, and repeated with emphasis—

"*Now*, I know what it is to have strove
With the tortures of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire."

On the evening of a ball, at which she was to appear, she is described as the "Hebe of the West"—

"'How slow the creeping moments pass!'
Says Hebe to her looking-glass.
Her cheek transmits the rose's glow;
Her neck outshines Ben Lomond's snow;
Bewitching smiles her lips adorn,
Like cherries on a dewy morn." &c. H. P.

bell and his friend Paul indulged in frequent rambles along the shores of the Lake—

> "While gay, with gambols of its finny shoals,
> The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls."

When tired with walking, they would climb some lofty precipice, there to enjoy the landscape at ease, and afterwards repair to a frugal dinner at the Inverary Arms. "The last occasion on which Campbell and I met," says his friend, "was to dine with two of our old college companions—Douglas and Mackenzie. We were all punctual;—and as soon as the four met at the inn-door, never did schoolboy enjoy an unexpected holiday more than Campbell. He danced, sang, and capered, half-frantic with joy. Had he been only invested with the philibeg, he would have exhibited a striking resemblance to little Donald, leaping and dancing at a Highland wedding. We spent a delightful afternoon together; and as our two friends had to return to the Low country, we accompanied them across Loch-Fyne to St. Katherine's, where we parted—they taking their route towards Lochgilphead, while Campbell and I promenaded the shore of the Loch to Strachur. The evening was fine, the sun was just setting behind the Grampians. The wood-fringed shores of the Lake—the sylvan scenes around the castle of Inverary—the sun-lit summits of the mountains in the distance—all were inspiring. Thomas was in ecstacy. He recited poetry of his own composition—some of which has never been printed—and then, after a moment's pause, addressed me: 'Paul, you and I must go in search of adventures! If you will personate Roderick Random, I will go through the world with you as Strap!'* 'Yes, Tom,' said I;

* He has often stated that Smollett was his favourite author in those days.

I perceive what is to be the result; you are to be a poet by profession; I mean to follow another, and to make poetry only an auxiliary, like that of a tradesman, who may take up the fiddle when the labour of the day is over. But I prophesy, (and a remarkable prophecy it was) that *you will attain to unrivalled excellence in your darling pursuit!*'

"When we reached the inn at Strachur, we resolved to have a parting glass, and made signs to the bar-maid, who could not speak a word of English, that we wanted a private room; but she, knowing that I was an intimate friend, instead of complying with our desire, opened the parlour door, where her master and mistress, with a select party of friends, were seated at tea. No sooner did we enter, than the landlady sprang from her chair, clasped me round the neck and kissed me—for such was the uniform practice in the Highlands fifty years ago; but as Campbell was an entire stranger, she did not pay him the same compliment, although he was a beautiful boy. We were heartily welcomed, and pressed to join the tea-party; after which the landlord regaled the company with a bowl of punch. Campbell and I then took leave of our kind host and hostess, in whose house, though an inn, our purses had suffered no diminution. We parted with much regret. Repairing each to his respective ferry, we then recrossed Loch-Fyne, and returned home—he to Downie, and I to Inverary. We never saw each other again,* until we met at the great public dinner given to him, as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow!"

In the meantime the pen of Campbell was not idle. Refreshed and animated by these romantic walks and

* Following the example of Goldsmith, he went to the Continent in pursuit of adventure: and the first notice I had from him afterwards, was a copy of verses written by him on "Leaving a Scene in Bavaria."—H. P.

excursions, he returned with satisfaction to his classic studies. He had completed and revised his translation of the "Choephoræ," with some faint hope of having it published; and with that view had written out and forwarded a copy to his friend Thomson in London. In addition to his smaller pieces, he had just finished "Love and Madness," which is transcribed in the following letter, in which he has also given some interesting particulars of his studies, his prospects, and his position at Downie :—

TO MR. JAMES THOMSON.

DOWNIE, *September* 15, 1796.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I hope you have by this time received the manuscript, which I sent by a particular friend to Glasgow. May I presume to ask how your pleasant affair goes on? Our hearts would not be so congenial as they are, were either of them stamped in a dispassionate mould. But certainly the object of your tenderness possesses the graces of the mind, as well as those of the person, or she had never made a lasting impression on my friend. For me, poor *starling*, I am caged in by rocks and seas from the haunts of man, and the once prized interviews with my "Amanda." You ask me how long I mean to remain at Downie. I believe I did not inform you for what purpose I had gone to that solitary corner of the world. At the conclusion of last session, I was advised by a gentleman at Glasgow, who has always been my friend, to accept of a situation as tutor to the only son of Colonel Napier, of Milliken, who lived at that time with his mother at Downie, his grandfather's estate. Colonel Napier was at that time in the West Indies, but has since returned. He is a most agreeable man, with all the mildness of a scholar, and the majesty of a British grenadier. The son is about eight

years of age, and a miniature picture of his father. The Colonel is uncommonly refined in his manners, for one who has been a soldier from his seventeenth year. I suppose you will not like him the worse for being a great-grandson of the celebrated Napier of Merchiston. I believe he does not intend staying long with his father-in-law at Downie, but proposes to go with his wife to Edinburgh, or perhaps, Heaven grant it!—to *London*. Oh, Thomson, if the Fates should be so good as to send us thither, I should certainly shake hands with *one* friend in that great metropolis. I believe I hinted in my last, that I proposed submitting a monody, lately finished, to your inspection. The subject is the unhappy fair one, who, you may remember, was tried about twelve months ago for the murder of Errington. Some of my critical friends have blamed me for endeavouring to recommend such a woman to sympathy; but from the moment I heard Broderick's story, I could not refrain from admiring her, even amid the horror of the rash deed she committed. Errington was an inhuman villain to forsake her, and he deserved his fate; not by the laws of his country, but of friendship, which he had so heinously broken through.

MONODY ON MISS BRODERICK.

Hark! from the battlements of yonder tow'r*
The hollow bell has toll'd the midnight hour;
Wak'd from drear visions of distempered sleep,
Poor Broderick wakes, in solitude to weep.
"Cease, Mem'ry, cease," the friendless mourner cried,
"To probe the bosom too severely tried!
O, ever cease, ye pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright scenes of Fortune's better day,
When youthful Hope, the music of the mind,
Tuned all its charms, and Errington was kind.

* Warwick Castle.

Yet can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name!
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm,
In deepest shades I view thy pictured form;
Pale as, in that sad hour, when doomed to feel,
Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel.

"Demons of Vengeance! ye, at whose command
I grasped the gleaming steel with nervous hand—
Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice control,
Or Horror damp the purpose of my soul?
No!—my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled Love began!

"Yes—let the clay-cold heart, that never knew
One tender pang, to generous Nature true—
Half mingling pity with the gall of scorn—
Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn!
And ye, proud fair, whose souls no rapture warms,
Save Beauty's homage to your conscious charms,
Delighted idols of a gaudy train,
Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
When the fond, faithful soul—inspired to prove
Friendship refined—the calm delight of love—
Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjured pride's inhuman scorn!—
Say then—did pitying Heaven condemn the deed,
When Vengeance bade the faithless lover bleed?

"Long had I watched thy dark, suspicious brow,
What time thy heart forgot her dearest vow;
Sad, tho' I wept the friend—the lover changed,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,
Till, from thy shelter, love, and pity thrown,
I wandered hopeless—helpless—and alone!

"Oh, righteous Heaven; 'twas then my tortured soul
First gave to wrath unlimited control!
Adieu! the silent look—the streaming eye—
The murmured plaint—the deep heart-heaving sigh!
Long slumbering Vengeance wakes to better deeds—
He shrieks—he falls—the perjured lover bleeds!

"Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale—in blood he sleeps—to wake no more!

'Tis done—the flame of hate no longer burns;
Nature relents; but, ah, too late returns!
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel?—
Trembling, and faint, I drop the guilty steel:
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies—
Deep shades of horror close my languid eyes!
Oh, 'twas a deed of murder's deepest grain—
Could Broderick's soul so true to wrath remain?
A friend, once true—a long-fond lover fell!
Where Love was fostered could not Pity dwell?
"Unhappy youth! while yon pale crescent glows,
To watch o'er silent Nature's deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come!
Once more I view thy sheeted spectre stand—
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!—
Soon let this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid, melancholy frame;
Soon let these eyes their trembling lustre close;
Welcome the genial night of long repose!
Soon let this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne,
Where, lull'd to slumber, woe forgets to mourn."

I have thought it desirable to print nearly the whole of this poem, from the manuscript, so that it may be seen in all its original force and freshness. The piece was struck off at one heat, then polished and submitted to the criticism of his friend, who was too well pleased with it, to have recourse to the file.

The joy inspired by the prospect of a visit to London, where Mr. Thomson was now settled, was premature. The journey was abandoned, and the Poet continued, for some months afterwards, in the situation he then occupied—"lying dormant," as he says, "in a solitary nook of the world." The next letter from his friend,—giving an account of his late illness, in London, threw the sensitive mind of Campbell into alarm, and it is thus acknowledged with characteristic solicitude:—

TO MR. THOMSON.

DOWNIE, BY LOCHGILPHEAD, *October* 11, 1796.

You may well believe, my dear Thomson, that at this distance I cannot think without distressing suspense on your situation. I must request most particularly, on this account, that you would let me know, on receipt of this, whether your recovery is of a perfect nature. You know there are various ways of speaking about complaints and miseries; and I am inclined to suppose that, to save me uneasiness, you would describe your recovery in too favourable a manner. Write me then, dear T., immediately, whether this illness is only a casual misfortune, or any serious break in your constitution. Heaven forbid that the latter supposition should be true!—but, from the duration of your illness, I am disposed to be apprehensive. At all events let me know the real case. If I thought your sickness likely to afflict you more, I should, I believe, be bold enough to undertake a long journey, that I might cheer you by the presence of an old friend.—Why—It is but four hundred miles! I hope, however, there is no use for the journey, and that your health is better confirmed than my present fears suggest. Such an expedition would, I dare say, be of little use to my afflicted friend; but it would be a great satisfaction to my own feelings.

I am lying dormant here in a solitary nook of the world; the present moments are of little importance to me: I must expect all my pleasure, and pain from the remembrance of the past, and the anticipation of the future! This is, I believe, the case with all men, but more so with one in solitude. I contrive, however, to relieve the *tædium vitæ* with a tolerable variety of amusements. I have neat pocket copies of Virgil and

Horace—affluence of English Poets—a sort of flute—and a choice selection of Scotch and Irish airs. I have the correspondence of a few friends, and though I have no companion, yet, by means of a few post-reconciliations, I can safely venture to think that there is not a soul under heaven bears to me a serious grudge. Life is thus tolerable; but were my former correspondence with my best and earliest friend renewed, to its wonted vigour, I should be completely happy! Imagine not, however, that I think our mutual esteem in the smallest degree abated. No; but the unfortunate distance of my abode from the throng of society has occasioned a disarrangement in our correspondence, which I hope my speedy removal to my native city will effectually obviate. I hope you have by this time received the tragedy. I cannot imagine what has kept it from you so long as the date of your last. Write me immediately, and believe me, in spite of all my laziness, your true friend, THOS. CAMPBELL.

From the date of this letter, until the month of March in the following year, Campbell applied himself with diligence to reading and reflection. He transcribed his notes of Professor Miller's lectures, and enlarged them with commentaries of his own. He read history, ancient and modern; perused with attention the best works on jurisprudence, and spent altogether a studious and retired winter. His studies, however, were desultory; the combined force of his genius and perseverance was not directed to one main object. He was not cheered by the prospect of eminence in any profession; for between him and the Bar, an insurmountable obstacle had been raised by the want of funds. Beyond this, he had no strong motive to attach his mind to a definite subject;—no prospect of future independence to sweeten his present labour, and give an

exclusive direction to his studies; and in this distracting position he writes to his friend in London :—

TO MR. THOMSON.

DOWNIE, *March* 12, 1797.

MY DEAR THOMSON,

What demon of ill-luck has ordained that I shall be always in the complaining style when I address you? Perhaps it is owing to this, that when I find the generality of those around me selfish, hard-hearted and severe, I seek relief by opening my heart to a congenial and sympathetic mind. . . . I cannot think, my dear Th., but that fortune will favour you, now and then, with such exhilarations of poetry and philosophy as may refresh you from the fatigue of business, and alleviate the anxiety of life. But think, my friend, of the inestimable blessing you enjoy in being educated to a business, which may eventually guide you to a fortune, and must certainly always reward you with a competence; while, at the same time, you possess the qualifications requisite for the acquisition of wealth; and, by being early initiated in taste and science, can furnish yourself with relaxations which, I believe, are above the possession of the generality of men of business. For my own part, at the age of *nineteen*, I find, to my sad experience, the disadvantage of not being early educated to one employment or other. After many thoughts *pro* and *con*, I had at last fixed upon the Law, as my profession. The prosecution of this study, you may well imagine, requires both time and expense; but an unhappy difference with my nearest friend has, I am afraid, blocked up my entrance to that profession. Still, however, after applications to other persons, I have been amused from time to time with offers and promises. God knows, I have spent many a weary

night expecting letters by every post that arrived. I have been disappointed too often, to look for success.—Thus situated, I am obliged either to follow the profession of a teacher, or emigrate to my brothers in America. From the latter plan, I am prevented by the failure of those friends who had promised to assist me in what was requisite for such a scheme. As to the other, if my fate should oblige me, I will submit with patience . . but, if I can obtain employment of another kind, I will certainly embrace it. I leave this place in five weeks; I cannot say precisely where I shall go, whether to Glasgow or Edinburgh—By the time you answer me, I hope I shall be so situated as to send you a more entertaining epistle than this phlegmatic and discontented scrawl. T. C.

Mr. James Thomson, London.

Within a fortnight from this date, the star of hope was again in the ascendant. Dr. M—— and Colonel Napier had united their efforts to serve him. His evening walks were hallowed by a tutelar divinity; he had returned to poetry; the aspect of his fortune had improved; and with this pleasing intelligence he again writes:—

TO MR. THOMSON.

Downie, 27*th March*, 1797.

[Address your next to Glasgow College.]

My dear Thomson,

Before breaking up your seal, I looked upon your well-known hand with all the pleasure of satisfied friendship. Your consolation, my first and best friend, is ever soothing, but on this occasion peculiarly so. I sincerely wish to demonstrate my gratitude, by mutually affording

you my best counsel; and if my sagacity to advise, were as great as my zeal to profit you, my advice would be *valuable*. Beyond all doubt, you are in the right to prosecute that which inclination, and not friends, may dictate. You should now act with determination, if your choice be fixed. Delay is at all times imprudent. It is in your power to acquire eminence, and—if circumstances be not very untoward—opulence in a learned profession. But I beg you would inform me what department of science attracts your wishes. There are few subjects on which I am capable of advising. On this I perhaps may. I am peculiarly pleased with the passage in your last, for it confirms me in a very pleasing opinion.—Yes, my dear T., to be independent is to be happy; and, I may add, in the words of a celebrated woman, "I will maintain my independence by lessening my wants, if I should live upon a barren heath!" But I have reason to bless my fortune that, along with independence, I have enjoyed, in the main, all the pleasures of life that I chiefly value.—I have the undoubted prospect of still enjoying a competence, sufficient to screen me from that contempt, which the poor man must lay his account to bear. I have never known indigence myself; and I have it in my power *sometimes* to gratify my feelings, by aiding my fellow-creatures in misery and distress. Nothing could have reduced my mind, of late, to vent one complaint, had I not felt a disappointment, perhaps of the most important kind. It is four months since I first cherished the hope—through the warm recommendation of a gentleman of this neighbourhood, a physician of refined manners, and the most generous friendship—that I should obtain a situation with an eminent barrister in Edinburgh, which would reward my industry by a liberal income, and make the road to independence, in a business which I wish to follow, *easy* and

certain. Accidents, too tedious to detail, baffled my hopes, after they were wound up to the highest stretch, and equally disappointed my friend and myself. But I have now perfectly recovered from the discomposure it occasioned. My prospects grow more flattering, and my friends—I mean those of my own acquiring—more valuable than before, by the solicitude they have shown to palliate my disappointment. In particular, it never entered my heart to imagine that Colonel Napier had my interest so near his heart. He has been active to consult, to advise, to recommend me, with warmth and success; and that to friends of the first rank. Upon the whole, my disappointment is forgot; and my hopes of future happiness are, at least, as flattering as ever. To console me still further (but, Thomson, I challenge your secrecy by all our former friendship) my evening walks are sometimes accompanied by *one*, who, for a twelvemonth past, has won my purest, but most ardent affection—

> "Dear, precious name—rest ever unreveal'd!
> Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd."

You may well imagine how the consoling words of such a person, warm my heart into ecstacy of a most delightful nature. I say no more at present; and, my friend, I rely on your secrecy. I have many remarks to send you on this neglected nook of the world, where mankind seem to moulder away in sluggishness and deplorable ignorance. If room permitted, I would also send you some lately written morsels of poetry, to be submitted to your opinion, which I so highly value. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The pleasing hopes under which this letter was written were very soon clouded. The negotiations entered into on Campbell's behalf by one or two active friends, entirely

miscarried. The precise cause of their failure has not been ascertained; but it may be inferred, from what has transpired in other letters, that it arose from the want of funds to advance the required premium. "Had I possessed but a few hundred pounds," says the Poet, in his retrospective notes, "I should certainly have studied for the Bar." This sum it was found impossible to raise. His friends did not venture beyond good wishes, in their efforts to serve him: and when the case of the young poet and scholar was exactly stated to the "eminent barrister," his prudent answer seems to have been—"Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no room for you; pray you avoid."* But we have to thank this and similar disappointments for "The Pleasures of Hope." Thwarted in his legal ambition, he turned to poetry, as if to escape the mortifying recollection that oppressed his mind, and prosecuted the study with more devotion than ever. The prospect of independence was much diminished by the cross circumstances of the late negotiation; but the inspiration was still ardent; and we may fancy how often these favourite lines were present to his mind:—

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share!
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

The physician, "of refined manners and the most generous friendship," was a man worthy of the character thus bestowed; but neither he nor the "gallant colonel" could secure anything of permanent advantage to the Poet; nor am I aware that the attempt to serve him was ever repeated. From the date of these transient efforts, he was thrown upon his own resources, with the happy consciousness that he was no man's debtor.

* Shakspeare.—*Cor. IV.* 5.

The stolen interviews, to which he alludes as a profound secret, had a favourable influence in promoting his renewed appeals to the Muse. Defeated in all his other prospects, he took refuge in the enchanted garden of love; and, in the interchanges of mutual respect and affection, found compensation for his disappointments. Ever since the subject was playfully suggested to him in Mull, the title of "Pleasures of Hope" seems to have dwelt in his mind; and it was most likely at this very time—when he was so enthralled by a '*name*,'—that the beautiful opening of the second part was composed:—.

> "In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
> Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
> Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
> Asked from his heart, the homage of a sigh?
> Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
> The power of grace, the magic of a *name?*"

Various peculiarities, local and intellectual, which first struck the Poet's fancy in this region of flood and fell, were afterwards adverted to in his letters, and embalmed in the richest scenery of his poems. In addition to those already noticed, the following are so original, and so closely identified with his residence at Downie, as to invite attention. It may be alleged, perhaps, that the picturesque touches which he has introduced with such effect into his poem of Glencoe are incidental, and not more characteristic of Downie, than of the Highlands in general. But the likeness, in his sketches, is too striking to leave any doubt that he found the originals among the scenes, and persons with whom he was then familiar. Like the skilful painter, he seems to have made a particular study of this isolated scene, which only resembles other portions of the West Highlands as a group of trees, sketched apart, resembles the entire forest. Mull and Downie were the two schools

in which he combined the study of Highland characteristics, moral and physical—the recollection of which furnished him with many life-like pictures, which he afterwards recast and sent forth to the world. The house he once inhabited—the primitive hospitality he had often enjoyed—the patriarchal suppers—the domestic circle—the warm hearts of the inmates — and the staunch Jacobite at their head—are sketched with a force and brevity that show how faithfully they had been treasured up in the Poet's mind :—

"*The house*, no common sordid shieling cot,
Spoke inmates of a comfortable lot . . . .
The '*Jacobite white rose*' festooned their door;
The windows sashed and glazed, the oaken floor,
The chimney graced with antlers of the deer;
The rafters hung with meat for winter cheer . . . .
He knocked, was welcomed in—none asked his name,
Nor whither he was bound, nor whence he came.
But he was beckoned to the *strangers' seat*,
Right side the chimney-fire of blazing peat.
Their *supper* came: the table soon was spread
With eggs and milk, and cheese, and barley bread:
The family were three—a father hoar,
Whose age you'd guess at seventy years or more:
His son looked fifty: cheerful like her lord,
His comely dame presided at the board.
All three had that peculiar, courtly grace,
Which marks the meanest of the Highland race—
Warm hearts! that burn alike in weal or woe,
As if the north-wind fanned their bosoms' glow."

The original of "Norman," in the Poem quoted, was a "Jacobite laird," well known in this district, whom Campbell has thus mentioned in a note :—"At the outbreak of the rebellion in 1745, many Highland families were saved from utter destruction by the contrivances of

some of their more sensible members—principally the women, who foresaw the consequences of the insurrection. When I was a youth in the Highlands, I remember an old gentleman being pointed out to me, who, finding all other arrangements fail, had, in conjunction with his mother and sisters, bound 'the old laird' hand and foot, and locked him up in his own cellar, until the news of the battle of Culloden had arrived." *

All that he beheld from the hill described as the Poet's favourite resort—the inland scenery, the "mountain-bay," the "ships at anchor," the islands that seemed to float on its surface, the "lone sepulchral cairn," the "loud Corbrechtan," "the pellochs," the "boatman's carol," the "wild deer," the "early fox," "gay tinted woods, rolling their verdant gulfs," he has beautifully amplified and improved in his subsequent poems of "Gertrude" and "Glencoe." In the latter, however, the first impressions of youth were revived by a tour of several days, through that portion of Argyllshire where the scene of the poem was laid; but in "Gertrude," the passages alluding to "Green Albin" were chiefly drawn from the recollections of Downie and Sunipol.

In the romantic walks to which he alludes, he must have greatly diversified and increased his stock of poetical ideas. It was a fit nursery for a youthful poet, where everything around him fostered a passion for song, enriched his imagination, and peopled his solitude with the

* "A device," he adds, "pleasanter to the reader of this anecdote, though not to the sufferer, was practised by a shrewd Highland dame, whose husband was Stuart-mad, and determined to join the insurgents. He told his wife at night that he should start on horseback early on the morrow. 'Very well,' said she, 'but you will allow me to prepare your breakfast before you go?' 'Oh yes, by all means.' She accordingly got it ready, and bringing in a kettle full of boiling water, poured it by *intentional* accident over his legs. Of course, there could be no 'mounting for Charlie' that day, nor for days after; and the *ruse* probably saved both the laird's head and lands."

beings of an ideal world. Here it was his custom to saunter for hours together, reciting, as he went, dramatic stanzas from the "Medea," or giving vent to some fresh inspirations; and might it not be in some of his wanderings among these haunted rocks and glens, that the interview between Lochiel and the Wizard first presented itself to his mind? Few better scenes could have been found.

In reference to the scenery and the Poet's mode of life in the West Highlands, the following particulars will be found new and interesting.*

"On the shore of that great arm of the sea, known as the Sound of Jura, and within an hour's walk southward of the termination of the Canal, which connects the northern extremity of Loch Fyne with that Sound, stands the secluded and homely farm-house of 'Downie.' This was the abode of the Poet immediately before the publication of his great work, and it was hence that he proceeded—taking his way on foot by what is now the track of the Crinan Canal—to claim for himself that distinguished place which he afterwards held, and is likely long to hold, among the most highly gifted men of his day. Immediately on leaving the northern extremity of the Canal, the road winds first along the sea-coast for a short distance; it then ascends a bold wooded mountain; passes, by a nearly trackless course, along a high and rocky ridge, from which are some striking views of the friths and islands;

* "I am persuaded," says my correspondent, "that of the thousands of inquisitive and accomplished persons, who yearly pass in that direction to visit the wonders of Staffa and Iona, there are not a few who would be delighted to spend an hour or two in the course of their journey in visiting Downie, a locality now made dear to them by its association with the 'Poet of Hope.' The walk itself, independent of the association, would not be without its reward to all lovers of scenery that is not only wild but interesting; and that has, in some of its features, a considerable portion of picturesque beauty."

and finally leads the traveller to a lofty point, from which, all at once, he sees below him an unexpected 'bay.' At the nearer extremity of this stands the house already named as the abode of the Poet—with a few cottages around it—scarcely distinguishable from the inequalities of the mossy ground beside them, and only to be traced by the smoke rising from their turf-built chimneys, or issuing through their rudely-formed windows and doors.

"At the opposite extremity of the bay stands another farm-house, the only human habitation visible or accessible for many miles. On descending towards the bay the visitor directs his steps towards a hill smaller than all the rest, and rising, by a pleasant and gentle ascent, directly from the back of the house. The hill is covered, towards its lower acclivities, by a fine, beautiful green sward, and near the top breaks out into rugged and sterile cliffs. Its summit is the point to which any person in that locality will instinctively direct his steps, in order to obtain an extensive command of the prospect around him. This was 'the Poet's Hill,' a favourite place of resort with Campbell. Scarcely a day passed in which, at one hour or another, he was not to be found on its summit. From that elevation the eye looks down towards the beach, where considerable masses of rock bar all access to the coast; while the vast expanse of the Sound of Jura, with all its varying aspects of tempest and of calm, stretches directly in front of the spectator. The Island of Jura, 'with treble hills,' forms the boundary of the opposite coast. Far southward the sea opens in broader expanse, towards the northern shores of Ireland, which, in certain states of the atmosphere, may be faintly descried. Northward, at a much shorter distance, is the whirlpool of 'Corrievrecken,' whose mysterious noises may occasionally be heard all along the coast.

"The view, in all directions, wide, varied, and interesting, presents such a wonderful combination of sea and mountain scenery, as cannot fail to captivate the eye of the spectator, and fix itself indelibly in his memory. All around is now classic ground.

"On re-approaching the house of Downie the visitor will remark a small wing attached to its western side, known by the name of the 'Bachelor.' It is entered by an internal wooden staircase, and consists of a small apartment with one window, and a recess of sufficient dimensions to contain a bed. That room was at once the private study, the class-room, and dormitory of the Poet. When I last visited the house—after an absence of more than forty years—I found the whole in nearly the same condition in which it was when occupied by the Poet—only a different family were then its occupants. It was in that room that some of the brilliant episodes of the 'Pleasures of Hope' were brought into the shape in which they were afterwards presented to the notice, and gained the unanimous admiration of the British public. From the front door of the house itself, you step at once into a small garden, with a few fruit-trees in it; and along its outer or western side runs a narrow and rudely-formed pathway, leading to a small landing-place on the beach—often trod by Campbell—where a boat, such as is commonly employed by Highland families, was usually fixed. One of the most favourite diversions, in which the Poet often took a share, was that of launching the boat, when, at certain times, and in particular states of the tide, the bay was visited by immense shoals of fish, that exceeded all powers of calculation, or even thought. But what was chiefly remarkable, was the prodigious state of delight in which the fish seemed to sport, in 'numbers numberless,' and nearly on the

surface of the water, which was thrown by their gambols into a state of beautiful commotion, such as I have not observed in any other place. A boat fitted with a dozen or twenty fishing-rods, arranged all along its sides, might be dragged through the shoal and back again, without in the least abating the sport of the fish, although they were caught in abundance at every turn. Another of the Poet's amusements was the launch of the boat every Saturday, that we might proceed to a small island, a little farther south, in order, by mere swiftness of foot and power of hand, to lay hold of a sheep, which, along with plenty of barley scones, excellent cream, butter and eggs, and a never-failing supply of home-made cheese, was to keep the house in abundance of plain, but delicious food, for the ensuing week. I may add, that although the son of the lady of the house commanded an Excise cutter for the purpose of freeing the coast from smugglers, yet we had frequent and kindly visits from those ultra friends of 'free trade,' between whom and the residents mutual presents used to take place, much to the satisfaction of both parties.

"Such were some of the daily and weekly amusements of the Poet at Downie. In his more meditative hours, he used to take a walk—'if walk it could be called where path was none'—along the shelving rocks which line the beach to the other farm-house at the opposite extremity of the bay. In these walks, he was often observed by the simpler portion of the natives to be in a state of high and rapturous excitement—probably, when in the act of mental composition—or when repeating passages that were in accordance with the train of thought then passing through his mind. Of the meaning and tendency of these raptures, however, the unlettered natives were very incompetent

judges; and formed very strange and inconsistent ideas as to their cause.

> 'His voice, look, gesture, struck the mountaineer
> With love and wonder—not unmixed with fear!'

"The Poet, who at this time had only completed his eighteenth year, was a youth of very pleasing and handsome countenance; and though short, his figure was athletic and well-proportioned. Of his pupils at Downie, one, at least, was nearly his equal in age, and more than his match in stature; and, having no very intense delight in elementary instruction, occasional interference with the proprieties of discipline was too apt to occur—the results of which, as you will readily believe, had anything but a tranquillising effect on the ardent temperament of Campbell. Altogether, however, he was very happy in the family, which consisted of persons remarkable for kindness and hospitality, and possessing talents and accomplishments far above the ordinary rate. I must add, nevertheless, that the laird, Mr. Campbell of Downie, was a decided Tory of the old school; and, as the Poet was already a strenuous advocate of those political principles which characterised him through life, collisions between Whig and Tory were not unfrequent in their evening conversations, and were little to the taste of the ladies, who, with all respect for the cleverness of the preceptor, entertained a natural partiality for the opinions and the supremacy of their father. I never understood, however, that these disputes led to any permanent bitterness of feeling between the parties; they honoured the Poet while he resided under their roof, and delighted to talk of him after he had left them. At the time I occupied his room in the Bachelor's wing, his celebrity was unrivalled. His character, his

walks, the manifestations of extraordinary genius which he displayed—everything, in short, that was likely to occur to the inmates of a house, from which so distinguished a guest had recently gone forth, were the daily subjects of conversation, and were listened to by them with that extreme delight, which an enthusiastic admiration of the Poet's genius naturally inspired."*

The poem of "Glenara" was suggested to Campbell by the following tradition :—Maclean of Duart, having determined to get rid of his wife, "Ellen of Lorn," had her treacherously conveyed to a rock in the sea, where she was left to perish with the rising tide. He then announced to her kinsmen "his sudden bereavement," and invited them to join in his grief. In the mean time, the lady was accidentally rescued from the certain death that awaited her and restored to her father. Her husband, little suspecting what had happened, was suffered to go through the solemn mockery of a funeral. At last, when the bier rested at the "grey stone of her *cairn*,"—

> "'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud'—
> Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
> 'And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem!
> Glenara—Glenara! now read me my dream!'
> O pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
> When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen!"

The inquest was brief. Maclean, it is added, was instantly sacrificed by the Clan Dougal, and thrown into the ready-made grave.

* For this communication, which I have reluctantly abridged, I am indebted to the Rev. Thomas Wright, who, by his temporary residence, as the Poet's successor at Downie, ably supported the classical interest which that circumstance had awakened.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN TO GLASGOW.

THE term of his engagement with Mr. Campbell of Downie being completed, the Poet returned, with no cheering prospect, to his father's house. The present moments were embittered by anxieties: but the hope which had hitherto sustained his courage under so many disappointments did not desert him; although the expectation of seeing his fortunes improve, was still vague and unsatisfactory. His mind, so highly sensitive and so easily affected by the complexion of his fortunes, had latterly acquired a morbid degree of excitability, which the solitude of the place, and the severity of his studies, had evidently increased. His health was on the point of giving way, and, as may be inferred from the tone of his letters, was seriously impaired.

Unless when roused by the conversation of his old College friends, his former energy appeared to have forsaken him; and, when left to himself, the only thoughts passing through his mind were those of gloom and despondency. This, however, was not merely the result of ill health, but of that natural temperament of genius, which was never, perhaps, more clearly defined than in the character of the Poet. The imaginative faculty had been so unremittingly cultivated, that circumstances, trifling in themselves, had acquired undue influence over his mind, and been rendered formidable by an exaggeration, of which he was at the moment unconscious. Hence various difficulties, which

industry might have overcome, assumed to his eye the appearance of insurmountable obstacles. Without resolution to persevere, or philosophy to submit to the force of necessity, he drew from everything around him, with morbid ingenuity, some melancholy presage of the future. He was dissatisfied with himself, chilled by the world's neglect, and greatly hurt by the apathy of friends, who had extolled his merits, but left him to pine in obscurity. Thus alternately excited and depressed, he was at last relieved by an attack of fever, which, by calling the physical powers into action, gave a check to the current of his imagination.

Yet, with all his extreme sensibility, Campbell united great strength of mind, great fortitude of endurance. With him "to bear was to conquer his fate;" but to carry his maxim into practice, cost him many an unrecorded, but severe struggle. His virtue was passive: the little dark clouds in his horizon, he was too apt to contemplate as symptoms of a storm, the danger or inconvenience of which he chose rather to abide with stoic indifference, than avoid by seasonable retreat. Once fairly roused, however, no youth could do more, few so much as Campbell. But the excitements of College life had now subsided, and with them the stimulus to exertion. He had won for himself a high name and standing in the University; but the pleasure of having conquered, was alloyed by the reflection that there was nothing more to conquer. Then arose the question in his own mind, "What have all these academical honours procured for me?" To this, as it regarded the future, no satisfactory answer could be given. Yet, in the midst of all these discouraging circumstances, there was a silent current—the motion and tendency of which he did not perceive—that was bearing him slowly, but steadily forward. Little did he then imagine, while

painting to his friends the very unpromising aspect of his affairs, that he was already standing on the threshold of fame; and that before many months elapsed, he would occupy one of the highest niches in the temple of living poets.

To show with what affection the young student was regarded in the family circle, and in what estimation he was held by his townsmen, I quote a letter, written by his sister Elizabeth to their brother Alexander, in Demerara. It is dated a short time before Campbell's return from Downie, and confirms the tradition, that ever since the public reading of his "Essay on the Origin of Evil," at the close of the previous session, he was familiarly addressed by his fellow students, as the "Pope" of Glasgow :—

"Thomas has attended the College near six* years, is perfectly master of the languages, and last year he studied law. That is the line he means to pursue, and what I think nature has just fitted him for. He is a fine public speaker, and I make no doubt will make a figure at the bar. He attended the College through the winter, and these two summers past has been in the Highlands, where he is much esteemed. He has a remarkable genius for poetry; has written many beautiful pieces, which have gained him the appellation of "the Pope of Glasgow." His personal accomplishments keep pace with those of his mind; and the sweetness of his manners renders him a most endearing relation indeed. Judge, then, what my happiness is in

* In explanation of this apparent inaccuracy, it is to be noted that, having *matriculated* at College in the winter of 1790-91, he may have attended the junior Humanity Class. But of that session I find no traces in the memoranda left for my information. His actual and regular attendance at College began on the 1st of November, 1791, and continued at the rate of six months annually, until the 1st of May, 1796. The *six* years mentioned by his sister include that session in which he was first enrolled at the age of thirteen. His attendance at the High School, under the care of Mr. Allison, began on the 10th of October, 1785, when he was eight years and two months old.

having such a brother; one, too, that loves me as much as it is possible. I regret that he is not at home just now, that he might write by this opportunity—but you shall hear from him.* ELIZABETH CAMPBELL."

In the preceding extract some allowance will be made for a sister's partiality; but of his career at the University there is only one opinion among his surviving contemporaries: all concur in offering him the tribute of unfeigned regard and admiration. It is needless, therefore, to multiply evidence, or assert what has never been disputed; but I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting a passage from "Personal Recollections of the Poet," by a distinguished friend and class-fellow.

"Campbell and I," says the Rev. Dr. Muir, "entered the University at the same time, and prosecuted our studies together for several years. During the whole course he was a favourite with all the students who knew him, and in the department of Philosophy, he was allowed to be one whom Homer would have described as desirous—

ἀεὶ ἀριστεύειν καὶ ἔξοχος ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

* The other particulars in this letter respecting the loss of her brother James, and the position of the elder brothers, give an interesting confirmation to what has been already stated in the introductory chapter. Alexander and John Campbell, who had recently died in Jamaica, were the Poet's maternal uncles. The following is an extract from the same letter:—

"I heard lately from Archibald; he and Robert are both well; they are still in the same place in Virginia, that is, in Charlotteville, about forty miles from Petersburgh; they have both had their difficulties, but are now in a better way of business. John still follows the seafaring way. My dear brother James's death was, indeed, an unfortunate event. He was drowned in the Clyde in attempting to swim. He was a very promising boy, about thirteen years old; was remarkably clever, and a fine scholar. Your uncle Sandy, in Jamaica, died six years ago, and left about £12,000. Your uncle John's eldest son is since dead, and his widow now possesses the estate. Your uncle John is likewise dead; his widow, two sons, and a daughter, now live in Edinburgh. "E. C."

Campbell's attainments in classical learning—even in those early days—were often mentioned with approbation in public, by the elegant-minded Professor Richardson. When his poetical translations from the 'Medea of Euripides' came to be read in the Greek class, by that profound grammarian and master of manly elocution, Mr. Young, both professor and students, with one consent, voted to Mr. Campbell the praise of being, in the department of Poetry—'*facile princeps.*' This praise, however, seemed to have impaired the lustre of his remaining career; for in the severer studies of mathematics and philosophy, although distinguished, he did not excel. This, however, resulted much less from want of talent, than from want of that industry and perseverance which alone insure success; so that it seemed as if the praise he merited and received in the Language Classes had led him to form the idea that perseverance and industry were requisite only in meaner minds. Like a poet, indeed, '*qui nascitur non fit,*' he possessed discernment of character in no ordinary degree: and although the poignancy of his wit was felt by some, when he chose to give expression to his contempt of what was weak or worthless in human character, yet the suavity of his manners, the ease and even grace with which he spoke in common conversation, and the entire absence of pedantry in his words and demeanour, much endeared him to us all.—The indolence, incident to our fallen nature, was felt indeed and shown even by our youthful Poet. He seldom exercised his gift, except when roused into action, either by the prospect of gaining a prize, or by some stirring incident among the students. But once roused, he would produce couplets of verses, impromptu, in the midst of his fellows, which were allowed by all to be in excellent point." I now resume the narrative.

After his return to Glasgow, young Campbell made

sundry ineffectual efforts to discover a road to independence; but neither his own acknowledged talents, nor the countenance of the professors, could procure for him any situation of permanent value. The patronage of the College, indeed, could only benefit the Poet, by recommending him as an accomplished scholar; but as he had now relinquished all intention of entering the Church, and felt an invincible repugnance to the duties of a domestic tutor, he was no longer within the sphere of its influence. His intercourse with the Professors, nevertheless, continued on the best terms; and he made every effort to reflect honour on that learned body, from whom his youthful honours were derived. Greek and Latin, however, were now laid aside, and the hours formerly given to them were again applied to the study of Law. Discouraged as he had been in his late prospects, and still without any solid grounds of hope in the profession, he returned to it with a desire and a partiality which had been rendered obstinate by resistance. The longing for independence grew upon him as the difficulties multiplied—for with this longing was united the secret hope of attaining an object on which depended the happiness of his life. In him poetry was not the mere expression of sentiment; it was the language of passion keenly felt and cherished; and it may be easily surmised, from what has been said, that he had for some time resigned himself to its strongest and tenderest influence. The scenery which he had just left had not been unpropitious to such meditations. He had already thought—

> "Oh Love, in such a wilderness as this,
> Where transport and security entwine;
> Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
> And here thou art, indeed, a god divine."

But the obstacles to be surmounted, before that picture could be realised, threw a damp over his spirit, and encouraged a despondency, to which, by natural temperament, he was too prone. To this, as it affected his health, I have already alluded. His object in quitting Downie, which he did rather abruptly, was to rid himself of a task which, from its utter hopelessness as regarded the future, had become intolerably irksome, and to make another attempt to establish himself in a profession. With this view, two courses presented themselves, namely, law and literature; and he resolved, if possible, to combine the advantages of both.

Poetry and the Pandects, however, were discordant elements which he found it very difficult to reconcile; but still he was resolved to persevere, like a man who had much higher objects in view than personal gratification. The thought that other eyes were anxiously watching him, animated his hopes and stimulated his exertions. The encouragement which he had received from a "Physician" the previous winter, although it entirely failed in its object, still dwelt upon his mind; and he determined to make an experiment in the Metropolis. His first visit to Edinburgh had left pleasant as well as painful recollections in his mind; but under present circumstances, the former predominated. The motives, by which he was now actuated, were of a powerful nature, and would enable him to wrestle manfully with any difficulties that might be thrown in his way. He was sanguine as to the result; he had one or two young friends in Edinburgh, on whose advice and assistance he could depend, and he had sufficient money in his pocket to supply all present necessities. If he could get established in a lawyer's office, he would have no doubt of working his way without the expense of an entrance fee; he would write for the leading Periodicals, and, if possible,

establish a "Magazine." He had besides nearly ready for the press, two translations from Euripides and Æschylus; and he flattered himself that a bookseller might be found who would purchase the copyright. Such were the pleasing hopes with which Campbell set out for Edinburgh, where he arrived early in May. His first object was to call upon the few friends in whose affection, if not influence, he had implicit confidence. At the head of these was Mrs. John Campbell, his aunt, who, after the death of her husband in Jamaica, had settled in Edinburgh, for the education of her children. It was at the house of this lady that the Poet was received, on his first visit, during the trial of Gerald, and invited to repeat it as often as he could. The family—as mentioned in a preceding note—consisted of two sons and a daughter, Margaret Campbell, who was considered so beautiful that she went by the name of "Mary Queen of Scots." His eldest sister, Mary, was also residing near Edinburgh at the time; and with her, he hoped to concert measures for his future benefit. Another friend, to whom Campbell announced his arrival, was his favourite pupil, Mr. Cuninghame, with whom he had formerly read "Homer" and "Xenophon." To him he stated his circumstances, the object of his visit to Edinburgh, and frankly added that he was an "anxious candidate for employment."

"By this time," says Lord Cuninghame, "I had been placed in the office of a writer to the Signet, receiving the practical education thought by my friends to be a suitable preparation for the Bar; and I believe Campbell at first had hardly an acquaintance in Edinburgh but myself. Of course he applied to me to find him employment, and my efforts to accomplish this, I cannot now look back upon, without sensations of wonder and self-ridicule. The gentleman in whose office I was then established—a Mr. M'Nab—was a

man of kindly and friendly dispositions; but as Campbell had not been trained as a regular Law-clerk in the country (while our office otherwise was crowded with young men) I thought it in vain to apply to him; but I went to the officer of the Register-House of Edinburgh, a Mr. Millar, who then prepared our extracts of Judgments (or Exemplifications,) writs of immense length, and entreated him to give Campbell a place in his establishment. This he at once agreed to; and Campbell was forthwith set to the humble occupation of a copying-clerk—the most dry and intolerable drudgery for a scholar, that the legal profession afforded. Campbell, however, was glad to accept it. He remained some weeks in this situation; but, as might be expected, he at last got tired of it; for, with all its excessive labour, it barely afforded him the means of existence. He then procured a situation in the office of a Mr. Whytt,* where there was a little more variety, and better payment than in the Extractor's office; and there he remained for a short time."

Campbell's temporary employment with Mr. Whytt was

* That the reader may be enabled to estimate the probable remuneration received by Campbell for his services in this office, I avail myself of the following information in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott:—

"The Writer's Apprentice mentioned receives a certain allowance in money for every page he transcribes; and, as in those days the greater part of the business, even of the supreme Courts, was carried on by means of written papers, a ready penman, in a well-employed chamber, could earn in this way enough, at all events, to make a handsome addition to the pocket-money which was likely to be thought suitable for a youth of fifteen, by such a man as the elder Scott: the allowance being, I believe, threepence for every page, containing a certain fixed number of words. When Walter had finished, as he tells us he occasionally did, 120 pages within twenty-four hours, his fee would amount to thirty shillings; and in his early letters I find him more than once congratulating himself on having been, by some such exertion, enabled to purchase a book, or a coin, otherwise beyond his reach."—Vol. i. p. 134.

As Campbell, however, was not *apprenticed* to the law, his gains may have been considerably less than the amount stated. But, at all events, he made more than he spent; as much, perhaps, as Rousseau did by copying music.

obtained through the influence of his sister, then residing in the family of Mr. Anderson, of St. Germains. It was while writing in this office, that an incident occurred which forms a most important epoch in his history. This was the introduction of Campbell to the author of "Lives of the British Poets." The following extract, with immediate reference to that event, I give in the words of Dr. Irving, whose interesting reminiscences of the Poet are now before me:—

"Campbell's introduction to Dr. Anderson, which had no small influence on his brilliant career, was in a great measure accidental. He had come to Edinburgh in search of employment, when he met Mr. Hugh Park, then a teacher in Glasgow, and afterwards second master of Stirling School. Park, who was a frank and warm-hearted man, was deeply interested in the fortunes of the youthful Poet, which were then at their lowest ebb. His own character was held in much esteem by the Doctor; and he was one day coming to pay him a visit, when the young ladies observed from the window that he was accompanied by a handsome lad, with whom he was engaged in earnest conversation, and who seemed reluctant to take leave. Their curiosity was naturally excited, and Campbell's story was soon told—being merely the short and simple annals of a poor scholar, not unconscious of his own powers, but placed in the most unfavourable circumstances for the development of poetical genius. Park knew that he had obtained distinction in the University of Glasgow; and he fortunately had in his pocket a poem* which his young friend had written in one of the Hebrides. Dr. Anderson was struck with the turn and spirit of the verses; nor did he hesitate to declare his opinion, that they exhibited a fair promise of poetical excellence. The talents, the character, and the prospects of so interesting a youth, formed the chief subject

* This poem was a copy of the Elegy written in Mull, page 136.

of conversation during the afternoon. He expressed a cordial wish to see the author without delay; and Park's kindness was too active to neglect a commission so agreeable to himself. Campbell was accordingly introduced; and his first appearance produced a most favourable impression."

Of this introduction to her father, and the happy result which followed, Miss Anderson retains a vivid recollection; and from her notes, written at the time, I gladly borrow one or two striking passages. On Campbell's first interview with Dr. Anderson this lady and her sister were present. "It was a most interesting scene; and although very young it made a deep and lasting impression upon us. Mr. Campbell's appearance bespoke instant favour: his countenance was beautiful; and as the expression of his face varied with his various feelings, it became quite a study for a painter to catch the fleeting graces as they rapidly succeeded each other. The pensive air which hung so gracefully over his youthful features, gave a melancholy interest to his manner, which was extremely touching. But when he indulged in any lively sallies of humour he was exceedingly amusing; every now and then, however, he seemed to check himself, as if the effort to be gay was too much for his sadder thoughts, which evidently prevailed. As Dr. Anderson became more and more interested in the young poet, he sought every occasion to awaken in his favour a similar interest in the mind of others; and in this effort he succeeded."

Young Campbell, though averse to undertake another "preceptorship," had expressed his readiness to accept any literary employment that might be offered; and Dr. Anderson, with his characteristic zeal and sympathy in the cause of friendless merit, did not rest until the object had been attained. Hitherto the only patronage which the young prizeman—"the Pope of Glasgow"—had obtained was the

unqualified praise of his College; but it was not until he found a congenial spirit in Dr. Robert Anderson, that he had any experience of what was literally implied by the term *patron*. The next and immediate step in his better fortunes, was an introduction to Mr. Mundell, the publisher, to whom he was warmly recommended by Dr. Anderson. The result of this acquaintance was an offer of twenty pounds for an abridged edition of Bryan Edwards's "West Indies," which was to be finished within a given period. The offer was immediately accepted; and, having taken the advice of his veteran friend and author, as to the method to be observed in this abridgment, (his first undertaking for the public press,) he selected a few books of reference, "sent in his resignation" to Mr. Bain Whytt, and with hearty thanks to his Mæcenas, prepared to take leave of Edinburgh. This, however, was not accomplished without regret; for to the few friends and relations with whom he had spent his evenings, he was much attached. Before starting for Glasgow he walked out to St. Germains; and at the parting interview with his sister, whose affectionate solicitude for his welfare was the ruling passion of her life, he left the following verses in token of a brother's regret to say "farewell!"

"Farewell, Edina, pleasing name—
Congenial to my heart!
A joyous guest to thee I came,
And mournful I depart.
And fare *thee* well, whose blessings seem
Heaven's blessing to portend!
Endeared by nature, and esteem,—
My Sister and my friend!"

He then took leave of Edinburgh, and performing the journey, as usual, on foot, arrived in Glasgow on, or before

the twenty-sixth of July. From this date it appears that his sojourn in Edinburgh could not have much exceeded two months; but in that short time he had found, by experiment, that the practical duties of the law were totally incompatible with his taste and feelings. It is probable, however, that he would have finished the Abridgment in Edinburgh, had not tidings reached him that an elder brother from Demerara was every day expected by the family at home. This brother he had never seen; but he had long indulged the hope of obtaining a mercantile situation through his influence; and the prospect of meeting him in Glasgow tended greatly to revive it. His mind was painfully agitated between hopes and disappointments. He longed eagerly for something permanent on which he might lay hold, but nothing of that nature could be obtained by merit alone. The real object for which he had travelled to Edinburgh was defeated: to anything in law, beyond the drudgery of a writer's office, he found it useless to aspire; and on the literary side, the bargain which he had just concluded with Mundell, was the only "property" on which he could calculate. Those who knew little of the difficulties with which he had to contend, charged him with being unsteady and capricious; but this charge, he has indignantly, and I think triumphantly, repelled. Had there been, at this distracting period, one generous and influential patron to have taken him by the hand, and given him an appointment under government, the Poet would have been happy;—but we should never have had "The Pleasures of Hope."

It deserves to be mentioned, as no mean proof of his economy, that during his short engagement in Mr. Whytt's office, small as the emolument must have been, he had saved a little money, with which he was now desirous to embark in a new literary speculation. In a letter to his

friend Thomson, dated July 26, he reports himself returned to Glasgow, and adds:—"Well, I have fairly tried the business of an *attorney*, and, upon my conscience, it is the most accursed of all professions! Such meanness—such toil—such contemptible modes of peculation—were never moulded into one profession." He then pronounces a hearty "malediction on the law in all its branches." "It is true," he adds, "there are many emoluments; but, I declare to God, that I can hardly spend, with a safe conscience, the little sum I made during my residence in Edinburgh."

All this is uttered under a bitter feeling of disappointment; and the recollection of having been totally unnoticed by his employers may have prompted this hasty philippic against the law—not against lawyers; for among them he was destined to find some of his best friends.

He now turned his thoughts to a new subject: he says—"I heard of the plan proposed for a new Magazine. I could wish to see it fairly begun; and of any cash, necessary for setting it on foot, I shall cheerfully subscribe my share. I should be proud to see morsels of my poetry among the productions of such ingenious men as Thomson and Watt. I have returned to Glasgow in expectation of seeing a brother who left England before I came into the world. I promised myself a romantic and uncommon pleasure in being introduced to a friend who, from the account of all his relations, is a man of amiable disposition. You, Thomson, who can sympathise with my joys as well as my cares, will be happy to hear that this brother returns to spend the remainder of his life at home, upon a small fortune, which a painful industry of twenty years, in a burning climate, has acquired."* ... "I have now finished

* In this pleasing hope the Poet was again disappointed. The visit was unavoidably postponed. For some account of this brother, Alexander, see introductory Chapter, pp. 23, 24.

my last corrections of the tragedy of "Medea," from the Greek. I have been advised by some of the literati in Edinburgh to publish it. I spoke to the booksellers; but the offer they made was far too little. Do you imagine a London publisher would offer anything worth acceptance? I can either send you up the whole piece, or extracts from it; but I could wish to know if there be a likelihood of the booksellers offering a decent sum before I sent up the piece complete."

About ten days after writing this, and before he had any communication with the London publishers, Campbell received an offer from Mr. Mundell to publish his translation of the "Medea" in Edinburgh, but upon what terms is not mentioned. On reflection, however, the intention appears to have been dropt; for I do not find the subject revived in any of his subsequent letters. The advantages of original poetry had begun to outweigh former considerations; and, as his passion for the Greek Drama subsided, a spirit for English composition was awakened into force and activity. In the mean time, the desire of establishing a Magazine was anxiously indulged, as the only enterprise from which he could hope to derive any permanent income. His other resources were precarious, and every minor experiment had failed; but with such contributors as James Thomson, John Douglas, Gregory Watt, and himself, Campbell very justly calculated on sharing the favours of "a discerning public." "In regard to prose," he says, "I think we are singularly happy in having yourself and Douglas; and in point of poetry, I dare say Watt will join me in prophesying that he and your humble servant will set all the Magazine scribblers at defiance—nay, hold them even in profound contempt! 'Cedite Romani Scriptores—cedite Graii!—Nescio quid majus nascitur,' *Magazino*—scilicet, *nostro!*—eh, Thomson?"—The Magazine, however—although he

had engaged that "his own pen, if necessary, should furnish three-fourths of the contents"—was never published. The intended partners were less sanguine than the Poet, and thus another was added to the long list of disappointments, and "hopes frustrated." In this state of his affairs, notwithstanding the anathema he had so lately pronounced upon "the law in all its branches," he still professes himself an amateur of the Bar, and tells his friend he "is busy reading the Corpus Juris and French politics." Again, on the tenth of August, he says in a letter to Dr. Anderson:—"My leisure hours I employ in perusing Godwin and the Corpus Juris. The latter I always held as a somniferous volume; but really, on closer inspection, there is something amusing, as well as improving in tracing the mental progress of mankind from the period of the Twelve Tables, till the advanced time of Justinian."

From the date of the preceding letter, until the beginning of November, Campbell spent much of his time in the family of Mr. Stirling, of Courdale, where he always felt himself at home; and, having the days chiefly at his own disposal, he proceeded rapidly with the "Abridgment." Fond of the national music from his very infancy, he found in this retreat a congenial spirit in a young lady of the family, Miss Stirling, who played and sang many of the Scottish melodies with great taste and feeling; and to several of these airs, he was tempted to compose various original lines. Among the lyrics then written, was "The Wounded Hussar"—the subject of which was suggested by an incident in one of the recent battles on the Danube. This ballad was no sooner published, than its popularity was established; it was sung in the streets of Glasgow, and soon found its way over the whole kingdom. It might be literally said of it—as in The Winter's Tale—"There's not a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I

can tell you." The negligence, however, with which it was printed, caused the sensitive author no small annoyance. By placing a semicolon at the end of the first line, the printer had completely marred the sense and pathos of the whole stanza. The Poet had intended the heroine to express her confidence that the mercy of Heaven would be so speedily manifested, for the relief of the husband, as to "forbid her to mourn;" but instead of this natural and affecting sentiment, the "fair Adelaide," on discovering her "wounded hussar" in the agony of death, was made to apostrophise him thus :—

> "'Thou shalt live,' she replies, 'Heaven's mercy relieving;
> *Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn!*'"

and, strange as it may seem, this little error in punctuation—so important to the sense—was repeated in more than one or two of the authorised editions. But the art of punctuation, as already noticed,* was one of those mysteries which the Poet could never comprehend.

About the same time, he very slightly retouched and altered another lyric, which had already been received with special favour in the neighbourhood, where everything connected with the martyr-knight of Elderslie was sure to be listened to with enthusiasm.† The subject had an early and hereditary influence on the mind of young Campbell. He was familiar with all that history and tradition had preserved of the Wallace-wight; his patriotism had been warmed by a recent pilgrimage to Elderslie;

* See pages 34—7 of this volume, where some account of his *manuscripts* is given.

† Of the deep-rooted national sympathy in the heroic deeds and melancholy fate of Wallace, no better proof could be mentioned, perhaps, than the reception given by the public to Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs." In the "Wallace" of Joanna Baillie is depicted the beau ideal of a freedom-loving, truth-observing, death-despising patriot.

and either on that haunted ground, or immediately after returning home, he composed the "Dirge of Wallace." In the Paris editions, it has been long incorporated with his other poems; but the fastidious author, who thought it "too rhapsodical," never bestowed a careful revision upon it, and persisted in excluding it from all the London editions. But, although it may be justly considered as one of his many *unfinished* pieces, it contains, nevertheless, a few lines, or passages, not unworthy of the author of "Lochiel." The copy here annexed is from the unrevised original, and may enable the reader to determine whether it ought to be consigned to oblivion.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

When Scotland's great Regent, our warrior most dear,
The debt of his nature did pay,
'Twas Edward, the cruel, had reason to fear,
And cause to be struck with dismay.

At the window of Edward the raven did croak,
Tho' Scotland a widow became;
Each tie of true honour to Wallace he broke—
The raven croak'd "Sorrow and shame!"

At Elderslie Castle no raven was heard,
But the soothings of honour and truth;
His spirit inspired the soul of the bard
To comfort the Love of his youth!

They lighted the tapers at dead of night,
And chaunted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright;
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!

And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapped at her window board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear!
And call me a widow, this wretched day,
Since the warning of GOD is here.

For a nightmare rests on my strangled sleep;
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die!
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his Country, that ominous hour—
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung—
That the trumpet of death, on an English tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung.

When his dungeon-light looked dim and red,
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at *his* lowly death-bed—
No weeping was there when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh, it was not thus when his ashen spear
Was true to that knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the blast of the hunter's horn;

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand.

Yet, bleeding and bound, though "the Wallace-wight"
For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than William of Elderslie!

But the day of his triumphs shall never depart;
His head, unentomb'd, shall with glory be palmed—
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
Tho' the raven has fed on his mouldering heart—
A nobler was never embalmed!

Jan. 1795. T. C.

Soon after his sojourn at Courdale, Campbell again visited some of his favourite haunts, particularly Cartha's Vale and Inverary, both of which exercised a magnetic influence on his movements. It is probable, also, that in his way homeward he took a passing glance at Kirnan, although his poetical "visit to that scene in Argyllshire" is not recorded until three years later; and having thus incidentally mentioned the name, it may not be uninteresting to introduce an anecdote of the last "heritor of that ilk." The Poet's grandfather, as mentioned in the introductory chapter, married a daughter of Stewart, the laird of Ascog, and niece of Colonel Stewart, who signalised himself, under John Duke of Argyll, at the battle of Ramillies, and was present when the French Guard surrendered to Lord John Hay's Dragoons. Shortly after their marriage, Mrs. Campbell, who had lived much in the Lowlands, became weary of Kirnan, the solitude of which preyed upon her health and spirits. Her husband, on the contrary, was greatly attached to the place of his ancestors; and for some time all her efforts failed to induce him to change his residence. She was desirous of returning to Edinburgh; but Mr. Campbell promised, and procrastinated so often, that she found a world of difficulty in effecting her object. At last the day was fixed, the boat was got ready, and they hastily embarked for Inverary, where they were to engage a conveyance to Glasgow, and thence proceed to Edinburgh. One of their old domestics, the piper, attended them in the boat; and, as soon as the oars were put in motion, he struck up the melancholy air of "Lochaber no more!" This had a powerful effect on old Campbell.

But whether it was the effect of the music, or some preconcerted plan, that retarded the boat's motion, is not known. They rowed long and stoutly, but still they made

very little way ; and it was soon found impossible, as they affirmed, to reach Inverary that day. The lady became weary and impatient, and again the rowers plied their oars manfully, while the piper continued the same doleful strain. But it was to no purpose ; for, after another long and hard pull, "it is useless," they said, "to contend with the current ;" and after consulting the lady, "who frankly confessed that she had no desire to be all night on the water," a private signal was given to the boatmen ; the piper struck up "The Campbells are coming," in quick time, and away went the boat like lightning. The current, singular enough, carried them rapidly in the direction of Kirnan ! and in less than half-an-hour—just as the night set in—the boat grated slightly on the beach, and they prepared to land. "I know a house close by," said Mr. Campbell to his lady, "where we can be comfortable for the night ; and to-morrow morning you shall start again, before the *current* sets in." To this Mrs. Campbell cheerfully assented, stepped on shore, and taking her husband's arm, proceeded in quest of lodgings for the night. An unfrequented path on the left, soon brought them in sight of their quarters ; but, muffled up in her silken snood, the lady saw nothing that excited the least suspicion, until she had actually recrossed her own threshold, and heard the piper, in great glee, playing the Lowland ditty—

"Ye 're welcome back, my lady fair,
In troth, ye 're welcome hame, Lady ;
For weel I wot our hearts were sair
To lose our lovely dame, Lady," &c.

"And now," said Campbell, looking round him, "I think *this* is the house where we shall be well lodged for the night. His wife, however, though greatly amused by the ingenious stratagem, could never be reconciled to a Highland life ; and discovered at last a counter-current that

took them, not to Inverary but direct from Kirnan to Edinburgh.*

The society in which Campbell had lived at Glasgow was of a mixed character, composed of literary, mercantile, and professional men. In the country it was very different; there, he was thrown upon his books, and those sweet communings with nature, which seldom failed to act upon his sensitive frame, with a refreshing and purifying influence. In his political sentiments, to which he had given early and emphatic expression, he continued firm and consistent. "French politics and Godwin," as he has told us, formed some portion of his reading series; but the true foundation of his political creed was based on the Lectures of Professor Miller, to whose merits he has paid the tribute of grateful admiration.

John Miller was born at Shotts, in the county of Lanark, in 1735, and educated at the University of Glasgow, in which, through the interest of Lord Kaimes, he obtained the Professorship of Law, which he held for nearly forty years. He was author of the "Origin of the Distinction of Ranks," and a "Historical View of the English Government."

Dr. Thomas Reid, from whom the Poet received his name, died while the latter was at Downie, in the Highlands. He was a native of Strahan, in Kincardineshire; he received his education at Aberdeen, and succeeded Dr. Adam Smith, in the Moral Philosophy Chair of Glasgow. The Poet's father, who had been a pupil of Wodrow, the

* They took up their residence in an old mansion in the Trunkmaker's-row, Canongate, where their youngest son, the Poet's father, was born; and it is an interesting fact, that he was educated under the care of Robert Wodrow, the celebrated historian and preacher, whose account of "The Sufferings of the Church of Scotland" has long maintained its reputation as a standard authority. It was from Wodrow that Alexander Campbell imbibed those strict religious principles, already noticed, which he cherished to the close of life. See Introductory Chapter, page 16.

For the above particulars, of much family interest, I am indebted to Mr. Alexander Campbell, the Poet's nephew.

historian, was one of Dr. Reid's intimate friends. This justly celebrated metaphysician was the first writer in Scotland who attacked the scepticism of Hume, and endeavoured to refute the Ideal theory.

The character of John Young has been already given in the words of his favourite pupil. "Professor Richardson," says one who knew him, "had travelled in his youth, and been secretary to an embassy. He was a poet, and had acquired a name in the world of Belles Lettres by his contributions to the "Mirror" and "Lounger," and by some admirable Essays on Shakspeare's characters. He was widely distinguished from most of his class, by the style of his general appearance, manners, and habits; and I can suppose Gray, the poet, to have had something of the same air. He had a delicate rosy complexion, a truly gentlemanlike expression of face, a beautifully curled wig, and a ponderous queue behind—the same sort of *cheveleure* that one sees in the prints of Frederick of Prussia. Richardson was a high Tory;" Young and Miller were keen Whigs; and hence the greater intimacy between them and Campbell. Professor Jardine is briefly noted by Campbell, as the "amiable," "the benign," "the philosophic Jardine." Of Professor Arthur, Dr. Reid's successor, he has expressed great admiration in one of his letters to Mr. Gray. Under the discipline of these able and distinguished Professors, Campbell spent his College days.

Of the social habits and manners of the Highlands—where the distinctions of race were still prominent, and old customs religiously observed—Campbell was a minute and shrewd observer. He admired the Celtic character; and was always a welcome guest at the houses of the native gentry, to whom, independently of his own merits, his family name and connexion served as an accredited passport. It often happened when invited to dinner, that "the distance in those wild districts had to be measured not by

streets, but miles;" and under such circumstances the landlord was too happy to see his friends, not to use every friendly endeavour to prolong their visit. In their social meetings the virtue of hospitality was often carried to excess; and many strange, but characteristic anecdotes, were treasured up by Campbell during his retreat in the Highlands.

Hard drinking, he said, was the fashion among all classes in his day. The habit of carousing till midnight, or even daybreak, was not yet exploded even from the hospitable tables of Edinburgh and Glasgow—much less was it banished from the shores of Loch-Fyne or Mull. The time of dinner was one o'clock: but, as the party knew little or nothing of time-pieces, the hours flew by, unreckoned, unless by the bumpers which were drained and replenished, with little intermission, until long after sunset.

A habit of drinking, so fatal to the health and prospects of several young men of the Poet's acquaintance, was too frequently acquired during attendance at College. If two students happened to meet at one another's rooms in the evening, there was always a third companion, in the form of a black bottle, that exercised no little influence on their discussions. This bottle was intended to represent the genius of hospitality; but it was in reality their evil genius; for, when the young laird returned to his estate, or the professional student to his duties, in the country, they carried with them the habits, as well as the accomplishments, of their College days. A melancholy instance is mentioned in one of Campbell's letters, of a youth of the brightest promise, who was early lost to himself and the world, by yielding to the solicitations of his more robust companions in their academic revels. The terms in which he alludes to the circumstance, afford evidence that he had hitherto resisted, successfully, the too fashionable temptations to which his

talented young friend had fallen a victim. He was uniformly simple and spare in his diet, as if, in the exercise of his high mental functions, he still kept before his eyes—

—— Nunc utile multis
Pallere, et vinum toto nescire *Decembri*—

What were his religious principles at this stage of his career I have no positive evidence to show. He affirmed —in playful allusion to his intimacy with the masters of that language—that he was of the Greek Church. Brought up from his birth by religious parents, and educated by masters not less distinguished by moral worth than profound learning, his mind was trained, both by precept and example, to serious impressions of religion. Of the benefits resulting from this early culture, much pleasing evidence is found in his school and college exercises. At the "age of eighteen," as he informs us, "he became an emancipated lover of truth," and entered upon a course of "free inquiry" into "the merits" of certain infidel writers of that period. At the time in question, or even earlier, as he acknowledged many years afterwards, he suffered great anxiety on the subject of religion, and spent much time in its investigation. At last, his mind became settled, and he arrived at what he conceived to be "satisfactory conclusions;" but when brought into collision with his previous, and naturally strong, religious aspirations, these sophistries produced a discord in his mind, of which he never seemed fully aware. His adopted "opinions," however, had only a superficial hold; they could never eradicate the deep-seated impressions which he had imbibed under his father's roof; and if, during their influence, he was at times rash, or unguarded in conversation, he was uniformly grave and circumspect in his writings. Following the impulse of his own heart, he was the friend and

advocate of every virtuous aspiration. To form a correct judgment of his moral character at this period, we can have no better evidence than his letters and poems, the prevailing sentiment of which harmonises with this opinion —that, in the spirit which dictates and diffuses itself through the "Pleasures of Hope," we have a clear and genuine index of the Poet's mind and feelings.

It was not necessary, perhaps, that I should enter, even thus briefly, upon the question; but, as every reflecting reader will expect some information regarding the religious principles with which Campbell took leave of the University, and made his first start in the world, I felt that it was a topic which I had no right and no desire to avoid.

Among various reminiscences of the Poet now before me, I take advantage of a letter from one* of his distinguished contemporaries, to make an additional and concluding extract:—

"Though comparatively small in stature, his youthful countenance was handsome and prepossessing, being characterised by intelligent animation and cheerful openness, yet capable of assuming, when not pleased, a gravity approaching to sternness. His manners were affable; his conversation was sprightly, facetious, and mirthful, with a spice of racy humour and wit. His scholarship was superior; and his taste in English composition, especially in his poetical translations, which were given in by him to the Professor, either as ordinary or as prize exercises, gave all the promise of the exquisite chasteness and elegance which his published works discover, and more than at that early age could have been expected.

"Seldom was our good Professor sublimed to an enthusiasm more extatic, than in reading to the class these

* The Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, whose personal intimacy commenced with the Poet while class-fellows, and continued until his death.

compositions. Surviving fellow-students will see him before them, as if he had got on the very tripod of Delphic inspiration. They will remember how

"The big round tears hung trembling in his eye,"

and thence coursed down his cheek; and the difficulty he had to get words to utter the fulness of his delight, at particular portions that struck him as specially felicitous, in catching and bringing out, elegantly and loftily, the spirit of the original. That original, of course, in the mind of a Grecian, such as John Young, was not to be surpassed. And yet such was his ecstasy on these occasions, that one might have fancied young Campbell had almost got above it. Some of these translations have appeared in his works; and, especially when the youth of the translator is taken into account, they fully justify the Professor's enthusiasm. With that Professor, I need not add, he was a mighty favourite; but the favour was justly bestowed, and it therefore stirred no grudge in the bosoms of his fellow-students. He was equally a favourite with them; and thus, in my experience, I have always found it. When there is no manifestation of undue partiality; and when a youth who attains eminence is known to attain it by productions which are *bonâ fide* his own—not those of a hireling tutor, or a literary relative; when he makes his way by the force of native genius, or the plodding of persevering industry—*suis viribus nitens*—the traducing malice of an envious jealousy will be found a rarity. He was caressed and cheered on, even by his competitors; and most generously and heartily of all, perhaps, by those who were next to him in the race."

CHAPTER X.

HIS RETURN TO EDINBURGH.

THE life of Campbell has now been traced, with some degree of minuteness, from his cradle down to the close of his nineteenth year. His infancy and schoolboy days — his career at the University, distinguished by twelve successive prizes—his exemplary conduct to his parents—his respect and gratitude to his teachers—his affection for his brothers and sisters—his strong attachment to his friends and class-fellows—patience under many difficulties—moderation in success—his self-denying generosity and warmth of heart—his wit, humour, personal traits, and classical attainments, have been faithfully brought before the reader.

In the enumeration of so many rare and estimable qualities in a mere youth, care has been taken that neither fancy, nor the partiality of friendship, should betray the writer into any statement not supported by simple facts. The reader who has followed him thus far, in his efforts to delineate the youthful Poet's character with life-like fidelity, has now the means of satisfying himself that the testimony on which it rests—so far as human evidence can go—is unquestionable. We are now to observe the Poet's entrance upon a new epoch, where he is to appear in another sphere of action, to mix in a wider range of society, and to assume a more important and interesting part in the complicated drama of life.

The arrangements necessary for this change in his habits and prospects were soon completed. His travelling equipage, of the simplest and least costly materials, consisted of a box or trunk, which had already made acquaintance with the Highland carriers and boatmen. In this were stowed, with his wardrobe, a few Greek and Latin classics; a large portfolio crammed with manuscripts, and a red pocket-book containing letters from his friends. This precious inventory was duly booked and consigned to the Edinburgh carrier, and Campbell made preparations to follow it within two days. He called upon the Professors to take leave, and this, to a youth of his sensitive feelings, was a rather painful duty. The advice he received from these excellent men, and the warmth with which it was offered, fully evinced the friendly solicitude with which they watched his progress. Professors Jardine, Richardson, Arthur, and Young were visited in turn; but the visit to "John Young" was the longest; and from him the Poet received a letter of introduction to Mr. Dalzell, the eminent Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. He then called upon his private friends and acquaintances, and finally took an affectionate leave of his aged parents. But to console them for this bereavement, it was mutually arranged, that, as soon as circumstances had assumed a more favourable aspect, they were to join him in Edinburgh. With this cheering prospect, which he had afterwards the happiness to see realised, he started with alacrity; and, performing the journey on foot, found himself a still unknown, but welcome denizen in one of the polished coteries of Edinburgh.

This migration to the capital took place at the commencement of the College Session, when it was thought literary employment would be more easily obtained, and an opportunity afforded him of attending some of the public lec-

tures. The Abridgment, on which he had bestowed much pains, was completed; and in return for his punctuality in this task, he expected a further commission from the publisher.

With this view, he made a judicious arrangement of his time and studies, immediately after his arrival; and began the Session by giving his mornings to the College, and his evenings to the service of the booksellers. It has been seen in a former letter, how much he regretted the want of a profession:—"At the age of nineteen," he says, "I find to my sad experience, the disadvantage of being brought up to no regular employment." This thought pressed heavily on his mind, and the pain it occasioned had been recently increased by insinuations that he had not sufficient steadiness and perseverance to succeed in any profession. In evidence of this opinion, it was said that he had tried Theology, Law, and Physic, and failed in all. But those who brought this charge against him, knew nothing of the painful necessity, which only permitted him to choose, and then compelled him to relinquish what he had chosen. It could not be said with any justice, that he had deserted the Church, for he had never made theology an object of study. Law, as he found by experiment, was a profession which he could not prosecute without capital—without "a few hundred pounds," which he had found it impossible to raise; and, therefore, in giving up this branch of study, he had acted, not from caprice, but necessity. As a last effort to accommodate his mind to circumstances, and work his way by dint of perseverance, he had performed the most irksome and laborious duties in a lawyer's office: and if, at length, dispirited with the hopelessness of the task, and sick of the drudgery, he retired in disgust, it was with the painful conviction that he had no alternative. With

regard to the study of medicine and surgery, which it was alleged he had also abandoned, it has been already shown that he did so under the impulse of feelings which he could not resist, and which it was no discredit to avow. It could not be denied, perhaps, that appearances were against him; but to those who were acquainted with the real circumstances of his case, it was perfectly evident that he felt every change in his plans to be a severe disappointment. But to some who envied his fame, or felt the sting of his satire, every unavoidable transition in his pursuits was magnified into a proof of unsteadiness. They said—

——— "his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse."———

But in the following letter, addressed to his friend Thomson, from Edinburgh, he vindicates his character from this imputation; and such is his desire to acquire professional knowledge, that, in spite of his former repugnance, he has betaken himself once more to the study of Chemistry and Anatomy; and again it was objected that he was unsteady.

TO MR. THOMSON.

EDINBURGH, *7th Nov.* 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

To have written you during my residence at Levenside and Glasgow, would have been doing injustice to my best correspondent. Harassed, as I then was, by considerations about the future, I must have only disclosed the picture of a feverish and discontented mind. I thank God I am now safely set down at my fire-side, with my Chemistry and Anatomy class-notes on each side of me.—My dear friend, you will think me changeable! I am

attempting to study a new profession. Law I have abandoned; and my prospects of going abroad to my brothers, will not do. If I find myself able to accomplish this view, I shall be happy; but my hopes are not sanguine. Much depends upon my success with those most variable patrons, the Edinburgh booksellers. I have the prospect of employment with Mundell and Son, sufficient for this winter. Beyond that period I dare not hope. I am afraid I shall be forced to abandon the pursuit at present so near my heart, and again, as before, incur the censure of unsteadiness. My friends—or some persons who from ties of blood affect to be so—have not been sparing in that assertion. Witness, Truth! I have failed in some former attempts, but *not* from the want of resolution. But, perhaps, I may disappoint them in their allegations by persevering in this attempt and succeeding in a respectable profession. I should not have troubled you with my own misanthropic complaints, before returning you thanks for your pledge of affection. Horace is my favourite lyrist, ancient or modern. Believe me, your agreeable remembrance shall not be an unfrequent visitant to my evening hours; it shall sleep under my pillow and inspire delightful dreams. Concerning ———, he is extremely sensible, but never off his guard. I cannot give you his character in almost any other words—cautious, polite, agreeable, he will never offend; but to espouse the interest of a friend, with the true energy of a generous mind, he will prudently decline. God only knows who is the friend of ———; but I well know he speaks in modified terms of some whom, to their face, he treats as bosom companions.—Want of room obliges me to omit some trifles in poetry which I intended for your amusement; but I shall cast about for a safe hand who may frank them to London.—I am yours eternally. T. C.

In his estimate of their mutual friend, Campbell was quite correct; it was verified by experience; but the discovery that his confidence had been misplaced was mortifying to his feelings. His fear of being again compelled to "abandon a pursuit so near his heart," was too well founded: he was again buoyed up with false hopes of settling in Virginia; but the horizon was gradually brightening, and after the date of this letter, his disappointments and hopes appear to have been so nearly balanced, as neither to elevate nor depress his mind beyond the point favourable to health and successful industry. One of the "trifles," which he meant to have inclosed in the preceding letter to his friend, he afterwards presented to Mr. Richardson, from whom I have received the following copy. To this poem a little history is attached, which may be told in a few words. After leaving Edinburgh in the previous July, the Poet made a visit to a family, then residing at Cathcart, consisting of three young ladies, for whom he entertained the highest respect, and who were among the very first who had read and admired his youthful Poems. These ladies were Isabella and Helen Hill, sisters; and their cousin, Jean Grahame—sister of the author of "The Sabbath"—of whom, individually, frequent mention is found in the Poet's letters. In their society he met with a reception highly gratifying to his taste: and by daily intercourse with refined and congenial minds, he was encouraged under disappointment, and stimulated to higher efforts in poetry. The "Epistle" describes, with beauty and accuracy, the rural walks in which they indulged—the subjects on which they conversed—the interesting objects that claimed their attention; and concludes with some touching allusions to his own recent exile in the Hebrides. This Epistle, like one or two others of his youthful poems, shows a gradual approach, in

style and sentiment, to "The Pleasures of Hope." It was never retouched; but it is probable that the mature revision of the author would have greatly improved it. It is interesting in another sense, as it evinces his unabated love of the country, and the truth and freshness of his feelings at this youthful period.

EPISTLE TO THREE LADIES.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE CART.

Health and content for ever more abide
The sister Friends that dwell on Cartha's side!
Pleased, may ye pass your rural life, and find
In every guest a pure congenial mind!
Blessed be your sheltered cot, and sweet the walk
Where Mira, Helen, and Eugenia talk!
Where, wandering slow, the pendent woods between,
Ye pass no song unheard—no flower unseen;
With kindly voice the little warbler tame,
And call familiar "Robin" by his name;
The favourite bird comes fluttering at command,
Nor fears unkindness from a gentle hand.

I bless your sheltered vale and rural cot!—
Yet why my blessing?—for ye need it not;
The charm of life for evermore endures,
Congenial Sisters, in a home like yours!
Whatever sweets descend from heaven to cheer
The changeful aspect of the circling year;
Whatever charms the enthusiast can peruse
In Nature's face—in music—and the Muse—
'Tis yours to taste, exalted and refined,
Beyond the pleasures of a vulgar mind.
When dew-drops glitter in the morning ray,
By Cartha's side, a smiling group ye stray;
Or, round the tufted hill delight to roam
Where the pure torrent falls in showery foam;
Or climb the castled cliff, and pause to view
Spires, villas, plains, and mountains dimly blue;

Then, down the steep, a wood-grown path explore,
And, wandering home by Elspa's cottage door,
To greet the rustic pair a while delay,
And ask for their poor boy, in India,—far away!

Congenial Sisters! when the vesper-bell
Tolls from yon village, thro' your echoing dell,
Around your parlour-fire your group convenes
To talk of friends beloved, and former scenes—
Remembrance pours her visions on the sight,
Sweet as the silver moon's reflected light;
And Fancy colours, with her brightest dye,
The musing mood of pensive extasy.

Perhaps ye hear in heavenly measure play
The pipe of Shenstone, or the lyre of Gray;
With Eloise deplore the lover's doom;
With Ossian weep at Agandecca's tomb;
Or list the lays of Burns, untimely starred!
Or weep for "Auburn" with the sweetest bard.
Friends of according hearts! to you belong
The soul of feeling—fit to judge of song!
Unlike the clay-cold pedantry, that draws
The length and breadth for censure and applause.
Shame to the dull-browed arrogance of schools!
Shall apish Art to Nature dictate rules?
Shall critic hands to pathos set the seal,
Or tell the heart to feel—or not to feel?
No!—let the verse, a host of these defy,
That draws the tear from one impassion'd eye.

Congenial Friends! your Cartha's woody side
How simply sweet, beyond the city's pride!
Who would forsake your green retreat to share
The noise of life—the fashion and the glare!
To herd with souls by no fine feeling moved;
To speak, and live, unloving—unbeloved!
In noisy crowds the languid heart to drown,
And barter Peace and Nature for a town!

Oh, Nature—Nature! thine the vivid charm
To raise the true-toned spirit, and to warm!

Thy face still changing with the changeful clime,
Mild or romantic—beauteous or sublime;
Can win the raptured taste to every scene—
Kilda's wild shore, or Roslin's lovely green.

Yes—I have found thy power pervade my mind,
When every other charm was left behind;
When doomed a listless, friendless, guest to roam,
Far from the sports and nameless joys of home!
Yet, when the evening linnet sang to rest,
The day-star wandering to the rosy west—
I loved to trace the wave-worn shore, and view
Romantic Nature in her wildest hue.
There, as I linger'd on the vaulted steep,
Iona's towers toll'd mournful o'er the deep;
Till all my bosom owned a sacred mood,
And blessed the wild delight of solitude!

Yes—all alone, I loved in days of yore
To climb the steep, and trace the sounding shore;
But better far my new delight to hail
Nature's mild face in Cartha's lovely vale!
Well pleased, I haste to view each favourite spot—
The wood, the stream, the castle and the cot,
And hear sweet Robin in the shelter'd walk,
Where Mira, Helen, and Eugenia talk!

T. C., *æt.* 20.

In a preceding letter, Campbell has mentioned that from Messrs. Mundell and Son he had the prospect of sufficient employment for the winter. Another employment consisted of various contributions to a geographical work, then in the press. But from both, the remuneration was as little adequate to his expenses, as the subject was grateful to his taste. Having the promise, however, of something better, he persevered in the task of compilation until the end of January, earning just sufficient to clear his way. After the commencement of the new year, however, his interest with the booksellers procured him no better

patronage. His pay was diminished; and, to maintain his independence, he was obliged to have recourse, once more, to the salary of a classic tutor. On resuming the duties of this honourable—but to the Poet most uncongenial—office, the letter which introduced him to Professor Dalzell did not fail to be of service; for by this recommendation he succeeded in obtaining one or two pupils, by whom, in justice to his own high standing at College, he was paid with more than wonted liberality. No sooner, however, was everything put into a fair train, than letters from his brothers in Virginia brought him a pressing invitation to join them; and the prospect held out was so encouraging that he accepted it without hesitation, and made up his mind to quit Scotland in March. About the same time another letter from his friend Thomson announced that, being in delicate health, he had resolved to accept the friendly challenge sent him from Mull, and with the cheering prospect of joining him in Scotland would leave home by a certain day. With what feelings Campbell received this letter from his earliest and best friend is recorded in his answer, written in the midst of preparations and regrets.

TO MR. JAMES THOMSON.

January, 1798.

MY DEAR THOMSON,

Your intelligence—can you think it possible?—I wish I had not received. I would give the world you had not informed me you are coming to Scotland; for long ere that time I fear your friend will be on the other side of the globe! This is all of a piece with my other fortunes! I have found few *friends*—few that care whether I exist or not. Yet of these congenial minds, there is not one whose society I have been able to enjoy for any length of time.

I have either left them, or they have left *me*. This, my dear Thomson, you will say, is a gloomy welcome to Scotland! But I wish you may enjoy all the happiness and restoration of health which the tour can confer—I do, sincerely! But the idea that our mutual expectation of happiness in meeting, after such a long absence, must be disappointed, obliges me to think on your jaunt with little pleasure. In all probability, at that very time when—were I permitted to stay here—we might be seated at this humble but hospitable fire-side, I shall be crossing the Ecliptic, or mooring in the mouth of the Ohio! I have engaged to go to America; and, in all human probability, must sail in six weeks! A ray breaks on my mind—is it a false hope I entertain?—that before that time you may have at least spent one day here. I fear—I see it is impossible. The weather is too severe, even at that time, for a valetudinarian to travel. There is no chance of farewell. I will think of you as often in America as here. I will write to you by every chance, and console myself with the hopes of hearing from you in return. I have only one request to make: send me a lock of your hair, and I will have it set in the most precious stones—at least that I can afford. I will immediately transcribe all the Pieces in my possession, and leave you them—a sad remembrance of your friend! I cannot help recurring to my old theme. I would have accompanied you to Loch Lomond and the Western Isles, had fate permitted—but my doom was settled *before* the receipt of your letter. You will certainly be much pleased with the romantic scenes you have to visit. I advise you, in particular, to see the islands of Staffa and Iona; they are enough to inspire a man of taste with enthusiasm. Oh, how happy an excursion had it been, to have shared with my friend the sublime pleasure of contemplating the works of nature! Write imme-

diately, and say if my half-formed and romantic hope of seeing you, before March expires, be quite so absurd as I fear it is.—I am, as ever, T. C.

This letter was written from his father's house in Glasgow, where he was busy making arrangements for his voyage: but his health being again impaired by too much study and confinement, he was urgently advised to employ the interval in excursions among his friends. This, aided by the exhilarating prospect of crossing the Atlantic, had the desired effect; and he was enabled at the same time to finish some literary task-work, which he had undertaken for one of the Edinburgh booksellers. He was to have embarked for America early in March; but long before the month elapsed, the colour of his fate underwent another sudden change. His elder brother interposed his advice and authority, and the voyage to America was postponed. The grounds of his brother's objections to his going to America, will be found stated in a subsequent letter; but, in the meantime, the Poet's health was re-established, his task was completed; and when the countermanding order arrived, he appears to have received it as only one of those "occurrences with which he had been all his life familiar." This, however, was the *third* time that the prospect of emigrating to America had been ardently indulged, and as cruelly defeated. Dreaming of a home beyond the Atlantic, and "of mooring in the Ohio," he seldom looked on the sea without feeling—

> "Like one that stands upon a promontory,
> And spies a far-off shore, where he would tread,
> Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
> And chides the sea that sunders him from thence."

This longing desire to visit the land of Washington is often expressed in his early letters, and was naturally

strengthened by its being the adopted country of so many members of his own family. Of this partiality, the fact of his having chosen, long afterwards, the Vale of Wyoming as the scene of his Gertrude, is a flattering proof. But upon this disappointment, all further negotiations with his friends in Virginia were dropped, and he resolved not to be again deluded into any scheme of emigration. It is easy, however, to perceive, from the style and tenor of his letters, that his philosophy had a stubborn task in maintaining the ascendancy, under so many vexatious disappointments.

The remaining fortnight of his visit was spent in concerting with his parents the best method of carrying into effect the plan, on which they had decided the previous November, of changing their residence to Edinburgh; and having arranged this to their satisfaction, he returned once more to his lodgings in Rose-street, until a suitable house or apartments could be met with for their reception. By his unexpected return to his friends, after so many adieus, some suspicion as to his steadiness of purpose escaped them; and feeling that he was thrown, more than ever, upon his own resources, he again took refuge in poetry. The opinion, or rather prediction, of Dr. Anderson as to his future reputation as a poet had left its impression on his mind, and he determined to make one great effort, and put it to the test of experiment. He then wrote to his friend Thomson—the faithful depository of all his conflicting thoughts—the following account of the total failure of his American scheme :—

EDINBURGH, *March 30th*, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You were among the few to whom I mentioned my resolution of going to ———, and you may well suppose I congratulate myself now upon the discretion with which

I mentioned it—*being compelled by necessity to stay at home!* Yes, there is surely either a fate, or a Providence, or a blind necessity, which regulates the course of things. Ever since I knew what America was, I have loved and respected her government and state of society; but, without incurring censure, I cannot yet become a citizen of that enviable country. My youngest brother,* who resides there, anxious to see me once more, negotiated for me, at my request, and procured me a situation; but my eldest brother, who is a man of more experience, forbids me to quit Britain till I have acquired more useful knowledge. I venerate his opinion, and, however unwilling, I relinquish my wish.—But I hasten to ask, will your journey assuredly hold? The country looks charming—Edinburgh is yet gay. I hope you are not so changeable as I am. But I know not what makes me fear; I think the prospect too brilliant to be realised. May I live in hope, until you write me! Assuredly I should have let you know the change in my arrangements, as soon as they took place, but a stress of work† in the bookseller's employ had given me a breast complaint, for the benefit of which I was forbid to write. I made a visit to the West Country, which brought me back to my desk; and I devote the first libation of ink upon the Altar of Friendship! I heard lately from Watt; like me, he has been a sick man—but is now, I believe, convalescent in Wales. He writes in high spirits, and is as witty as usual. I have never troubled you on politics; but I shall beg your opinion on Godwin, and on the general sentiments of the Londoners, respecting his writings

T. C.

* He means his brother Robert, the third son. See page 24-5.

† Dr. Irving has ascertained that he was one of the compilers of a Geography—"A New Geographical, Commercial, and Historical Grammar, &c., by a society of gentlemen. Edinburgh, 1799. 2 vols. 8vo. This was only an improved edition of the work, printed for Alexander Kincaid, who was not a regular publisher."

Having finished another prose task for the booksellers, Campbell appears to have withdrawn from all further contributions, and confined himself to poetry. He was now convinced that, to acquire independence, he must cultivate the native treasures of his own mind, for every attempt which he had made through other channels, had ended in disappointment. From this moment, the episodes in "The Pleasures of Hope" were gradually brought forth, and elaborately finished; for it was on labour, he said, not on inspiration, that he must depend. Nature might supply the material, but to give it shape and lustre required the ingenuity of art—

——alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.

"I well recollect," says Lord Cuninghame, "that his favourite maxim then was, that a man accustomed to work, was equal to any achievement he resolved on; and that necessity, not inspiration, was the great prompter of his Muse. That impulse Campbell now felt; he wrote rapidly when he began, and set about the composition or completion of a poem for publication."

While thus laying down rules for his future studies, he did not forget that, to carry them into effect, he must resume his former labours in order to meet the current expenses. "And now," he says, "I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood, as long as I was industrious. But 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off. I was not friendless, nor quite solitary at this period in Edinburgh. My aunt, Mrs. Campbell, and her beautiful daughter

Margaret*—so beautiful that she was commonly called Mary, Queen of Scots—used to receive me kindly of an evening, whenever I called; and it was to them—and with no small encouragement—that I first recited my poem when it was finished." "I had other friends also," he mentions in another note, "whose attachment was a solace to my life. Before I became known as an author, I was intimate with Francis Jeffrey, and with Thomas Brown, afterwards the successor of Dugald Stewart, in the Moral Philosophy Chair of Edinburgh. I was also acquainted with Dr. Anderson, author of 'The Lives of the British Poets.'"

Campbell's acquaintance with John Richardson—a name which occurs so often in his correspondence—commenced about the same time. Mr. Richardson was then serving his apprenticeship with a Writer to the Signet. They were introduced by a common friend, who was a fellow-lodger with the Poet, at "Lucky Learmont's." With James Grahame, author of the "Sabbath," and his sisters, Campbell was previously acquainted, both in Glasgow and at Cathcart, where he had recently visited the "three ladies," and composed the poetical souvenir inserted in these pages. Campbell had introduced Mr. Richardson to James Grahame, then an advocate at the Scottish bar. "Grahame, who was considerably the senior both of Campbell and Mr. Richardson, had encouraged the latter in some attempts at verse, made probably under the influence of the society of two such friends: and happening, when accompanying his cousins and sister in a walk to Arthur's Seat, to have a stanza of Mr. Richardson's in his

* This lady married Dr. Badham, late of the Glasgow University, and died a few years ago at Brighton. Dr. and Mrs. Badham were his frequent visitors while the poet lived at Sydenham. Dr. B., translator of Juvenal, was considered one of the best classic scholars of that day.

pocket, Grahame read it to the ladies, pretending it was by Burns,* and omitted by Dr. Currie in the Bard's life. They were pleased with the lines, which soon appeared in the collection of Scottish Melodies by Mr. Thomson,† to whom the public owes so much for exciting Burns to the production of those exquisite lyrics written for that work." The incident of the walk to Arthur's Seat led to Mr. Richardson's introduction to Miss Grahame and the Misses Hill, who had then taken up their abode in Edinburgh; and, during the remainder of his sojourn there, few days passed without finding Campbell and Richardson in the family circle of these gifted friends.

* The original, as published in Burns's Poems, to the air of "Hughie Grahame," consists of two stanzas, the first by Burns, the last ancient. Between these a new stanza, inserted by Mr. Richardson, was that which led to the introduction. They stand thus in Thomson's Melodies:—

O, were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By Autumn wild and winter rude;
But I wad sing on wanton wing
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.
—*Burns.*

Oh, were my love yon violet sweet,
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray,
And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonnie leaves to play.
I 'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
Beneath the noontide's scorching ray;
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews,
At morning, dawn, and parting day.
—*J. Richardson.*

O, gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa':
Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I 'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
'Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.—*Ancient.*

† It is not foreign to the subject of a Life of Campbell to notice that this excellent person, with whom Grahame and Campbell and Mr. Richardson had the happiness of being on habits of great intimacy, has recently received, at his advanced age, an honourable and gratifying tribute of the respect in which he is so justly held. An an elegant cup was presented to him at a late public meeting in Edinburgh, with an appropriate and affecting address, by Lord Cockburn. Among the subscribers to this token of consideration is the immortal name of Joanna Baillie.

From that time, a close intercourse was kept up between Grahame, Campbell, and Richardson, which, to the great sorrow of the survivors, was cut short by the death of Grahame in 1811. His intimacy with Mr. Richardson, at this period, was one of the fortunate circumstances of the Poet's life. To its influence, in cheering him under depression, in stimulating his literary industry, and in rendering him faithful advice and service under many difficult circumstances, frequent testimony is found in his letters. It is pleasing to add, that during the long period of forty-six years, the friendship between Campbell and Richardson suffered no interruption. It is recorded in the Poet's first pilgrimage to Germany, and in his last correspondence from Algiers; and Mr. Richardson* was one of the very few early friends who had the melancholy satisfaction of attending his remains to their last resting-place, in Westminster Abbey.

Henry, Lord Brougham was another of the young men of genius with whom he then associated, and of whose abilities he delighted to write. His acquaintance with Thomas Robertson, to be mentioned hereafter, commenced at the same time.

Among his other bachelor friends, of whose attachment he speaks as "the consolation of his Edinburgh life," was Francis Clason, afterwards of the Chancery Bar, in England. With Henry Cockburn, now one of the Lords of Session,

* Equally happy in the friendship of their illustrious contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, it may be imagined how the recollections of both are now treasured up by the survivor:—

"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

The happiest result of the Poet's introduction of his friend to the circle above-mentioned, was the marriage of Mr. Richardson, some years afterwards, to Miss Hill, a niece of the ladies so affectionately mentioned in the following letters.

he had also the happiness of forming an early acquaintance, which ripened into steady and consistent friendship.

With some other families and individuals, found in the list of his Edinburgh friends, he was not acquainted until the spring following, when his poem had become a favourite topic in every literary circle. Among the more retired families, where he was perfectly at home, was that of Mrs. Keddie, whose son John was one of the Poet's familiar companions. Her daughter Mary, who, in gifts of mind and person, resembled his 'beautiful cousin Margaret,' was an accomplished musician; and, in listening to her melodies, the young Poet spent many of those soothing hours, which in after life he so delighted to recal. This lady, now Mrs. Ireland, retains a pleasing recollection of his visits; and bears testimony to the cordial admiration with which he was received in Edinburgh.

With this brief enumeration of his early friends, which I shall have occasion to enlarge in a future chapter, I resume the narrative of the Poet's movements during the summer. After a pause of unusual length in their correspondence, he thus breaks silence in a letter to Mr. Thomson :—

EDINBURGH, *June* 26, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Write me, if you be in life, that I may have the satisfaction to know it! The last was by Mr. Clason, who has since written me to say that he sent it immediately on his arrival. My fears suggest, from the tenor of your former letter, that your health is not re-established. Are you in London or where? for God's sake let me know. I have sent directions to Mr. Clason, to make some inquiries after you. You will find him a valuable fellow; I hope you will be better acquainted. I believe I was explicit in

mentioning my reasons for retracting from my views of going to America. The advice of my eldest brother, and that of my brother Robert,* prevailed over my inclination. I have it still ultimately in view, though God knows in what different shapes. I shall be forced to pursue my "business," until the time arrive when I can go out on a truly respectable and agreeable footing. I think of leaving this city soon, so that you may address either to the College, or Charlotte-street, Glasgow. I have been much disappointed that you have not fulfilled your journey to Scotland. The summer is not quite spent, so that I may still entertain some hopes; but my mind is very uneasy, and must be so until I hear from you. How can it be otherwise, when you are so long silent? If you be alive, and still my friend, I am happy—and believe me, I am still yours— T. C.

The "business," to which he refers in this letter, was that of private tuition; and, as all duties of this kind were usually suspended at the termination of the summer classes, he was looking forward to an emancipation of several weeks, which were to be spent in revisiting Glasgow and the neighbourhood. His private studies, however, were of a nature that did not allow him any protracted relaxation. While proceeding with his Poem, he had taken much pains with a critical revision of one or two of the Greek tragic poets, a small edition of which he intended to publish with original notes. This undertaking was encouraged by an Edinburgh bookseller; and it is probable that, between the text of Æschylus, and the "Pleasures of Hope," he fairly divided the ensuing vacation. His visit to the West Country, which took place in July, was the last to his

* For a notice of these two brothers see introductory chapter, pp. 20, 23-4.

father's house in Glasgow. Arrangements were now concluded for the safe transfer of the household gods to Edinburgh, where a small house was engaged for their reception, at St. John's Hill.* Under less encouraging circumstances, the propriety of such a step might have been justly questioned; but, finding that Edinburgh was to be the field of his literary exertions, Campbell was desirous to have his parents beside him. "He had the prospect of spending a happy winter; he had enlarged and liberal views of rising in life;" and to see them participating in his better fortune, would double the enjoyment. The old people, too, had been long watching for the rising sun, to finish the last stage of their pilgrimage; and, thinking they could now perceive visible tokens of his approach, they joyfully prepared to meet him in the east.†

* To the reader it may appear a forced association; yet I never think of this episode in the Poet's history, but the old story of Æneas and the venerable Anchises is immediately presented to my mind.

† In a letter from Mrs. Campbell, the Poet's mother, to her second son, Alexander, in Demerara, and written in October of this year, I find various allusions to the state of family affairs. The following are extracts:—"You cannot imagine, my dear Sandy, what pleasure it gives your father and me to hear of your welfare. Your father has given up corresponding with everybody; [he was then eighty-eight] but if you direct for me, 'Mrs. Campbell, of Kirnan,' [see page 13] it will find either of us that may be alive. You will find in me a regular correspondent, and an affectionate mother. I wish to God I could give you an invitation to come home to a wealthy father and mother's house! But that is not in my power. You may be assured that it would be one of the greatest blessings that the Almighty could bestow, to see you under our roof. I thank God that we have both the regard and esteem of all our connexions and acquaintances. I have had very little to depend on but my own industry [pages 17, 18] since your father gave up business—now near seventeen years ago—with an *eightsome* family to provide for. I have furnished a small house for Elizabeth [see page 22] and there she is mistress. Daniel [see page 26] is in business, and I assure you is doing very well; and your father's opinion and mine is, that if you determine to come home, you could not do better than by putting part of your money into his concern; but this, my dear Sandy, is what we will not urge, as *you* must be the best judge of this

But as the removal on which they had resolved, was not to commence until the Martinmas following, Campbell prolonged his visit to Glasgow, and divided the time between his friends and the Muses. Among other localities "endeared to young remembrance," he again visited the "scenes of his childhood," on the River Cart. On taking final leave of this scene, he composed the following "Lines," a copy of which he gave to his friend, Mr. Richardson. As it is interesting to observe the train of feeling then passing through the Poet's mind, I have ventured, notwithstanding a previous quotation from it, to present the whole poem as it stands in the manuscript—

"O, scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
Ye green waving woods, on the banks of the Cart!
How oft in the morning of life I have strayed
By the stream of the vale, and the grass-covered glade!
Then—then, every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of life had been dimmed by a tear;
And a sweeter delight every scene seemed to lend,
That the mansion of peace was the home of a *friend*.
Now, the scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart;
Their flowers seem to languish—their beauty to cease;
For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace!
But hushed be the sigh, that untimely complains,
While Friendship, with all its enchantment, remains—
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime,
Untainted by chance, unabated by time!" T. C.

matter. We have had no letters from Archy since last *fall* [end of autumn]. He was well then, and sent us a present of twenty-five pounds. Mary and Tom are well. Your worthy father joins me in saying, may the ALMIGHTY bless our dear Sandy! Believe me to be, with tender affection, *Margaret Campbell.*"

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

On his return to Edinburgh, his progress with the "Pleasures of Hope" had been so satisfactory, that, in the opinion of one or two confidential friends, it was now ready for the press. It was proposed, therefore, to publish it by subscription; and all his young companions were ready to make every exertion in his favour. It does not appear, however, that Campbell, in this proposal, acted upon the advice of his seniors in criticism; but as the manuscript had passed the ordeal in some of the minor coteries, the step was considered safe and judicious. The only point that now remained to be settled was, to provide sufficient funds to defray the expenses of printing. This required some time and consideration; and, while Campbell was meditating on the subject, he received a visit from Mr. Thomas Robertson, one of those private friends who were in the secret. In his retrospective notes of this year, he thus expresses himself:—"I had a friend at this time, whose kindness I shall never forget." . . . "He had seen the manuscript of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' and calling on me one morning, he said—'Campbell, if you need money for the printing of the Poem, my purse is at your service. How much will it cost?' At a random guess I said 'fifteen pounds.' 'But, my dear fellow,' I added, 'God only knows when I may be able to repay you!' 'Never mind that,' he replied, and left me the money.

But for the fifteen pounds I had a hundred and fifty calls more pressing than the press itself."*

Under these circumstances, which had been rendered urgent by recent disappointments from a literary connection, the scheme of printing the Poem by subscription was abandoned. Before the seventh of November, however, he consulted his friend, Dr. Anderson, whose experience as an author gave peculiar weight to his advice on this point. The manuscript was then shown to Mr. Mundell, the only man in the trade "with whom the Poet had any profitable transactions;" and after some discussion between Dr. Anderson and the publisher, as to the merits and chances of the Poem; "the copyright of my 'Pleasures of Hope,'" says Campbell, "worth an annuity of two hundred pounds for life,† was sold out and out for sixty pounds," in money and books. "But on this subject let me not forget," he adds, "that for two or three years the publishers and purchasers of my Poem gave me fifty pounds on every new edition." Some further particulars of this transaction are thus stated by Dr. Irving, who has taken much pains to investigate the subject:—

"When the Poem was completed, his friend, Dr. Anderson, was again ready to negotiate with Mundell,

* On reminding Mr. Robertson of this circumstance, as recorded by the Poet, I was informed through their mutual friend, Mr. Richardson, that the fact regarding the money had escaped his memory; but, admitting that it happened as described, he thinks the amount of kindness greatly overstated. This is honourable both to borrower and lender—in the latter to forget, in the former to remember. The sum may possibly have been inaccurately stated; but whether it was five or fifteen pounds, the obligation in the Poet's mind was the same. He was the last to ask a pecuniary favour, but the first to acknowledge it when received. It was usual with Campbell to look at the merits of his friends, through a powerful magnifier; and to reverse the glass when he looked at his own.

who consented to publish it either on the condition of dividing the contingent profits, or of furnishing a certain number of copies.* This number amounted to only two hundred; nor could Campbell be dissuaded from parting with the copyright for so inadequate a consideration. The truth is, that his exquisite taste had led him to form a very high standard of poetical excellence, and that his anticipations of success were very far from being sanguine. When his resources were so scanty and precarious, the immediate possession of a very moderate sum might easily seem preferable to the uncertain expectation of a very great one. Nor is the publisher to be censured for his want of liberality: the author was an obscure (?) young man; and few booksellers are disposed to incur the risk of publishing the works of a Poet so untried and unknown. Poetry is generally considered by the 'trade' as a commodity by which money is more likely to be lost than gained."

All preliminaries being now settled between the author and his publishers, it was agreed that the Poem should be sent forth with engravings, early in the spring; and that the manuscript should remain for the present in the author's hands, to receive a thorough revision, and such additions as might be suggested during the interval.

Very soon after this arrangement, the Poet wrote the following letter, which contains some interesting, and rather remarkable passages:—

† In estimating the value of the poem at "an annuity of two hundred pounds for life," Campbell is quoting the words of an offer made to him by a London publisher, about three years after this period.

* "The retail price was six shillings; and the binding of each copy must have cost him a groat. If all the author's copies were delivered to retailers on the usual terms, his profits could not amount to fifty pounds. If we suppose a considerable proportion to have been sold at the full price, they may have approached to fifty pounds."—*Dr. Irving.*

TO MR. JAMES THOMSON, LONDON.

EDINBURGH, *7th November*, 1798.

I should stand inexcusable, my dear forgiving friend, if the time that has elapsed since I wrote you, had not been the most troublesome I have experienced during my life. I thought, before this gloomy month, to have had every article of my private affairs snugly settled for the winter, and to have begun my studies with a vacant and satisfied mind. I have been disappointed by ———.* It is needless to say any more to you, my friend. Let the page of our sacred correspondence be unstained by relating the mean subterfuges of ———, *not* Mr. Mundell; I have had profitable transactions with him, and never was treated ungenteelly. But although in part disappointed in my views, I have the pleasure to inform you, in return for your kind, and, I know, heart-felt inquiries, that the black side of my fortune has been compensated by pleasant—unexpectedly pleasant events! I have the prospect of spending a happy winter. I have enlarged and liberal views of rising in life; and I feel that one great cause of tumultuous, foolish, contemptible infelicity, has subsided in my mind.† My silence may have given the appearance of indifference to my feelings; but *you* know, Thomson, I never had a heart of a phlegmatic description. The subject of your visit to Scotland has been the predominant thought in my mind ever since I heard of your intention. The slightest association calls it up; and it is so pleasant as to be a match for the *most* pleasant that can start up. It

* This disappointment arose from the bad faith of a person with whom he had some literary dealings, which were to have produced a certain remuneration in cash at this time.

† He alludes, apparently, in this passage to an "early attachment," which pecuniary circumstances had prevented his bringing to a happy issue; and in which, as he ascertained on good authority, his place was now occupied by a rival, who was better supplied than himself with the gifts of fortune.—A.

throws itself into the balance of happiness, when I speculate upon the long-disputed point in philosophy, whether pain or pleasure predominates in this wicked world, and forms the decision—certainly the truest and the best. I feel a strange and delightful curiosity to know what change the time that has elapsed since we last shook hands, has produced upon my friend! I anticipate the start we shall mutually give on meeting. I shall want words to accost you. You remember I was a laughing little boy—and you were but a boy yourself—when we lounged about Alma Mater. My friends all tell me, I have now got a Parnassian thoughtfulness in my physiognomy, which must be very different from my former aspect! But we are *old men*, compared with the tyros of those days! and time produces wonderful changes at our period of life.

I think, by a person returned from London, there will be few prodigies to be seen at Edinburgh. But if you admire men of genius devoutly, I will introduce you to two young men, whom I expect to see *ornaments of their country*. I speak without exaggeration. One of them is Henry Brougham, of English extraction—a man of twenty—who has written some papers for the Royal Society, on a mathematical subject—*Porism*—which Newton left unfinished, and which has never been hitherto pursued by any other. I am an indifferent mathematician myself, and cannot pretend to appreciate their merit; but the best judges here regard them with *astonishment*.* The other is a lad of the same age; he is author of a publication entitled "Observations on Darwin's Zoonomia." Of these I can better judge; and have read with delight and won-

* "General theorems, chiefly Porisms, in the higher Geometry," by Henry Brougham, jun., Esq. Phil. Trans. 1798, pp. 378—396. Also, by the same author, "Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours, of Light;" 1796. See Prevost's paper on this subject—"Quelques Reflexions Optiques, &c.," Phil. Trans., 1798, p. 311.

der the works of a young, daring, but yet modest philosopher, who seems, in the generality of instances, to have confuted this eccentric writer upon his own principles. With the latter genius I have particularly cultivated acquaintance; he is as amiable in temper as remarkable in literature. At the same time our minds do not come into the closest contact: there is no coldness in his disposition; but a timid gentleness, and a politeness which, to me, seem rather distant. There is, in short, a something which makes me rather proud to hold him as an acquaintance, than to be upon the most familiar footing with him. You may, however, suspend your judgment till you see him. There are a few more to whom I could wish you known.—I know not from what motive I desire that our accquaintance with them should be common; perhaps it is from wishing us to think upon the same topics, at the same time. I sometimes regret that minds so much in unison as ours, should be employed so far away from each other, in thinking of subjects equally distant.

Before May shall unclose her blue voluptuous eye, and wave her shadowy locks of gold, I shall have the pleasure of presenting you with a *Poem*, in two Books, to be published as soon as the plates for it are finished! I hope the sentiments it developes will be as congenial to yours, as our sentiments hitherto have been.

Before concluding, I must inform you that your time is now fixed, and *fixed* it must remain! In Scotland you must be!—yes—in *Edinburgh*—at the fire-side of your sincerely happy friend. T. C.

'The Pleasures of Hope' was now publicly announced as 'a new poem in the press': but its merits were already well known to a few select judges, among whom various portions of the manuscript had been circulating, ever since

the author's return from Glasgow. The title of the poem was soon generally known among Campbell's private friends and acquaintances; and by them he was distinguished as the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" three months before it was sent to press. In the literary Society which Dr. Anderson drew around him, it was a familiar topic in conversation; and he had soon the pleasure of finding that the opinion of other judicious critics, respecting its merits, were in harmony with his own.

The circle in which the young poet now moved, was daily widening. "It was about this time," says Mr. Fletcher, "that Dr. Anderson introduced him to our acquaintance, after having shown us his 'Pleasures of Hope' in Manuscript. He was then an ardent, enthusiastic boy, younger even in appearance than in years. Mr. Fletcher was won by his passion for liberty, and I charmed by the beauty of his poem. He was always a welcome guest at our table, and soon felt at home by our fire-side; but he never was an obtrusive or forward visitor. I never but once had occasion to check his sarcastic humour, when it was petulantly exercised towards that good-natured, but eccentric peer, the Earl of B—n. Campbell had heard his Lordship's oddities made the subject of derision, and yielded to the temptation of quizzing him one day, when they met accidentally at our house, in Queen street, on a morning call. The old peer did not lose temper, but took up his hat hastily, and left the room. I was very angry, and gave Campbell a tremendous lecture (such as, he told me forty years after, he never had forgotten) on the ill-breeding of insulting an old man, in the house of a mutual friend. He was choked with rage—rang the bell for a glass of cold water—and rushed out of the house. I did not see him for a whole week after; but when he came again, he looked very contrite, and we shook hands and were as good friends as ever.—"

"Campbell was much with James Grahame and John Richardson at this time. I have no recollection of introducing him to Henry Erskine or Mr. Gillies; but he found his way into the best Society of Edinburgh; and we were all proud to receive a man of such undoubted genius. He was then, and at all times, a very cherished guest of Dugald Stewart. Mrs. Stewart was one of his best counsellors and friends, and he had the highest deference for her opinion."

Dr. Moore, who was probably the Physician mentioned in one of the Poet's letters from "Downie"* had the pleasure of introducing him to Mr. Dugald Stewart. This amiable and learned philosopher took a paternal interest in the young poet, and became the medium through which he obtained the friendship of Mr. Alison, whom he ever afterwards delighted to honour as his "intellectual father." In the society of these two families, Campbell spent many of the happiest and most profitable hours of his life.

To the family of Mr. Fletcher, as already mentioned, he was introduced by Dr. Anderson. "Mr. Fletcher was an eminent and an able advocate; and Mrs. Fletcher was the ornament of the circle in which she moved." At Dr. Anderson's house he was a frequent visitor; and there the merit of the "last finishing touches" which the Poet was then giving to his manuscript, was made the topic of friendly discussion. At that period, says Dr. Irving, in his notes, "The Editor of the British Poets had a very extensive acquaintance; and it was through him that Campbell formed his earliest connexions with men of letters. His house at Heriot's Green was frequented by individuals who had then risen, or who afterwards rose, to great eminence. As he had relinquished all professional pursuits,

* "A gentleman, a physician of refined manners and the most generous friendship." See page 173.

his time was very much at the disposal of his friends, whatever might be their denomination. He was visited by men of learning and men of genius; and perhaps, in the course of the same day, by some rustic rhymer, who was anxious to consult him about publishing his works by *superscription*. I remember finding him in consultation with a little deformed student of physic, from the North of Ireland; who, in detailing his literary history, took occasion to mention, that at some particular crisis, he had no intention of *persecuting* the study of poetry.

"Here, however, Campbell met with individuals of a very different description:

> 'Eâ tempestate flos poetarum fuit,
> Qui nunc abiêrunt hinc in communem locum'—

and one of these was his fellow-townsman, James Grahame, who was not yet known to the public as a votary of the Muses. He had been called to the Scotch bar in 1795; but he had previously sent to the press an anonymous volume of poems, in English, Scotch, and Latin. He was a man of an amiable disposition, and of gentle manners; but although he possessed no mean talents, they were not the peculiar talents of the profession which he had chosen, and in which he never rose to any degree of eminence. His poem entitled the 'Sabbath'—which was likewise published without the author's name, speedily passed through several editions. His largest work, "British Georgics," did not obtain the same degree of popular favour. Grahame was on friendly terms with Campbell, and invited him to his house before such invitations were very numerous. Another gentleman with whom he now formed an acquaintance, was William Erskine, who was also in the Law-line, and who is the sole survivor of a remarkable group of young men, who were then accustomed to meet each other

at Dr. Anderson's. No one could be less inclined to make a display of his talents and learning; but even at that early period, he was regarded by all his friends as possessing very superior attainments.

"It may not here be improper to record the opinion of Campbell, who was not considered as too lavish of his praise:—'I think Erskine is the most unexceptionable young fellow of my acquaintance.' As a Poet he was known to his particular friends, though not to the public. He is the author of an anonymous poem, which has sometimes been ascribed to a late Judge of the same name.

"Another associate, who afterwards rose to high distinction, was Thomas Brown. His original destination was for the bar, but he finally preferred the study of physic. He was a young man of very uncommon talents, and of various accomplishments, but was eminently conspicuous for his metaphysical acumen. He was a writer of Latin, as well as English verses, and seemed more anxious to acquire the fame of a poet than that of a philosopher; but with all his ingenuity and refinement he was not eminently successful in any of his poetical attempts,* which were sufficiently numerous. His poetry was generally of that description which

'Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.'

Dr. Brown became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

"John Leyden was another poet, with whom Campbell now formed an acquaintance. Leyden's talents had enabled him to surmount difficulties incident to a lot

* We ought, perhaps, to except the "Paradise of Coquettes," which reached a second edition, and even obtained a favourable notice from Lord Byron. The anonymous author he classes with Johnson, Goldsmith, Rogers, Campbell, and other disciples of Pope.—*Byron's Works*, vol. xv. p. 95.

originally very humble and obscure. He was a poet and an antiquary, but was chiefly distinguished as a linguist."

In the same literary circle at Heriot's Green, Dr. Murray, and other distinguished individuals, were accustomed to associate; and "Campbell," continues Dr. Irving, "must have derived some benefit from his habitual intercourse with individuals like these, most of whom were superior to himself, not in poetical genius, but in acquired knowledge. The range of their studies had been very extensive, as well as variegated; and all of them being full of youthful ardour, were able and willing to discuss many interesting subjects, which could not previously have attracted any great share of his attention. He did not form a lasting friendship with any one of the individuals whom I have now enumerated. A cordial intimacy subsisted between Dr. Brown and Mr. Erskine, and was only terminated by the death of the former. Leyden was on such friendly terms with Brown, that on his departure for Madras, he intrusted him with the charge of superintending the printing of his 'Scenes of Infancy,' the most considerable of his poetical works. Dr. Leyden and Mr. Erskine cultivated the same studies in India, and the one completed a work which the other had begun. Of the sentiments which Campbell and Leyden harboured towards each other, Sir Walter Scott has furnished us with a characteristic account.* Dr. Anderson introduced Leyden to Heber, who introduced him to Scott."

The name of another ingenious person still remains to be mentioned. This was Anne Bannerman, who acquired a considerable share of reputation by her poetical talents. Her earliest publication was a thin volume of poems, containing a poetical inscription to Dr. Anderson, to whose

* "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by J. G. Lockhart, Bart.," vol. vi. p. 326.

advice and encouragement she was much indebted. Her productions display more fancy than feeling; but they are distinguished by ingenuity and refinement, with much skill in versification. The spirit of the author was greatly superior to her birth or fortune; but she had received an excellent education, and was highly accomplished.

The "characteristic account" to which Dr. Irving refers, and which requires explanation, is the following:—"John Leyden," says Scott, "introduced me to him, (Campbell). They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated 'Hohenlinden' to Leyden, he said, 'Dash it, man; tell the fellow that I hate him. But, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.' This feud was therefore in the way of being taken up. 'When Leyden comes back from India,' said Tom Campbell, 'what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces.'" Such is the passage referred to.—Here follows the explanation of the "feud":—"Campbell's first visit to Edinburgh took place in 1797."—"His situation was then so desperate," according to Mr. Park, "he thought he might go and drown himself. This strong expression, which evidently was not to be understood according to the literal meaning, seems to have been the only foundation of a legendary tale, that he had actually been prevented from committing suicide."—The "legendary tale" was this, which I copy from an Edinburgh periodical:—"He (Campbell) was one day seen hurrying along Princes' Street, seemingly frantic, on his way, it was thought, to destroy himself. In this unhappy state of mind he was met by Dr. Anderson, who turned him from his purpose. This gentleman gave him his countenance

and assistance in arranging matters for the publication of the work; and but for his timely interference, this immortal production of Campbell's early genius (the 'Pleasures of Hope') might never have been given to the world. It was forthwith published. The first edition realised a considerable sum, and the Poet was enabled to escape from his hiding-place, in the confinement of which he was reduced to the very verge of distraction and despair."

Such was the statement which appeared in an Edinburgh Journal, soon after Campbell's death. It was only a new edition, however, of what had been circulated many years previously in Scotland, and which, it was said, the Poet had "never contradicted." To my certain knowledge, however, he did contradict it, and that very emphatically. When requested to give some explanation as to the truth of the report, "It is false," he said—"utterly false! I was annoyed by it at the time, and took some pains to trace it to the author. After some difficulty I found that it originated with John Leyden. I taxed him with it. He denied it; but there was the clearest evidence that I had discovered the real source. The consequence was, that I dropt his acquaintance, and this was the origin of the 'feud' between us."

I give the above as nearly as possible in the words of Campbell—softening only one or two expressions of indignation at the calumny. The passage quoted from the "Life of Sir Walter Scott" is thus explained. 'The misunderstanding was much to be regretted: but if a 'feud' sprang up between two young men of such acknowledged talent, it did not originate with Campbell.

With respect to the latter quotation, in which it is said that, just before the publication of his poem, Campbell "was reduced to the very verge of distraction and despair;" I find no evidence of such a state of mind and fortune, either in his own letters, or in the personal recollections of his friends.

That he had difficulties to contend with, is very apparent in his correspondence; but it is equally certain that by his industry and resolution, these difficulties were all met and overcome. Similar reports have been propagated in other quarters; but they are so manifestly erroneous, that to refute them in detail, would be to waste the reader's time and patience.

Had they not been industriously revived since Campbell's death, and found their way into various respectable and widely-circulated journals, I should have felt justified in passing them over in total silence. If misrepresentation be part of the tax which men generally pay for their celebrity, there was little reason to expect that he should form an exception.—"He never guided his life by the whispers or opinions of the world; yet he had a great reverence for a good reputation. He hearkened to fame when it was a just censurer, but not when it was an extravagant babbler."

The following reminiscences of the Poet, while he was giving the finishing touches to his manuscript, afford a clear though rather exaggerated picture of his habits and peculiarities :—

"According to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, it was while quartered at a dusky lodging in Rose Street, that the 'Pleasures of Hope' was principally composed. In the same *land*, or its immediate neighbourhood, resided at that time good Mr. Somerville, the landscape painter, then also a mere youth, and whose worldly prospects were, I believe, not more dazzling than those of the Poet. Let phrenologists explain the reason, but I never knew a painter of any real talents—and rarely a good musician—who did not also entertain a liking for poetry. Somerville was intensely struck, nay quite amazed, as he told me, by the first specimens which fell in his way of his neighbour's poem, so little could he have expected a production, thus

highly finished, and dignified in tone, from a youth whose demeanor was so unpretending, and whose ordinary conversation was quaint, queer, desultory, comic, occasionally querulous and sarcastic, but always rather the reverse of poetical. Very observant, therefore, did Somerville become of his eccentric neighbour, who sometimes amazed him in another way, and even excited his serious apprehensions by moods of deep and dark, though very transient despondency.

"'At such times,' said Somerville, 'I almost thought he was going crazy, and yet grew nervous myself upon it; for blue devils are catching. But *why* the author should make himself unhappy, after completing such a poem, I could not understand! Every one of his friends, without exception as I told him, and all the best critics in Edinburgh, were delighted with the work. It was a matter almost of certainty that his fame would be established for ever by this production, and to have accomplished this at so early an age!—Were I in his position, as I sincerely assured him, my triumph and exultation would have been quite overbearing.—I should have felt more elated than if half the town of Edinburgh had become my own property.

"'It often happened,' continued Mr. Somerville, 'that Campbell wandered into my room, and more frequently when in these discontented moods than in any other; for he then wanted, as he said, "to get away from himself." One night especially, he stalked in, knitting his brows, and without uttering one word, sat himself down before the fire; then, after a while, he took up the poker, and began to trace mathematical figures with it among the soot on the back of the chimney. At last he says abruptly: "What makes you so stupid, Somerville? Why don't you speak?"—I replied, that as he looked so abstracted, I supposed he was communing in secret with the Muses, and would not like to

be disturbed. "Hang the Muses! Don't talk any more of that nonsense, I beseech you!"—This was said bitterly and in a *falsetto* tone.

"Thinking to soothe him, I then spoke of a mutual friend from Glasgow, who had called on me the same day, in great glee, at having by chance secured a stray proof-sheet of the forthcoming poem. Instead of succeeding, it only made matters worse. "Supposing," says Campbell, still in his bitter tone, "they should all find out one day, as I did this morning, that the thing is neither more nor less than mere *trash*, would not the author's predicament be tenfold worse, than if he had never written a line?—They may well call their proof-sheets *'devil's proofs!'* and I assure you, that to-day, I could not endure to look at my own work. 'Twas an absolute punishment. And there are days, Somerville, when I can't abide to walk in the sunshine, and when I would almost rather be shot, than come within the sight of any man, or be spoken to by any mortal! This has been one of those days. How heartily I wished for night!"

"'He was in truth a strange character,' added Somerville; 'for that very evening we supped together at his own request, and before one o'clock in the morning he grew as wildly merry as he had before been despondent; took up quite readily my notions of becoming a great man, upon the strength of a single poem; then, in a style the most grotesque, but very graphic, and with great animation, he went on to tell in what fashion he would live, through what countries he would travel, and all the grand things he would do after his fortune was made. Nor was this altogether in joke; for the time present, at least, he was quite serious in his plans. Indeed, I suspect that Campbell had, after his own wayward fashion, a great deal of ambition. I used to tell him that he had got somehow or

another a cross of the Spanish Hidalgo in his character; for notwithstanding his discontent with his own verses, he had a great share of pride and *hauteur* in his composition; and would fire up at the remotest indications of an intentional slight or affront.'"*

Before being committed to the press, the manuscript Poem underwent another rigorous criticism: every line was examined, every sentiment analysed; and the mental excitement produced by this ordeal may have caused the irritability described in the preceding extracts. The Poet had always a rooted aversion to this kind of labour; and in the present instance, his friends were both able and willing to relieve him. Dr. Anderson, who had pledged his word to the public for the high character of the Poem, was indefatigable in his endeavours to have it brought out with *éclat*. He objected, suggested, and exhorted to such good purpose, that the work of polishing was continued by the author with equal diligence and success. The opening of the Poem, as it then stood, was the least satisfactory portion; several efforts were made to render it more poetical and effective; and at last, after a long night-vigil, the great object was accomplished. When Dr. Anderson called at the Poet's lodgings, late in the morning, he found him in bed; but the lines were immediately handed to him, and the Doctor perused them with surprise and delight. His admiration was again strongly and kindly expressed; and in the low feverish state of mind, to which the author had been reduced by his oft repeated, but hitherto unsuccessful efforts, the voice of unqualified approbation had a talismanic effect upon his spirits. The

* "These vague and shadowy traces," says my Correspondent, I have put together from divers conversations with Mr. Somerville, when, as a student for the Bar, I much preferred lessons in landscape painting to analysing the *Corpus Juris*, or the more useful pages of Erskine's Institutes." From these notes some further extracts will be found in subsequent portions of the work.

Poem had now received the last touches which the united strength of art and genius could bestow: and his friendly critic predicted its success with more warmth and confidence than ever.

The original manuscript of the Poem is now in the possession of Mr. Patrick Maxwell,* of Edinburgh, whose admiration of the author gives him a 'prescriptive title' to the custodiership of so precious an autograph. It was formerly in the keeping of the late Dr. Murray, professor of Oriental languages—who was one of Campbell's early acquaintances,—and extends over twenty pages of manuscript, which may contain about four hundred lines. The introduction in Campbell's hand-writing—which was cancelled by the later and happier effort of his muse—is here annexed:—

ORIGINAL INTRODUCTION TO THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Seven lingering moons have cross'd the starry line
Since Beauty's form, or Nature's face divine
Had power the sombre of my soul to turn,—
Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn.
The charm dissolves! What Genius bade me go
To search th' unfathom'd mine of human woe—
The wrongs of man to man, of clime to clime,—
Since Nature yok'd the fiery steeds of Time—
The tales of death—since cold on Eden's plain
The beauteous mother clasp'd her Abel slain—
Ambitious guilt—since Carthage wept her doom—
The Patriot's fate—since Brutus fell with Rome?
The charm dissolves! My kindling fancy dreams
Of brighter forms inspired by gentler themes;

* Editor of Miss Blamire's Poetical Works. "The MS. consists of about forty or fifty paragraphs; and altogether, scarcely amounts to one-half of what it now does. At the end of the Poem is 'The Irish Harper's lament for his Dog'—tune the 'Nine links of Yellow'—word for word as it is now printed under the title of '*The Harper*.'"

Joy and her rosy flowers attract my view,
And Mirth can please, or Music charm anew;
And Hope, the harbinger of golden hours,
The light of life, the fire of Fancy's powers,
Returns:—Again I lift my trembling gaze,
And bless the smiling guest of other days.
So when the Northern in the lonely gloom,
Where Hecla's fires the Polar night illume,
Hails the glad summer to his Lulean shores,
And bow'd to earth his circling suns adores.
So when Cimmerian darkness wakes the dead,
And hideous Nightmare haunts the curtain'd bed,
And scowls her wild eye on the maddening brain,
What speechless horrors thrill the slumbering swain,
When shapeless fiends inhale his tortur'd breath,
Immure him living in the vaults of death;
Or lead him lonely through the charnell'd aisles,
The roaring floods, the dark and swampy vales,
When rock'd by winds he wanders on the deep,
Climbs the tall spire, or scales the beetling steep,
His life-blood freezing to the central urn,
No voice can call for aid, no limb can turn,
Till eastern shoot the harbinger of day,
And Night and all her spectres fade away.
If then some wand'ring Huntsman of the morn
Wind from the hill his murmuring bugle horn,
The shrill sweet music wakes the slumberer's ear,
And melts his blood, and bursts the bands of fear;
The vision fades—the shepherd lifts his eye,
And views the lark that carols to the sky.

"These verses clearly indicate the peculiar genius and the refined taste of Campbell; yet they are very different from the introductory lines which were afterwards substituted, and with which the printed Poem now begins. Many of the passages in this original draught are *verbatim*, or nearly so, with the published work; others have been evidently retouched, and some—the episode to the Nightmare, for example—have been entirely suppressed."*

* This copy of the Introduction, with the Editor's remarks, is taken from the "Edinburgh Advertiser," in which, soon after the Poet's death, it was first printed.

On the twenty-seventh of April, the publication of the "New Poem" was announced: and public curiosity having been studiously kept awake for some months, the demand for copies was unprecedented. Anticipation, which had run very high as to its merits, was fully justified by the perusal: and, when the youth of the Poet was considered, the mature strength and beauty of the poem struck every reader with surprise. He "had suddenly emerged," it was said, "like a star from his obscurity; and, young as he was, had thrown a new and increasing light over the literary horizon of his country."

The French Revolution, the partition of Poland, the abolition of Negro-Slavery, were the reigning topics of the day. These he had touched with a master's hand—enlisting in the cause of the oppressed and enslaved of mankind, the noblest sympathies of our nature, and upholding the true dignity of man—whether in regard to his condition here, or to his prospects and destiny hereafter. The passages which awakened the deepest interest at the time, were those representing a brave people struggling for independence, but crushed by the iron hand of despotism: the capture of Warsaw, the massacre of the Polish patriots; the wrongs of Africa, the barbarous policy of Europeans in India, the prophecy; and the last and most sublime influence of Hope—the belief in a future state of existence; and the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which would extinguish the light of Hope, and leave us to grope our way in darkness and fear.

Among the minor passages in the Poem, pronounced to be exquisite in sentiment and expression, were, the remodelled opening, where a comparison is drawn between the beauty of objects in a landscape,—softened by distance,—and those ideal scenes of happiness, which the imagination delights to contemplate; the influence of Hope

in situations of peculiar danger and hardship: the seaman on his watch; the soldier marching into battle; the various pictures of domestic life; the mother watching by the cradle of her sleeping infant; the maniac, the prisoner, the wanderer; and lastly, the episode of Conrad and Ellenore, with which Madame De Staël was so captivated, that she says, in her letter * to the Poet, she had read it twenty times over, without lessening the admiration which the first perusal had awakened in her mind.

On referring to his own reminiscences of this epoch, I find the publication thus briefly noticed :—

"The Pleasures of Hope† appeared exactly when I was twenty-one years and nine months old. It gave me a general acquaintance in Edinburgh. Dr. Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, the author of the 'Man of Feeling'; Dugald Stewart, the Rev. Archibald Alison, the 'Man of Taste,' and Thomas Telford, the engineer, became my immediate patrons."

Dr. Gregory's attention was first attracted by the following incident. Calling one morning at the publisher's, he took up the new Poem just sent in from the printer's; "Ah, what have we here?" said he, "the Pleasures of Hope!" He looked carelessly between the uncut leaves until, observing a passage that struck him forcibly, he turned to the beginning and never moved from the side of the counter till he had finished the first Part. He then, in the most emphatic terms, said—"Mr. Mundell, this *is*

* The Letter from Madame De Staël to Campbell will be found in a subsequent portion of this work.

† The Pleasures of Hope, in two Parts, with other Poems by Thomas Campbell. Edinburgh, printed for Mundell and Son; and for Longman and Rees, and J. Wright, London. 1799.

The dedication runs thus: "To Robert Anderson, M.D., the following Poems are respectfully inscribed by his sincere friend, the Author." Copied from the *ninth* edition of 1806.

poetry! Where is the author to be found? I will call upon him immediately." From Mr. Mundell's shop, Dr. Gregory went to attend a consultation; but finding the hour was long past, and that he had unwittingly given to poetry the time meant for his patient, he called on the author, left a note for him, expressing his admiration of the Poem, and requesting the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Of Dr. Gregory's taste for elegant literature—his love of science—his classical acumen—his courteous manners—his frank and generous sympathy with men of genius—it is superfluous here to speak. In him these virtues were hereditary: he was profoundly imbued with the best learning of the best times; and to have won the approbation of such a man was, to Campbell, a source of much honest pride and encouragement. Like the Poet, too, he was deeply read in Greek, and had written Odes in that language; he conversed fluently and eloquently in Latin, had travelled much, and was idolized by the students; and it may be readily imagined that the morning of Dr. Gregory's visit was distinguished by a white mark in the Poet's diary.

Campbell's acquaintance in Edinburgh, as he observes, was now general; and, to the list of distinguished friends already mentioned, were now added the names of Gillies, Henry Erskine, and Laing, the historian. There were many young men of talent, nevertheless, to whom he was still unknown, unless by the growing reputation of his Poem. Walter Scott and he were already acquainted; but to introduce him to the *élite* of his own private circle, Scott invited him to dinner. On his arrival at the hour appointed, Campbell met a strong muster of Mr. Scott's friends, among whom he was rather surprised to find himself a stranger. No introduction took place;

but the subjects of conversation, and the ability with which they were discussed, showed clearly that the guests, among whom he sat at table, were men of genius and talent. Great harmony prevailed; and where Scott presided, the conversation was sure to be edifying as well as pleasant. At length, when the cloth was removed, and the loyal toasts were disposed of, Scott stood up, and, with a handsome and complimentary notice of the new Poem, proposed a bumper to the "Author of the Pleasures of Hope." "The poem," he added, "is in the hands of all our friends; and the Poet," pointing to a young gentleman on his right, "I have now the honour of introducing to you as my guest."

The toast was received with enthusiasm. The eyes of the company were fixed on the young Poet, and although taken by surprise, he acknowledged the compliment with so much good taste and feeling, that, after hearing him speak, no one felt surprised that so young a man had written the "Pleasures of Hope."

"It was only three years after the death of Burns," writes a surviving friend, "that Campbell made this powerful and effective appeal to the taste of his countrymen. His strains were not deeper or more natural in their tone, than those of his immortal predecessor; but they were elicited from a different string and fitted to awaken a different set of emotions. The same distinguished men who had hailed the arrival of Burns in the Scottish capital, were still living and equally ready to extend their favour to his youthful successor. I have heard Campbell in after-life express himself warmly as to the delight, which, at his first appearance as a poet, he received, from being not only recognized in that character, but admitted to the most familiar intercourse with the 'Man of Feeling,' the Author of the 'Essay on Taste,' Dugald

Stewart, Playfair, and other persons of similar tastes and acquirements."

It was figuratively remarked, that just as the star of Burns had disappeared from the western horizon, that of Campbell was rising with prophetic brilliancy in the east; so that they who had turned away, weeping, from the bier of the "inspired" peasant, looked around them and joyfully accepted the pledge of returning day.

Among other pleasing reminiscences of the Poet's life at this time, was that of his dining with Stephen Kemble, the first of that celebrated name whom he had ever met in private society. Thirty years afterwards, in a letter to Mrs. R. Arkwright, (the accomplished daughter of Mr. Stephen Kemble,) he thus recals the interesting circumstance: "The day that I first met your honoured father was at Henry Siddons', on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh. The scenery of the Frith of Forth was in full view from the house; the time was summer, and the weather peculiarly balmy and beautiful. I was a young, shrinking, bashful creature: my poems were out but a few days; and it was neck or nothing with me, whether I should go down to the gulf of utter neglect or not; although, with all my bashfulness, I had then a much better opinion of myself and my powers, than I have at this moment. Your dear father praised my work, and quoted the lines—

'"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' &c.

looking at the very hills that had suggested the thought! Well, I thought to myself, (for, as I have said, I was at that time enormously vain,) there *is* some taste in this world, and I shall get on in it; and my heart has warmed to the name of Kemble ever since. We are, alas! very selfish; and there was a vivid picture of that little party in my mind, when I went with an ardent heart to join in the

thunders of applause that welcomed your gifted relative,* who is to be the Queen of our stage."

It has been often said that the lines here quoted were written in the Highlands—and a locality has been pointed out to me where the scenery, it was supposed, would fully justify the assertion—but in the preceding letter the question is set at rest by the Poet's informing us, that they were recited "while looking at the very hills which had suggested the thought:"—

> "Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
> Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
> Why do those cliffs, of shadowy tint, appear
> More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
> 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

On the 31st of May, a month after the publication of his poem, Campbell writes thus to Mr. James Thomson:—"At present I am as busily employed as Mr. Rose, the treasurer: not, to be sure, in counting cash, but in what is vulgarly called fagging. I expect to be as idle as any gentleman in Scotland, within ten days; and the first fruits of my leisure shall be dedicated to the offices of friendship. I wish to know if you received a copy† of my Poem. I gave it to a gentleman of the name of Withering, who left this to go to Birmingham. The copy I sent was by mistake directed to you; but I meant to have sent only Gregory Watts' copy by Mr. W——. Drop me a line to let me know what you think of my first-born child!—I have some idea of seeing you before harvest.... I

*Miss Fanny Kemble at her appearance on the London stage. Extracts from the Poet's correspondence with Mrs. Arkwright, will be found under their respective dates.

† The copy of the Poem bears the following autograph:—Amico suo carissimo JACOBO THOMSON hocce opusculum D. D. D. auctor T. C.

don't look upon this as a letter—so you need not bundle it up amongst your 'Select Epistles'! I will write you a long and interesting account of the reception of this child of mine among the natives of Edinburgh; but at present, (to use a puerperal phrase) 'I am not quite recovered'!—With truth your immutable friend, T. C."

I have not been able to ascertain upon what subject Campbell was now so "busily employed." He had already entered into the scheme of another poem, the hero of which was to have been William Tell; but although his fancy was captivated with the topic of Helvetian freedom, it does not appear that his aspirations were ever reduced to writing. More than thirty years after this date, he wrote, at my suggestion, some lines on the heroic death of Arnold von Winkelried, Tell's compatriot, at the battle of Sempach, which have now a place in his printed poems. During the composition of this piece, the fervour of his youthful sympathies, in the cause of Swiss independence, was strongly revived. He could say, in the words of a learned prelate, "I do think that it is better to bask in the sun, and to draw a fortuitous sustenance from the scanty droppings of the most barren rock in Switzerland, with *Freedom* for my friend, than to batten as a slave at the table of the most luxurious despot on the globe."

This spirit was recognised and cherished by his readers, with an enthusiasm which was very gratifying to the Poet. Every line in the poem which had any reference to the subject, was instantly appropriated by the advocates of Freedom, and quoted as a text or an apothegm in their writings and conversations. Among the most popular was the well-known apostrophe—

"Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!

Friends of the world! restore your swords to man—
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet, for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own;
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return,
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of Bannockburn!"

To enter into a critical analysis of this Poem, which, during the space of forty-eight years, has maintained a steady and increasing popularity, would now be a work of supererogation. Never was the prediction of a critic more literally verified, than that pronounced by Dr. Anderson after he had perused the author's manuscript; and never, perhaps, was any author more surprised than Campbell at the success which responded to his first appeal to the literary public. In a communication * which I have just received from a friend and relative of the Poet, I find the following very apposite remarks: "Men of original genius," he observes, "generally convey what is peculiar and distinguishing at an early period of life, and in a single work; and the style is usually not *of* the age but *before* it. I think our Poet's case a good illustration of this general law of genius. A single work seems sufficient to bring out the peculiarities of any man's genius. It is single works that have, for the most part, established a man's fame, even when he has written more than one. It often happens that subsequent productions only repeat, and by expanding weaken thoughts that have been expressed before. If the style, too, of a book be adapted merely *to* the age, it may be popular, but it will die *with* the age. It must be out of the age, and especially before it, if it is to enjoy immortality."

* The Rev. J. G. Lorimer, Glasgow.

In writing the "Pleasures of Hope," the author did not adapt his subject merely to the age in which he had grown up, but to every succeeding age. The "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" throughout the poem, can never become obsolete: they address the human heart at all seasons, and under all circumstances, in the same language; they elicit from him who reads them to-day, as they did from him who read them fifty years ago, and as they will from the generation to come—the same kindred sentiments of pleasure and admiration.

It was said by one of the Poet's critics, that the style of the "Botanic Garden" was clearly observable in the poem. This opinion was adopted by a few others, but only for a very brief space, for it was soon pronounced to be untenable, and that, in reality, "none but himself could be his parallel." Passages were also pointed out, in which it was said he had imitated Pope, Gray, and Goldsmith; but it was always confessed that wherever he imitated, he at least equalled his models. By his apparent imitation of the author of the "Essay on Man," he had early acquired (in his prize poem on "The Origin of Evil") the title of the "Pope of Glasgow;"* and now, it was alleged, he might with still greater propriety be designated the "Darwin of Edinburgh."—On this question no critic of the day has pronounced with more truth and discrimination than Dr. Anderson; and his opinion, written in pencil on a fly-leaf of the poem, is thus eloquently recorded:—"How similar is the Darwinian, and yet how *unlike*, in reality, to the exquisite modulation of the style of Campbell, which rises and falls with the subject; now sinking, with the melancholy accents of grief, and now soaring on the wings of impassioned eloquence; lofty and low by fits; like the breeze-

* See some account of this at pages 187—8. 1794.

borne sound of the cataract; or like the night-wind dallying with the chords of an Æolian harp.!" *

Those passages in the poem, which became immediate and lasting favourites with the public, have been already mentioned: selected from these were certain golden lines, and expressions which soon became identified with the language, and are now quoted, like those of Shakspeare himself, both in public assemblies and in the privacy of domestic life. In a letter from his eldest brother in America, Campbell was told that his poems had been quoted with applause in the House of Representatives; and few things, he observed, had ever afforded him so much pleasure—because it was a circumstance highly gratifying to his brother.†

One of the episodes set to music was that beginning—

> Angel of life thy glittering wings explore
> Earth's loneliest bounds and ocean's wildest shore, &c.

To quote the passage in full would be contrary to the object in view, which is merely to indicate those lines in the printed poem which a long reign of popularity has rendered familiar to all readers of poetry.‡

* Communicated by a Correspondent, who had the happiness to live in familiar intercourse with Dr. Anderson during the latter period of his life, and thus speaks of him:—"I never met with a man like him, so kind, so frank and communicative; and I never expected to meet with one so exempt from all malice, so candid, and so acute as my venerable friend." A tribute to Dr. Anderson, from Campbell's pen, will be found in a future page of this work.

† The orator who thus quoted the poem, was probably Randolph, who on a later occasion is said to have repeated, in the senate,

> "The flag that braved, a thousand years,
> The battle and the breeze," &c.

‡ One of the lines—long familiar as "household words," is—

> "Like angel visits *few*, and far between."

In Blair's poem of the "Grave," the same sentiment is thus expressed—

Campbell was now "so very much noticed and invited out," that I conclude the "fagging" to which he alludes in his last letter, is to be charged to the account of Edinburgh hospitality. Of the merits of the poem there was but one opinion; it was everywhere quoted and praised; and as they who read the work were generally desirous of forming an acquaintance with the author, hardly a day passed without finding Campbell at some festive table, or in some literary coterie—"the observed of all observers"—the "bard of hope, liberty, independence, patriotism!"—the author of "a poem in which there is not a vulgar line—no, not a vulgar word."

"—visits,
Like those of angels, *short* and far between."

Burns has made use of nearly the same expression—

"Like the visits of good angels, short and far between."

But the thought first noticed in Blair, is not an improvement upon the original conception in Norris—

"How fading are the joys we dote upon,
Like apparitions seen and gone!
But those which soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong,
Like angel's visits short and bright—
Mortality's too weak to bear them long."

Again, in the Elegy on his Niece, he says—

"Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay;
They do but visit and away!"

It always appeared to be a singular oversight, both in Campbell and the able critics of that day, that a line in the "Specimens of Translations from Medea," several times repeated in the same specimen, should have been allowed to pass unnoticed through nine or ten editions of the Poem. It occurs twice in one Chorus—"Watch the damned *parricide!*" Monstrous murderous *parricide!* still applying the same epithet to Medea, and rendering παίδοφόνου and παιδολέτορ [l. 1390, 1404.] in the sense of parricide. Many years afterwards this was pointed out, and in the late edition, Medea has recovered her original epithet, and instead of "murderous paracide," she is now what Euripides describes her—a "foul Infanticide."

"When he got into general society," writes Lord Cuninghame, "I saw less of Campbell; but I was struck when we met with the strong and firm attachment he continued to maintain for the interests of liberty and humanity. I by no means refer to his opinions as sound in themselves, but as marking the tendency of his mind. He was still impressed with the conviction, that the great body of the people, in all countries, had many wrongs to be redressed; and when I expressed doubts of this admitting of any practical remedy, in the present imperfect condition of human affairs, he begged me to read Godwin's 'Caleb Williams,' Holcroft's novels, and 'Man as he Is,' and 'Man as he Is Not;'—which he then admired as delineations of character of great power and truth. His partiality for these authors shows the tendency of his mind at this early stage. I had abundant reason afterwards to know, that he did not pin his faith on the opinions either of Godwin or Holcroft."

Mrs. Ireland, who saw much of Campbell at this time, mentions that it was in the musical evenings at her mother's house, that he appeared to derive the greatest enjoyment. At these *soirées* his favourite song was "Ye Gentlemen of England," with the music of which he was particularly struck, and determined to write new words for it. Hence his noble and heart-stirring lyric of "Ye Mariners of England," part of which, if not all, he is said to have composed after one of these family parties. It was not, however, until after he had retired to Ratisbon, and felt his patriotism kindled by the announcement of war with Denmark, that he finished the original sketch, and sent it home to Mr. Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle." Of this interesting fact we shall have further evidence in his letters from the Elbe and the Danube.

During the summer of this eventful year, much of the Poet's time was spent in visiting his friends, and answering the complimentary notes and invitations that now flowed in upon him. With the pleasures, he felt also the evils of popularity; but while the novelty lasted, the former greatly predominated; and, surrounded by those who vied with each other in doing him honour, he enjoyed the present, and looked with cheering confidence to the future. No poem had ever met with a more flattering reception: it was quoted as an excellent epitome of sound morals; inculcating, by lofty examples, the practice of every public and domestic virtue; and conveying the most instructive lessons in the most harmonious language. In one party, the author received the united congratulations of eminent theologians, lawyers, and historians—men who were themselves objects of public admiration, and knew how to bestow their praise with delicacy and discrimination; whilst, in proof of the popularity and refinement of his poem, it was said that the lover presented it to his mistress, the husband to his wife, the mother to her daughter, the brother to his sister; and that it was recited in public lectures, and given as a prize-volume in schools.*

These facts—for such they proved to be—were highly gratifying both to the Poet and his friends. All were satisfied, and none more so than the publishers, who, encouraged by the rapid sale of the work, presented the author with fifty pounds for the next edition of two thousand copies. In the midst of this sudden prosperity, it is interesting to see how keenly his heart sympathised with the unfortunate victims of a sanguinary code.

* The first copy I ever saw of the "Pleasures of Hope," was a beautiful manuscript, executed at school by my friend Mr. John Esbie, M.A. When I mentioned the circumstance to Campbell, he thought that it was only "a proof of his having neglected Homer;" but when introduced to him, he found that although he had copied the "Pleasures of Hope," he had not neglected his Greek.

"I have a vivid recollection," says Lord Cuninghame, "of having taken Campbell to the closing scene in court, of a capital trial of a man who was condemned to death for embezzling money from letters. Nothing could exceed the pain that Campbell felt at this exhibition. He left the court in tears, and denounced our whole system as barbarous and cruel; and predicted that a penal code of such unnecessary and impolitic severity, would not long be endured. But he little anticipated that his prophecy would be verified in his own day."

His careful revision of the "Pleasures of Hope," as it again passed through the press, was marked by the introduction of several new passages, which greatly enhanced its original beauty. One of these, often quoted as the finest in the poem, was the following, in which he depicts the hour of dissolution :—

"Oh, deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds! untravelled by the sun,
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears,
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss.
Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb! . . ."
"The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes!

Hark! as the spirit eyes with eagle gaze
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion's hill!
Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence it rose;
Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirled to planet, more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path, by mortal never trod,
Sprang to her source, the bosom of her GOD!"

Among the short lyrics, hastily composed during this autumn, the ballad of "Gilderoy" is the only one ever printed with the author's name. A new heroic theme, suggested, perhaps, by the marked applause with which the fine bursts of patriotic feeling in his poem had been received by the public, now struck him as peculiarly adapted to the character of the times. Edinburgh was selected for the scene of the poem. Its title was to be "The Queen of the North;" the Poet was to celebrate the glory and independence of Scotland, as recorded in history and tradition; to display, in a series of martial episodes, the characters and achievements of her great men; and

by the powerful aid of painting, rekindle in the national mind her ancient spirit of freedom and independence. This poem, though finely imagined, was never completed; but the plan was so far settled, that Mr. Williams, the eminent landscape painter, was engaged to illustrate the work by a series of drawings; and it was to be brought out by Mundell and Son, with more than ordinary *éclat*. How deeply the subject was cherished by Campbell, and with what success he entered upon the task, will be seen in his future letters from Germany.

In the course of this year, Campbell had again the prospect of meeting his long-expected brother in Scotland; but he had no wish to emigrate, and was now only anxious to profit by the tide that was running in his favour. This prospect, like the former, ended in disappointment; for, owing to sudden reverses in trade, his brother was detained in Demerara. To this disappointment various allusions are found in the family letters.*

I now return to the Poet's correspondence with Mr. James Thomson.

EDINBURGH, *November* 6, 1799.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

After sending you—if I remember right—a few hasty lines, with a copy of my first-born, by Mr. Robinson,—of whom I conceived a very favourable opinion, and whom I wished to introduce to you, as a man of taste and agree-

* In a letter to her son Alexander, some particulars of *home* are thus given by the Poet's mother:—"My very dear Sandy.—It gave us the greatest pleasure to hear of your health, and that your circumstances were now in a train that afforded us the prospect of seeing you in your native country. It cannot fail to give us the utmost pleasure in meeting a child so long absent, and one too that never said or did an undutiful thing to his parents. I trust in God the rough winds of adversity may soon be over. Thank God, I never enjoyed better health; I wish I could say the same of your venerable father, (*æt.* 89.) He is greatly troubled with a cough during the night, and severe

able manners—I intended to have written to you at full length. There is a d——d invisible agent called Laziness, inimical to happiness—activity—correspondence—everything valuable. I have to appeal to her ladyship if she has not been the sole cause of my silence to Thomson, and all my other dear friends. If you do not believe my assertion, I shall pray that I may have the power of sending the aforesaid lady on a message to yourself, that she may verify my words. I am sure I should be willing to take a ticket for her ladyship in the London mail, and pay all her expenses thither, if she would only be so kind as stay four hundred miles from my elbow.

Some wondrously wise people say, friendship will always find words, and dictate abundance of letters. May He who searcheth the hearts, reins, and affections of frail mankind, judge between thee and me—whether, during this last half-year of my silence, I have not thought upon my early and dear friend, with all the warmth of attachment which ever actuated my heart! A circumstance in my views of futurity, if possible enhances that affection. I shall certainly be in London *soon*. How to define that word "soon," I know not; but you, my good friend, have made promises without performing them, and so may I; for want of punctuality is no less culpable in a merchant, than in a poet! This, however, I always keep in contemplation, as a source of consolation in all my crosses—that I shall one day meet you in London; that we shall set out from thence like two famous adventurers on our travels to the north—that we shall pass for great people in Scotland!

fits of sickness through the day, which is very afflicting to me. It is no small mercy, however, that he is able to go about, and in a good day, takes a walk. We hear frequently from Archy; his affectionate and dutiful letters are the greatest comforts that your father and I have in this world . . . . . Your father joins me in praying God Almighty to bless our dear Sandy.—

"Margaret Campbell."

You are to pass for "a young nobleman from England, who has taken a tour to the Hebrides by way of a frolic;" and I shall pass for "a literary gentleman, who, having gained a fortune by his *writings*, has come to *look* out for some agreeable estate! where he intends to reside until a *change of Ministry* may enable him to get a seat in Parliament, and represent a Scotch borough!"

There is nothing so pleasant to me as this anticipation of amusement and social intercourse. As the camel in the desert feeds upon his reservoir of water, so do I feast upon the imagination of these expected events. Life is so short, that, if we did not live to the present and the past, existence would not be worth carrying about us. But I am moralising—and that not very elegantly either—for I see I am jumbling metaphors.

Is Gregory Watt in London? God bless him! After all, I find that the world produces few such men. Henceforth let yourself, and Watt, and Campbell, love one another without ceasing! Oh! that the time may soon come when, snug in the cabin of my cottage, I may enjoy the conversation of my two best friends! Thomson! a little experience has shown me how rare it is to find a congenial heart—I thought so once, but I *know* it now. I have never quarrelled with my Edinburgh friends—I respect them—I had almost said—I love them! Yes, perhaps I do love them, for "I owe them much."—Ardent as ever—I am yours—

T. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XII.

PILGRIMAGE IN GERMANY.

THE spring of this year, like its predecessor, opened upon Campbell with many flattering prospects. His reputation was now so firmly established, that another successful effort might be expected to furnish him with a moderate competency for life. The demand for his poem had so much increased, that several large editions of it were already sold; whilst the admiration of his minor pieces, with which it was accompanied, was no less emphatically expressed. In this enviable position with the public, the scene of this new enterprise appeared well calculated to win more golden opinions. His own heart was in the subject, and he hoped to make his poem the vehicle of sentiments that would find an echo in every patriotic breast. He was very desirous, however, before again coming forward as a poet, to acquire more varied and extensive views of society. The literature of Germany was now eagerly cultivated by the rising talent of the day; and the partiality so strongly expressed by Sir Walter Scott, found a warm participator in Campbell. But it was with the authors more than their works, that he longed to hold friendly conference; and, anxious to realise a project which had latterly taken possession of his mind, he resolved upon a literary pilgrimage in Germany. Several of the friends with whom he had daily intercourse, were "travelled men!" In their conversation he thought he could perceive marked

advantages resulting from a course of foreign travel. Although personally a brilliant exception to the rule that

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,"

he dreaded the imputation, and entered into arrangements for an experimental tour in Saxony. In adopting this scheme, he acted in concert with Mr. Richardson, whose sentiments were in unison with his own.

It was arranged between them, that if the Poet set out first, his friend should join him; that they should travel in company, collect a joint stock of information on all literary topics; that after an extensive tour on the Continent, they would return home, and convert their materials into a form in which they might be laid before the public. The more he reflected on this plan, the more feasible it appeared. He was sanguine as to the result; in his ardour to travel he neither saw, nor imagined difficulties.—"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"—and in regard to his private feelings, he was a philanthropist, a citizen of the world—and could say

"All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens."

Did any of his young friends dissuade him from the enterprise (for in those days it involved some risk of personal liberty)? his answer was ready—

"I rather would entreat *thy company*,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardised at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness."

Fully decided upon his German pilgrimage, he had the satisfaction to know that it was approved of by those friends and counsellors to whose opinion he attached most weight; and their approbation was confirmed by various

letters of introduction to merchants, diplomatists, and literary characters, who were residing near the line of his intended route. Among these was a special introduction to Klopstock, then in his seventy-sixth year, and residing as Danish legate at Hamburgh. Among the chief resting places on which he had determined, were Göttingen, Jena, and Weimar. The patronage then extended to men of genius by the reigning Duke,* had rendered Jena a favourite seat of the Muses; and Weimar, though a small, enjoyed the well-merited title of an "Augustan Court."

For some days, however, Campbell was much divided between the desire of visiting London, and that of embarking at once for Hamburgh. At length his anxiety to visit the great Metropolis prevailed; he resolved to take his passage in a Leith smack to see all the wonders of the modern Babel—surprise one or two friends—and then, after a week's sojourn, proceed to Harwich and embark for Germany. Under the influence of this exhilarating prospect, he writes with Spartan brevity to Mr. Thomson:

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Open your arms to receive me in London in a few days! I am by this time tossing on the waves!

Your's most deliriously—

T. C.

Williams (the bearer) is one of my Edinburgh friends—a man of first-rate genius in his profession, which is that of a landscape painter."

* In a recent work, entitled "JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN GERMANY," some particulars are given of Weimar, and the Grand-Ducal family, which might possibly interest the reader. Weimar could then boast of Göethe—the living representative of Schiller, Wieland, and others; and the writer well remembers the youthful enthusiasm awakened by his first visit to the "Athens of Germany."

Mr. Williams was the artist who had engaged to illustrate the "Queen of the North," which was to be finished during the Poet's travels, and printed on his return to Edinburgh.—His note to Mr. Thomson is without date; but there is reason to believe that it was written and despatched about the 20th of May.—In the mean time, however, the plan of taking London in his way, was completely frustrated by unforeseen obstacles; and he was advised to take the packet, and run straight across to the Elbe.

It was also arranged, that his brother Daniel should accompany him in the voyage. "Daniel had formed sanguine expectations of being enabled to carry on business as a manufacturer, in some of the German or Belgian towns." On their arrival in Hamburgh, he intended to be guided by circumstances and the advice of friends: and in the mean time his characteristic humour would drive away both sea-sickness and the spleen. This new plan being settled, and the day fixed for their departure, Campbell again writes to his friend in very characteristic terms.

TO MR. JAMES THOMSON.

EDINBURGH, *June* 1, 1800.

MY DEAR THOMSON;

The style of the few lines which I sent by Williams was so extravagant, that I have no doubt you thought me mad. In the height of my joy at the prospect of seeing and embracing a long absent and much valued friend, I perhaps took the privilege of *mania*, so natural to my profession. But I assure you, the licence of fiction was not superadded to that of madness, for my intention to see you was sincere, although my words must now appear to falsify my promise. God bless this light head,

and still lighter purse! I had two objects in view—Germany and London—and was fool enough to believe I could overtake them both. But as Germany could not be laid aside, and as a twelvemonth's ramble on the Continent is no joke to the finances of a poet, I have avoided the seduction of that great city—the galaxy of genius—the panorama of the universe, &c. &c. To speak in a plain style of apology to my friend, whose affectionate expectations have no doubt been damped, I must explain the motives and counter motives in this change of resolution.

To see London—to see Godwin, Macintosh, Mrs. Siddons, and yourself—was to me a long cherished expectation; but many fears intervened. I know my own nature—idleness—dissipation—engagements with booksellers—too various and extensive to be completed for some years—new acquaintances and new sights—would have dismissed the little industry I possess in Edinburgh, and must have reduced me in a short time, to the fettered state of a bookseller's fag. London would have swallowed me up like a vortex; and to get clearly away with the stock I now possess, would have been impracticable. My travelling to Germany must have been delayed for—God knows how long.

It was a combat between friendship and prudence; for curiosity was an ingredient in both views, and prompts me as strongly to the Continent as to London. I shall see Schiller and Göethe—the banks of the Rhine—and the mistress of Werter! But alas! I shall not find such a friend at Göttingen, as I found in Thomson at Glasgow.

I am prepared for the stare of strangers—for their ridicule of me in speaking broken German, and all the awkward solitude of one unknowing and unknown. But to be uncaged from the insipid scenes of life, is a reward for more evils than my fear suggests. Besides, the acquisition of

another language, and the ability to accept of a situation as a travelling tutor at my return, allows me to hope for better days.

Besides, upon reflection, I see the propriety of making my first appearance in London to the best advantage. At present I am a raw Scotch lad, and in a London company of wits and geniuses, would make but a dull figure with my northern brogue and "braw Scotch boos." I am not satisfied with my quantum of literature, but intend to write a few more books before I make my *débût* in London. In reality, my fixed intention on returning from Germany is to set up a course of lectures upon the Belles Lettres. I had some thoughts of lecturing in Edinburgh, but cannot think of remaining any longer in one place.

If London should not offer encouragement, I mean to try Dublin. I think this a respectable profession, as the showman of the bear and monkey said, when he gave his name to the commissioners of the income tax, as an "itinerant Lecturer on Natural History."

The ship rocks at anchor—the mild west wind speaks to my heart about the German harbour. In my mind's eye I am wandering about the streets of a strange city, listening to strange tongues, gazing upon strange sign-posts, and musing anon upon my friends. Thomson! I love you as sincerely as when I parted with you at Glasgow. My heart grows full at the prospect of being still farther away from you. But my joy returns when I think of seeing you in London—a wiser and more respectable man than I could seem at present. I shall date my next from Hamburgh. Forgive the disappointment I have occasioned, and do not undervalue me for change of resolution; for abroad, as well as at home, I shall ever be yours sincerely—

THOS. CAMPBELL.

This letter was written on the first of June; and the same afternoon Campbell proceeded to Newhaven, and then to Leith, where the vessel, that was to waft him across the German Ocean, "rocked at anchor." Mr. (now Lord) Cuninghame and Mr. Richardson accompanied him to the boat; and in a few minutes he and his brother took possession of their small berths in a Hamburgh trader. The wind was fair; and, as the vessel stood out to sea, it may be imagined with what feelings the pilgrim exchanged the last signal with his friends. Circumstances justified the allusion—parting with a classic poet suggested a classic farewell; and in no words could it be so well expressed as in those of "his own favourite Lyrist"—

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat Pater
Obstrictis aliis, præter *Iapyga*,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium: finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.

His own impressions, as he stood on the poop of the vessel, and watched the retiring landscape, are thus recorded:—

"YET—ere oblivion shade each fairy scene;
Ere capes, and cliffs, and waters intervene:
Ere distant walks my pilgrim feet explore,
By Elbe's slow wanderings, and the Danish shore;—
Still to my country turns my partial view,
That seems the dearest at the last adieu!
Ye lawns, and grottos of the clustered plain;
Ye mountain-walks, Edina's green domain;
Haunts of my youth, where, oft, by fancy drawn,
At vermeil eve, still noon, or shady dawn,
My soul, secluded from the deafening throng,
Has woo'd the bosom-prompted power of song:

And thou, my loved abode—romantic ground,
With ancient towers and spiry summits crown'd—
Home of the polished arts and liberal mind!
By truth and taste enlightened and refined—
Thou scene of Scotland's glory, now decay'd,
Where once her Senate and her Sceptre sway'd;
As round thy moulder'd monuments of fame,
Tradition points an emblem and a name,
Lo! what a group Imagination brings
Of starrèd barons, and of thronèd kings!
Departed days in bright succession start,
And all the patriot kindles in my heart!"*

Campbell's reception at Hamburgh was very gratifying. His fame had preceded him, and sounded the note of welcome preparation among the British residents, who vied with each other in showing him every mark of respect and hospitality. But at that moment, political excitement was at its height; Bavaria had surrendered several towns to the French; the upper Valley of the Danube was placed under military government; the principalities adjoining were "frightened from their propriety;" and it was considered neither expedient nor safe for Campbell to prosecute his original plan. Jena, therefore, was reluctantly given up. Ratisbon was recommended; there was a Scotch college in that city; letters would be given him to the venerable Abbot Arbuthnot, under whose protection he would have time for study and observation. From Ratisbon he might descend the Danube to Vienna, and thus gratify his taste for variety without personal risk. In the mean time, a short residence in Hamburgh would give him some knowledge of the country and its language, and enable him to proceed inland with more confidence and advantage.

* This "Fragment," as it is called, forms part of the opening scene of the poem then in embryo, "The Queen of the North," of which further specimens will be given hereafter.

Such was the counsel of his friends, and by that counsel he resolved to abide. His introduction to Klopstock procured him the flattering notice of other, though less distinguished, men, and formed an epoch in his life. "He was a mild, civil old man," says Campbell, in one of his notes. "Our only intercourse was in Latin. With that language I made my way tolerably well among the French and Germans, and still better when I fell in with Hungarians." His first letter from the banks of the Elbe is addressed to the friend whom he expected to join him.

TO MR. JOHN RICHARDSON.

HAMBURGH, *June* 26, 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In Hamburgh, as in Edinburgh, you are ever with my thoughts. My voyage from Leith, and my intended journey to Ratisbon, I will describe in my next; for at present I am agitated by a million cares and anxieties. I have been seized with a sickness, common to strangers at Hamburgh, called the "seasoning sickness." May I still believe you my friend as warmly as when we talked of Germany at Newhaven? Yes, I comfort myself on this auspicious commencement of my journey, that I have left behind me a true friend! I expect to get down to Ratisbon by a return coach of a Leghorn courier, for a few pounds, as cheaply, at least, as I could travel to Jena by the *waggon*. When the new edition of my book comes out, you will be so good as get *twelve* copies * of it from Mr. Mundell; he promised me that number for every thousand which he may print; and I know he is too much of a gentleman to retract. I have

* The twelve copies, here mentioned, I understand to have been in addition to the pecuniary douceur, presented to the author on every successive edition. See pages 235 and 265.

seen the great Klopstock, and given him a copy of the third edition. Farewell! The blessing of Heaven rest on your head. Give my love to our precious and chosen circle of friends — the Grahames — the Hills — Reddal. Ratisbon is the word! Thine most firmly, T. C.

His journey from Hamburgh to Ratisbon, and the public events which preceded and followed his arrival in the ancient capital of Bavaria, are thus felicitously described.

TO DR. ROBERT ANDERSON.

RATISBONNE, [*or* RATISBON] 10*th August*, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I write you from Ratisbon, on the Danube, where I arrived three days before it was taken by the French. I was disappointed in the vessel which I expected to carry me down the Danube to Vienna; but never dreamt of seeing hostilities so near the city, or that the numerous forces of Count Klenau, who lay encamped in the neighbourhood, would be driven before the French. During the first night that I slept in Ratisbon, a distant but long-continued cannonading announced an engagement on the outposts. Klenau was victorious—(so said the Ratisbon Gazette)—but his victory brought the French still nearer us—for Klenau, like the Duke of Y——, makes a practice of retreating after all his victories! He fought during ten hours of the following day, within sight of the heights to the west of Ratisbon; and was defeated again with severe loss. Two days after he was driven over the Danube the French entered Ratisbon; and an armistice was allowed him to lie at peace in his present position—viz. the village of Haddamhoff, and the opposite bank of the river.

What are the expectations of politicians now with

regard to peace? Every thing here is whisper, surmise, and suspense. If war breaks out, the bridge over the Danube is expected to be blown up! You may guess what a devil of a splutter twenty-four large arches will make—flying miles high in the air, and coming down like falling planets to crush the town!—Joking apart—and indeed the event will be no joke—Ratisbon will be shivered to atoms; and, as no premonition is expected, the inhabitants may be buried under the ruins. But, in spite of all conjectures to the contrary, I think peace is not far off.

My journey to Ratisbon was tedious, but not unpleasant. The general constituents of German scenery are corn-fields,—many leagues in extent, and dark tracts of forests equally extensive. Of this the eye soon becomes tired; but in a few favoured spots, there is such an union of wildness, variety, richness and beauty, as cannot be looked upon without lively emotions of pleasure and surprise. We entered the valley of Heitsch on the frontier of Bavaria, late in the evening, after the sun had set behind the hills of Saxony. A winding road through a long woody plain leads to this retreat: it was some hours before we got across it, frequently losing our way in the innumerable paths that intersect each other. At last the shade of the forest grew deeper and darker, till a sudden and steep descent seemed to carry us into another world. It was a total eclipse—but, like the valley of the shadow of death, it was the path to paradise. Suddenly the scene expanded into a broad grassy glen; lighted from above by a full and beautiful moon—it united all the wildness of a Scotch glen, with the verdure of an English garden. The steep hills on either side of our green pathway, were covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, where millions of fire-flies flew like stars among the branches. Such enchantment could not be surpassed in

Tempé itself. I would travel to the Walls of China, to feel again the wonder and delight that elevated my spirits when I first surveyed this enchanting scene. An incident apparently slight certainly heightened the effect produced by external beauty. While we gazed up to the ruined fortifications, that stretched in bold, broken piles, across the ridge of the mountain, military music sounded at a distance. Five thousand Austrians, on their march to Bohemia (where the French were expected to penetrate), passed our carriage in a long broad line, and encamped in a wide plain at one extremity of the valley. As we proceeded on our way, the rear of their army, composed of Red-cloaks and Pandours, exhibited strange and picturesque groups, sleeping on the bare ground, with their horses tied to trees; whilst the sound of the Austrian trumpets died faintly away among the echoes of the hills.

It was a sudden transition from the beauties of an interesting journey, to the horrors of war and confusion that prevailed at Ratisbon. The richest fields of Europe desolated by contending troops. Peasants driven from their homes to starve and beg in the streets—horses dying of hunger, and men dying of their wounds, were the dreadful novelties at this time. A few more agreeable circumstances tended to lessen the effect of these disagreeable scenes. The novelty of everything around me—the splendour and sublimity of the Catholic Service—and the hospitality of the good Monks [of the Benedictine Scotch College of St. James] in their old marble Hall, amused me into peace of mind—as far as tranquillity could be enjoyed in such perilous times. The music of our high Church Cathedral is beyond conception. On the morning before the French entered Ratisbon, a solemn ceremony was held. One passage in the Latin service, was singularly àpropos to the fears of the inhabit-

ants for siege and bombardment. The dreadful prophecy, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou shalt be made desolate!"—was chanted by a loud, single voice, from one end of the long echoing cathedral. A pause more expressive than any sound succeeded—and then the whole thunder of the organs, trumpets, and drums, broke in. I never conceived that the *terrific* in music could be carried to such a pitch.

Within two hours an alarm was given for the Hungarian Infantry to march from the camp, and support their retreating countrymen. Their music, though less sacred, was perfect in its kind. The effect of this military exhibition—the most impressive that could be witnessed—was heightened in effect by the sound of distant artillery, and the flashing of carabines in the neighbouring wood, where the French and Austrian Roth-mantels skirmished in small parties. The appearance of dead and wounded men carrying past, gave a serious aspect to the scene, and convinced the spectator that he was not witnessing the scene of a holiday parade.

Since the arrival of the gallant Republicans, we have many specimens of military evolutions extremely striking. Such fiery countenances and rapid manœuvres, as these active little fellows exhibit, are only to be expected from the conquerors of Lodi and Marengo. It would rouse every spark of enthusiasm in your heart to see them marching with steady and measured steps to the war-song of Liberty.*

Forgive this tedious digression on military sights. I beg your pardon—what is all this admiration of "the

* The "Marseillaise" was his greatest favourite—he often chanted the air—and in the last months of his fatal malady, listened with great and evident satisfaction, while his niece played it to him on the piano.

pomp and circumstance of war," but a vain unfounded sentiment? God grant that we had peace!

Yours for ever— T. C.

The action referred to was fought but a few days before the armistice, and gave the French possession of Ratisbon. The point from which Campbell witnessed the conflict has never, so far as I know, been correctly named. It was on the ramparts, close to the Scotch Monastery, (not "on the walls of a Convent near Hohenlinden," and in the city, not "in the country"), that he took his station at the eventful moment. The battle of Hohenlinden, which he has been supposed to have witnessed, was not fought until the third of December; and the following account, which has been generally mistaken for a description of that memorable day, refers only to the events of July—the summer, but not the winter campaign. In a letter to his eldest brother in Virginia, he thus writes:—

"One moment's sensation—the single hope of seeing human nature exhibited in its most dreadful attitude, overturned my past decisions. I got down to the seat of war some weeks before the summer armistice, and indulged in what you call the criminal curiosity of witnessing blood and desolation. Never shall time efface from my memory the recollection of that hour of astonishment and expended breath, when I stood with the good Monks of St. James [Jakob] to overlook a charge of Klenau's cavalry upon the French under Grenier." This took place near the walls of Ratisbon—"We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas-de-charge* collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours, awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the Monastery; and

several drivers that were stationed there to convey the wounded in spring-waggons, were killed in our sight."*

In his posthumous notes of this eventful period, he thus returns to the subject:—"This formed the most important epoch in my life, in point of impressions; but those impressions at seeing numbers of men strewn dead on the field—or, what was worse—seeing them in the act of dying, are so horrible to my memory, that I study to banish them. At times when I have been fevered and ill, I have awoke from night-mare dreams about these dreadful images!"

The history of his life at Ratisbon is thus continued in a letter to Mr. Richardson:—

REGENSBURG, RATISBONNE, 12*th August*, 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I found your "Pleasures of Memory," and read it with a tender remembrance of the time when I received it. It is one of my chief consolations in this dreary place. Of news I can send you none, my time is spent more monotonously—more methodistically—more punctiliously than ever in the course of my life. I can tell you to a moment the successive operations of the day. I rise at seven—thanks to the flies that forbid me to sleep—and, after returning thanks to God for prolonging my miserable existence at Ratisbonne—I put on a pair of boots and pantaloons, and study with open windows, and half naked, till ten o'clock. I then chew a crust of bread, and eat a plum for breakfast. At eleven—my *Parlez-vous-Français* steps in with his formal periwig, and still more formal bow. I chatter a jargon of Latin and French to him—for he has no English—and study again from twelve till

* This quotation is given in Washington Irving's (Baltimore) edition of Campbell's Poems.

one; dine and read English or Greek till two, and then take an afternoon nap. Under a burning sun I then expose my feeble carcase in a walk round the cursed walls, or traverse the wood where the Roth-mantels or "Red-cloaks" and Hussars amused us at *cut-and-thrust*, before the city was taken. Sometimes I venture to the heights where the last kick-up was seen, when the poor Austrians were driven across the Danube.

The Convent I seldom visit; we always get upon politics, and that is a cursed subject. Sometimes I drink tea with the celebrated Lady W——e: I meet with parties of French officers at her house, who, in general, are famous fellows. Some of them speak English, almost all of them Latin. If my friend were here, I should feel that renovation of spirits, which I experienced before leaving home, like a new era in my existence.

A thousand romantic thoughts come across my brain, when I look at the maps of Switzerland, Italy, and Styria. The way home by the Rhine, and by Paris, is also a pleasant anticipation; but I know not what to think till I hear seriously from yourself, and till I have transmitted the Q. N.*—If you have not yet sent off your budget, send it directly to the care of the Scotch College, who are better known than my chirurgo-barbarian landlord, Herr Deisch, who shaves beards for two-pence, draws teeth for a florin, lops a limb for a ducat, and breathes a vein for twenty-four kreuzers, to the whole city of Ratisbon! Apropos—have you won your thousand guineas which were laid against a penny by the famous Cullen Brown about my departure?† Where is ——? my dear friend,

* By these Initials, which often recur in his letters, is meant the title of his *new* Poem—"The Queen of the North" already mentioned, page 267.

† "That he would not go to Germany, or if he went, that he would soon tire of it and return."

—— may search the world round, without finding a heart so worthy of her approbation.

Farewell—forgive this dull dull epistle. I know not what idea but your own could impel me to write a letter to-night. Without feeling low spirits, I have been more completely stupified of late than ever—I believe it is the dreadful heat of the weather. Pray what is the opinion among you about peace or war? The French are in Ratisbon, and the Austrians in the village of Haddamhoff, on the other side. It is a dreadful state of suspense.

Give my best affection to the Grahames and Hills: tell them that I love them as Abraham loved Jacob—as Jonathan loved David—as the Lord loveth those whom he chasteneth. Farewell—farewell my dear faithful friend, and believe me for ever yours, T. C.

The difficult position in which Campbell now stood, was no doubt the proximate cause of that illness and depression of which he complains. He could neither advance nor retreat; communication with his friends by letter was now precarious and uncertain; the presence of two hostile armies threw a gloom and despondency over the whole city; and, although the armistice was still in force, operations were expected to be soon resumed with more vigour than ever. The thought of being cut off from home-friends, and some suspicions that had reached his ear, as to his object in visiting Ratisbon at such a crisis, weighed heavily on his mind. In his conversations with the brotherhood of St. James,* his political sentiments had

* Here the Poet on his first arrival at Ratisbon was hospitably received and entertained:—In this Monastery—the *Schotten Kirche*— it was usual to educate young Scotchmen for the priesthood, and then to send them home as Missionaries. The brotherhood latterly amounted to only six or seven individuals. Its revenue is very small; and owing to its poverty, perhaps, it

been avowed with rather more freedom than discretion. One of the Monks at least, denounced him as a rank republican; others, though more cautious in their expressions, were not more kindly in their private estimate of the stranger. But the worthy President was his friend to the last; nor in after-life did Campbell ever mention the name of Arbuthnot but in terms of respect and gratitude. He never forgot a kind intention, nor the author of a kind act; and it is pleasing to recognize the portrait of this venerable friend faithfully traced in one of his later poems—"the Ritter Bann:"

> "There enter'd one whose face he knew;—
> Whose voice, he was aware,
> He oft at mass had listen'd to
> In the holy house of prayer.
> 'Twas the ABBOT of St. JAMES'S Monks,
> A fresh and fair old man:
> His reverend air arrested even
> The gloomy Ritter Bann," &c.

In this critical state of affairs, it cannot be supposed that he made much progress in composition. The "state

escaped secularization. At the time of Campbell's residence, it possessed a good Library. Dr. Dibdin considered the Monastery "the most interesting object of architectural antiquity in Ratisbon." "If the entire College was productive of so much gratification, the members themselves" he adds, "were productive of much greater." The President, Dr. Arbuthnot, who was so kind to the Poet, he describes as "one of the finest and healthiest looking old men he ever saw." Strongly attached to the interests of the Stuarts, the members of the College had left Scotland, some at seven, others at twelve years of age. The method of speaking their native language was very singular, nor was their pronunciation of French much better. Of manners the most simple and apparently of principles the most pure, they seemed to be strangers to those wants and wishes "which agitate more numerous, and more polished establishments." The reader who may be inclined to know further particulars of this and other prominent features in the history and appearance of Ratisbon, will find them detailed at some length in "THE DANUBE ILLUSTRATED, from its source in the Black Forest to its termination in the Black Sea." LONDON, 1844.

of suspense," he says, "is dreadful; but with a million anxieties I have resolved to think as little as possible—they occasion only a fit of agony. Let us trudge as merrily through life as we can."

Ten days later, when the political horizon had somewhat brightened, he thus communicates a faithful transcript of the romantic thoughts that had taken possession of his mind.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

RATISBON, 20*th August*, 1800.

DEAR AND MUCH-WISHED-FOR FRIEND,

The sole thought that engrosses my mind is the chance of seeing you. In this strange and new world I feel as if I had undergone a transmutation of being; and nothing of my former self remaining but the pleasant tho' melancholy remembrance of my home and friends. Tho' I felt not the tenth part of the desire to enjoy, once more, your delightful society, I would describe Germany as a place worthy of a long visit and serious examination. The difference of manners and scenery—the novelty of everything around me—amounts almost to romance. I have been destined, from a strange concurrence of circumstances, to make my first remarks upon the country with an alarmed and embarrassed mind. But, for all the fatigue, peril, and uncertainty of a long journey, I have felt most agreeable sensations. Now that I am fairly caged in Ratisbon, in the midst of French dragoons and greasy monks, in a terror by no means delightful—apprehending, every moment, a visit of "contribution" from my enemies,—and debarred, in spite of all my passports, from returning to Saxony, or drifting down the Danube to Vienna, my mind is a little depressed. But to you I fly for consolation. I think of our long evening walks—our

turning and returning—our unwillingness to part, and our promise to meet; yes, of our promise to meet! which extends even to this remote and strange habitation.

My dear Friend,—the language of regard is short and strong. I will not trouble you with long protestations; but the habitual state of my feelings impels me to disburthen my heart in a language which another might call weakness, but which *you* will believe, from the testimony of your own, to be the words of sincerity itself. Surrounded, as you are, by an agreeable acquaintance in Edinburgh, or travelling in peace and security with friends who add a pleasure to novelty itself, you perhaps, at first, cannot estimate the soreness of heart which I feel when I look around in vain for an associate, far less for a friend like yourself. Oh, God! when the dull dusk of evening comes on—when the melancholy bell calls to vespers—I find myself a poor solitary being—dumb, from the want of heart to speak, and deaf to all that is said, from a want of interest to hear! It is true, I have the monks of the college; but they are monks in the literal sense—lazy, loathsome, ignorant, and ill-bred.* I have contracted, indeed, an esteem for Father Marian, who is a different being, in all respects, from his countrymen and fellow-clergy; but his age and his occupations allow me little of his society. Another exception, in sense and opinions, is Father Boniface; but how unlike the friend of my heart in manners and sentiment! I sicken at the difference when I think that he is the only friend I here enjoy.

How should I leap with joy to hear the wheels of that carriage which brought you to my doors! Tell me, my

* In the heat of a political dispute, mutual reproaches had passed between him and one or two of the brotherhood, which provoked these words. Fathers Marian and Boniface were the conventual names of two Scotch monks, who, like their Superior, were at *first* much attached to their young countryman.

friend, may I still cherish the hope which alone can make Germany pleasant ?

Ratisbon is a place of much note in the history of Germany. We must learn all the striking events connected with its legends. You may judge what we could live upon, by the rate of my expenses here ; and I believe, upon an average, you cannot live much cheaper in any other city. My room costs two florins—four shillings—per week. I lodge with a surgeon, called Deisch,—a very genteel and agreeable man. He sends me dinner and a glass of good beer from his own table, for eighteen *kreuzers,* or sevenpence a-day, to my own room. This is fully as cheap as the most reasonable eating-house would demand ; and the victuals are always clean and wholesome. The wood for my winter-stove, Father Boniface tells me, will cost about thirty shillings for a half-year. Tea and sugar are high ; but of these we might have a sufficient quantum from home, without possibility of detection. My room is large enough to hold two beds ; and if our stocks were joined, we might live for half-nothing. We might keep sufficient company at a tenth of the expense we could at Edinburgh ; for the only treat is a dish of coffee, or a glass of beer, at twopence a-bottle.

Travelling is very cheap to those who know the coins, and the mode of procedure. Travelling even as "Milord Anglais," I could hardly spend a guinea a-day. With economy, and on foot, we may visit all the corners of Germany, travel a space of three thousand miles, stop at convenient stages for a few days at a time, and be masters of all the geographical knowledge worth learning, for *thirty pounds a-piece.* I reckon thus :—We set out with a stick, fitted as an umbrella—a nice contrivance, very common here—with a fine Holland shirt in one pocket, our stockings and silk breeches in the other, and a few

cravats, wrapt in clean paper, in the crowns of our hats. This, with a pocket-book, is all the baggage we require. Books for entertainment and assistance must be deferred till we stop at some considerable towns, where there are always good libraries, and where we ought to stop, with introductory letters, a few days at least. Of these I can get sufficient. At country inns a bed and supper are had for half-a-crown a-piece. Refreshments of coffee for sixpence, and of bread and beer for twopence. On reaching towns, if we manage properly, and search for a cheap little berth in the suburbs, we may live with equal economy. This is the cheapest way of travelling; and, even should my literary schemes succeed this year beyond expectation, I am determined to put it in practice; for I have neglected economy too long; and, thank God, we are both philosophers enough to despise hardships for the sake of knowledge and expansion of mind. Travelling along with you, my dear friend, a crust of rye-bread will be pleasanter than the finest fare in your absence.

The French entered Ratisbon a few days ago. I begin to think myself in no great danger of being either robbed or made prisoner. Their last skirmish with the Austrians, under General Klenau, was within an English mile of the gates; and had not a free passage been granted by the terms of armistice, they would have entered by force. I believe—considering the cheapness of transition—I shall go down the Danube, if the French commander will grant me a protection.

T. CAMPBELL.

Having received no letters from Edinburgh for at least six weeks, his position at Ratisbon became every day more painful and embarrassing. His friends were silent, his finances declining, his spirits depressed,—and mental

depression, as usual with him, was followed by a "severe fit of illness." His "illness," that partook very much of the home-sickness felt by Swiss exiles, is described with a pathos and classic elegance that remind us of Ovid's "Tristia." After a pause of nearly a month, the correspondence is thus resumed :—

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

RATISBON, *Sept.* 17*th*, 1800.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I write this on the seventeenth of September. I wrote you on the week after my arrival—more than two months ago—and again near the end of August. I pray you, for the sake of my peace of mind, dispatch but a few lines on receipt of this, and acquaint me whether or not my letters came to hand. I have suffered a severe fit of illness since the date of my last; the extreme heat of the weather brought on a lassitude, which ended in a fever and ague. I met with some attention from the French officers, but, having no acquaintance here except the Scotch college, who are a good sort of people, but not disposed to trouble themselves with inquiries into the health or private affairs of their neighbours, I found myself friendless and distressed. My convalescence has been slow and gradual, but retarded, I believe, by the chagrin and anxiety of mind which I have endured from receiving no word from my best and dearest friend. I believe I have as little reason to doubt of your unabated regard as a friend could desire to have, but the constant fatality which has pursued my attachments of every kind throws a check upon my spirits when I venture to congratulate myself upon the possession of a sincere friend. It is cruel, you will say, to mention the bare possibility of such a misfortune; but conceive my state of spirits in a country where the language is yet

unintelligible, and offers but few attractions to learn it; where, so far from possessing a friend, I have not a human being to converse with; for the French officers, who behaved to me with so much politeness, are now gone, and a new corps stationed in their place. My literary projects are at a stand since my late sickness, for I have neither spirits nor strength of sight to look long upon a book.

A few lines from your hand would appease the uneasiness I feel. Tell me, my friend, if the neglect of posts, or any other accident, have retarded the delivery of my letters. If a cause more unfortunate than these occasions your silence; if any untoward circumstance—for I am so accustomed to be the sport of disagreeable events, that I expect them regularly to occur—has presented me in an unfavourable light or abated your regard, I beseech you to let me know it. I would suffer the certainty of a misfortune sooner than suspense. Upon the future, I feel an uncertainty and dread, which baffle all my efforts to form a scheme or resolution. Ignorance of what is saying or *doing* in Britain comes like a cloud over my mind, whenever I think of what is to be *done*. Upon the subject * of Williams, and that connected with him, I am principally uneasy. I wrote to him to authorise the continuance of our plates—to pledge the appearance of the Poem—to solicit his patience for a little—and concluded with a warm request to write to me. If he be in Edinburgh, I beseech you to call upon him, and assure him that he shall not be disappointed on my side. All that I write at present, must take a tinge from the colour of my thoughts—which, I confess, are dejected to the lowest pitch of fear and apprehension. Strangers on all sides—the stare of low-minded conjecturers about my character and views here; sickly and

* This "subject" was "the Queen of the North," for which Mr. Williams was preparing landscape illustrations. See page 267-8.

unfriended, or rather without acquaintances—I find no resource from disagreeable thought. . . I have to request, in particular, that a few copies of my Poem may be sent by the Yarmouth packet. . . A letter or parcel "to T. C., care of the College of St. Jacques, Ratisbon," will find me wherever I be. I have some thoughts of going to Munich for a little, but that makes no difference in the certainty of a letter finding me. Words cannot express the joy I should feel in opening a letter inscribed with your hand! T. C.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

RATISBON, *Sept.* 19*th*, 1800.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Two days ago, in the depth of my distress at having received no news from you, I expressed my regret, I believe, in strong language. I begin to blame my imprudent haste in supposing the bare possibility of any thing abating your regard for me. No, my friend, it is impossible that my absence, or any cause connected with my absence, should have impaired that delicate generosity of feelings which forms, in my eyes, such a striking contrast with the prevailing character of mankind. It was wrong to ascribe your silence to such a cause; but if my chagrin, my dear Richardson, was excessive or ill-founded, forgive the present soreness of my mind, and make allowance for my expressions, by conceiving the distress of my situation.

Independently of the fears, which continually suggest themselves, of the unworthy constructions which may be put upon the delay of my poem—independent of my uncertainty about the future—the present lies a dead weight upon my hands. Weakness of sight, a continual inflammation of the eyes, and head-ache attendant upon

reading, defeat all my attempts to study more than half-an-hour at a time. All that I can do is only by fits and starts. There is no human being whose society I can enjoy for a single conversation. I know nobody; and a dispute which I had with one of the members of the Scotch College, has brought me into an embarrassment extremely disagreeable. I went to a landlord whom he recommended, whose servant broke open my lock, and plundered me to some amount. I left the house, and told the monk my reason. Irritated at my relating such a story of his friend's house, he spoke to me once or twice in a manner rather strange. I answered sharply, and told him I wished to have no further connexion or acquaintance with him. A few nights ago, as I was going into the monastery, after vespers, Father B—— dogged me into the refectory, and, without ceremony or preface, attacked me with the most blackguard scurrility. I never found myself so completely carried away by indignation: I flew at the scoundrel, and would have soon rewarded his insolence, had not the others interposed. But, prevented as I have been from proceeding to extremities, what I have done is punishable by law; and the wretch has malevolence enough to take advantage of my rashness. Oh, if I had him at the foot of John's Hill! * I would pummel his carroty locks, and thrash him to the gates of purgatory! I saw him to-day; I was on the bridge along with him, and had grasped my yellow stick to answer his first salutation, if he had dared to address me, but he slunk past without saying a word. This monster is equally hated by all his fellow monks and all his fellow citizens; even the landlord, whose cause he espoused, and who is, after all, no ill-dispositioned man, told me in bad Latin,

* John's Hill, his father's residence, near Edinburgh.

that F. B. had not acted from regard to him, but from hatred to me. You must observe, I dealt openly with the landlord; told him my reason for leaving him, but acquitted him of all blame. He was sorry to lose a lodger, but acquiesced in the justice of my apology for quitting him.

War, it is said, is to break out: I feel myself so curious to know the particulars of the campaign, and so little afraid of the French, that I propose to go to Munich, provided Klenau does not attack them here; but it is more probable that our neighbourhood will be the scene of hostilities. Write to me at all events—for God's sake do; your idea is continually in my mind; the confidence with which I repose upon your regard, and the prospect of enjoying your society, is the main prop of my happiness. God knows, if I did not expect to be yet blessed with that good fortune, I should have little to console me here.

Farewell: I need not wish you happiness, for you have it already in your own disposition. Think of me, as my sentiments entitle me to share your regard; for none can more strongly appreciate your value than yours most sincerely— T. C.

CHAPTER XIII.

PILGRIMAGE CONTINUED.

AFTER the lapse of more than two months' silence, during which he had been a prey to many painful conjectures as to its cause, his suspense was most happily removed by the long-expected letters, which are thus acknowledged:—

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

RATISBON, *Sept.* 25, 1800.

MY DEAR AND VALUED FRIEND,

The arrival of your blessed letter has elevated my spirits beyond description. I feel as if raised from the ground—where I seemed to lie maimed and neglected—to all the delicious sensations of pleasure, which arise from self-congratulation upon the possession of an amiable and constant friend. Why did I ever suppose your silence a symptom of that severe misfortune—the abatement of your regard—which would embitter my present life, and deprive me of the power of dreaming about happiness in future? Forgive me, Richardson: forgive what the distress of my heart suggested at a time when it was deprived of every comfort. I could have supported sickness and solitude, or what is worse than solitude, the partial intercourse I have had with degraded and malicious beings; *

* Alluding to certain persons—one of whom was a Scotch monk—who had misrepresented him.

but I could not support the privation of all intercourse with the heart that seemed almost singly capable of cherishing my friendship, or of imparting consolation to my distress.

From the world at large, I will always hide my emotions—weakness it will perhaps be called. Even to the civil half-friendly—half-good and half-bad—half-acquaintances, half-friends, I will ever be reserved; but to such as you, no thought that affects my peace or my unhappiness shall be dubiously expressed. I know you. I pride myself upon discovering a being as uncommon among his species, as a diamond among mines. I have made all my heart your own; and I am too proud of my skill in human nature to retract my admiration—for I assure you it is no foible of mine to admire, to value, to love, or express my regard indiscriminately. Believe me, then, when I say, that for many days before this—when your welcome handwriting met my eyes—I was reduced to a state of imbecility which deprived me of that last consolation, which my fever has hardly spared, the perusal of a few books. I knew not where to turn: the roads and weather hardly admitted of long walks. I read a sentence; but it was merely the letters, for my mind was too distressed to follow the sense. I turned to Sir J. Ingleby, the only Englishman in the place. He has shown me attention, and deserves my gratitude; but alas! he does not know me.—I found no pleasure, either in society or alone.

Your letter has wrought a charm. Oh, Richardson! you see me but a poor dependent being, who cannot support, with common fortitude, what others would account but the trifling ills of life. How the censorious and hard-hearted world would have laughed to have seen me in tears, when I turned over the little case that contains your

last gift! What a weak, contemptible child I should have seemed, when, unable to draw happiness from any store of my own creation—unable to read, to write, to walk, to speak, or even to think of any subject but the separation of my friends, and the want of your society. The savage herd of my fellow-beings shall never have occasion to despise me for discovering such a weakness. I tell it to none but yourself; for I never sighed for the want of their society—it was for *yours*.

Of Germany I shall say little at present. I can only remark, in general, with the old and hackneyed saying, that human nature is the same in all countries: some good—some bad. No, no, no! Mr. Old Maxim; all bad—all selfish and malicious—all degraded and despicable. What is to be said of the chosen few, such as thou, my dear Richardson—the Grahames and the Hills? Oh, it is true, there *are* such—at least there *may* be beings of that description among the millions of existence. But why talk of that class as a part of the human race? No, no; human nature I have seen in the true light—in the proper attitude: I mean in the glorious employment of cutting throats—that is the scene for *man* to act in! Leave the vile creatures to their wars, their superstitions, and their law-suits! Are not we unlike them? Yes; I am so full of hatred to them, and regard for you, that I constitute a separation, in my fancy, between them and ourselves.

Pleasures yet await us in Germany, unconnected with the vile herds that encumber existence—the delights of that sublime scenery which, in Germany, is yet unimpaired by the impertinent intrusion of human *improvement!* Since my sickness, I have explored new and wonderful regions of romantic scenery, on the Danube and its tributary streams. Formerly I talked of scenery from pictures and imagination. But now I feel elevated to an enthu-

siasm—which only wants your society to be boundless—when I scour the woods of gigantic oak, the bold and beautiful hills, the shores and the rocks upon the Danube.

Some days of this harvest have been truly fine. The verdure has revived from the heat of summer, which before had entirely parched it. What think you of valleys scoured by wild deer, lined with woods of rich and sublime growth, and scented with wild plums and Indian beans? The myrtle and vine, that would starve in our bleak climate, grow wild upon the rocks, and twine most beautifully round the caves, where the wild deer hide themselves, inaccessible to the dogs and the hunters? I saw an instance of this myself: a poor animal flew up the heights, close to my path, dived into the rocks, and neither search nor scrutiny, nor crying nor shouting, could dislodge her. The huntsman and his pack returned from this place, which I have christened the "rock of mercy"—*rupes misericordiæ*. I have written some Latin lines upon it, which I may show you, some day, in my portfolio.

Williams has written to me, much to my satisfaction. I shall write to him to-morrow. How is Oswald? Of Thomson—that refined, elegant, superior spirit—you know my idea. He is one of the elect. Give him my warmest, nay, enthusiastic compliments. He is alone, of all Burns' friends, worthy to have been the friend of Burns. And now to conclude with remembrances:—The Grahames and the Hills—Do you see them often? I know you do. Do you wonder that I rave of the two cousins—M. G. and I. H.? I never thought I loved them so well as since I have left Britain. The same as yourself, they have twined round my heart; and if I had a thousand sisters, I could not love them better. I could weep to think upon the happiness I shall enjoy, when we visit them together!

Think of our journeys thro' Bavaria—of our common

fire-side—of our common pursuits—of our mutual friends—of our sacred attachment till death.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

I am unwilling to interrupt the series of these characteristic letters by unnecessary comment; but it may interest the reader to observe how the sentiments, that sparkle with so much natural feeling in his prose, were afterwards moulded into the more congenial forms of poetry. Two examples may suffice. The first is the "scenery,"—the charm of which was—that, on the Danube, it was still "unimpaired by the impertinent intrusion of human improvement;" and how beautifully was the "primeval landscape" afterwards embodied in his poem, the first thoughts of which appear in this letter:—

"Yes, I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore;
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar;
For man's neglect I love thee more;
That *art nor avarice intrude*
To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock,
Magnificently rude."

In the following stanza the reader will also recognise "The Rupes Misericordiæ."—The Latin verses I have not found; but the "rock of mercy"—suggested by seeing the deer rush to it for shelter—is happily preserved in his poem "On leaving a Scene in Bavaria"—

"Around thy savage hills of oak,
Around thy waters bright and blue;
No hunter's horn the silence broke,
No dying shriek thine echo knew:

But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you
The wounded wild-deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man!"

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

RATISBON, *October 1st*, 1800.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

For some days I have laboured under disagreeable thoughts upon the subject of Mr. Mundell's death, which, in the first transports of my joy at receiving your letter, I did not suffer to interrupt my peace. The uncertainty, however, which hangs over my future dealings with that concern, forces itself upon my mind. I have been in vain cherishing the expectation that a double edition was to be thrown off, and that, consequently, twenty pounds might be remitted. I tremble for the contents of his will, unless the gratuity upon every edition be mentioned there. I have no right to expect more for my Poem. Another more distressing thought rises about the African work.* I have been collecting papers from the Scotch Library, whenever I could see anything respecting it. It is now long delayed, and Williams's work is yet * * * * It is now time to set about this seriously. My health is re-established—but alas! my friend, I have neither funds nor spirits to face a winter in Germany.

All will yet be well, though it goes like a stab to my heart, to think how far I am from home, and how impracticable it is to wait for a remittance now, even if a double edition were thrown off. I feel confident in my powers to

* On every edition of a thousand he received twenty-five pounds: see pages 235, 265. The other work was "Discoveries in Africa," to which he had engaged to contribute.

finish this long delayed Q. of the N., and to get up a volume of valuable pieces—for I have not been entirely idle in minor pieces—if I had only your dear and valuable society. Alas! you may feel attachment, but you little know the agitation of mind that I have undergone, in thinking of the term prescribed for your stay in Britain. I mean to see you, to embrace you once more, my confidant and supporter. This miserable lassitude and melancholy will vanish in your presence. I shall work four months—no, five—for I think you cannot get off till June. I will then dispose of my volume, and we shall have sufficient to travel by the Low Countries—the cheapest and best way to Vienna.

A dreadful gloom hangs upon my spirits. I am banished and neglected. I am even forgetting the elegancies of my native tongue—I cannot live without your society. I might wrestle through the winter with difficulty, as to finances; but for a single line, or page of composition, I could not answer. I sit down resolved to compose, in spite of uncertainty and uneasiness. For hours together I protract the uneasy attempt—I cannot bind my thoughts to any subject. An indifferent person would call this uneasiness imaginary. If so, it is to me, at least, invincible. I have not words to describe the dreadful sensation that overtakes me when I think of passing the winter in Germany. Uncertainty of remittances—inability to work—Oh God! and the dismal want of your society, of which I never knew the blessing sufficiently until now. When your idea comes across my mind—our walks—our common friends—our plans—our conversations—our mutual exchange of accidental compositions—our fireside seat in the winter evenings—our unwilling parting, and appointed meeting—what a sentiment of tenderness rushes on my heart. The pleasing dream is broken by some infernal

being coming across me, or by finding myself alone in a strange and inhospitable country.

* * * * * *

I cannot labour but with the solace of your company. I shudder at the idea of composing this appointed task in Germany.

Your taste and approbation will help me in every composition. I will return to another existence, far from these uninteresting scenes of slavery and superstition. I will not fail to be industrious, when the prospect of our journey is so near. The way to Vienna, by the Netherlands, is cheap and easy; let us not go by Hamburgh—for there will be peace soon, and the North of Germany, I assure you, is a dreadfully dull scene. But we must walk all the way, for the scheme of the carriage will not do, and the post-waggons are most wretched machines. I beg you not to mention my intention to return, without telling such as hear it, the reasons proper for avowing it to the world. The brutal majority of mankind cannot conceive the necessity of submitting to the impulse of a desire for beloved society—and of flying from a solitude that renders the melancholy, *natural* to my spirits, so truly horrible.

As matters stand, I am afraid I could with difficulty hold out till you arrived, with my present stock; but I have implicit confidence in my future correspondence with Perry, and after a few months, compiling this into a volume: and you know—if my gratuity upon the future editions of the P. of H. be continued—how much easier it is to get the cash in Edinburgh than to get remittances. It is true, if my mind were in its usual tone, I could do much in Germany; but I declare, by our sacred regard, there is not a more miserable state to be conceived than these fits of uncertainty

about the future, that prey upon my spirits, and are only alleviated by the prospect of seeing you again, and settling my affairs at home.

I have likewise an idea to suggest that seems to me very feasible. Without degrading our characters in the least, we might bring some articles from Britain, and dispose of them to immense advantage. The merchants here are greedy, and blind to their interest; they sell little, because they sell so high. Their general profit is two hundred per cent.—With difficulty I have forced myself to draw up a paper for Perry, which I hope he will receive.—I strike my hand on my sad heart!—This is a foolish letter: but there is a sacredness in the warm feelings which dictate these words, that assures me they will be approved by you, though another could not understand them. I beseech you, my friend, to keep this in the inmost nook of your bureau; for if profane hands should pilfer it, they will misinterpret this description of my feelings, and mode of accounting for my conduct.

Perhaps I am philosophically wrong not to combat the winter here; but a shuddering sensation overtakes me when I think of the distance between my corporeal and my mental presence.

* * * * * T. C.

During the renewed armistice* between Austria and France, Campbell made various excursions into the interior, penetrating as far as Munich to the southward, and returning to Ratisbon by the valley of the Iser. During the remainder of his sojourn in Bavaria, he beheld no further scenes of actual warfare; the suspension of hos-

* The previous armistice of July expired on the 7th of September, and was renewed at Hohenlinden on the 28th of September, for forty-five days.

tilities, it was hoped, would lead to permanent peace; and public confidence being partially restored, the country assumed a more cheering aspect. The laudable conduct of the French officers had rendered them popular among the citizens; and from them, stranger as he was, Campbell received various marks of respect and attention. "By this time," he says, "I had picked up French enough to talk with the French, and when presented to General Moreau, I could answer him in his own language. He was at that time recently married to his beautiful wife; I met her fourteen years afterwards in London, when she was a widow, and was much flattered by her recollecting my introduction to her at Ratisbon. Moreau's army was under such excellent discipline, and the behaviour both of officers and men so civil, that I soon mixed among them without hesitation, and formed agreeable acquaintances at the messes in town, to which their chef-de-brigade often invited me. This worthy man, Colonel Le Fort, gave me a protection to pass through the whole army of Moreau."

The anecdote of his having been "plundered, in one of these excursions, of his clothes, books, and thirty ducats in gold, by a Croate," is not found recorded in his letters; but he was robbed, as already mentioned, in his lodgings at Ratisbon.

"I remember," says he, "how little I valued the art of painting before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but in Germany I would have given anything to have possessed an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes were indeed rather overcharged with that degree of the terrific, which oversteps the sublime; and I own my flesh yet creeps at the recollections of spring-waggons and hospitals. But the sight of Ingolstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden

covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten." *

As the termination of the armistice approached, redoubled activity prevailed in the Austrian camp, and clearly shewed that hostilities would be soon resumed with increased vigour. Aware of the inconvenience, or even personal risk, to which he might be exposed by a longer stay in Ratisbon, Campbell obtained his passports, and hastily retired from the seat of war. Taking Leipsic and other intermediate towns in his route northward, he rejoined his friends at Hamburgh; and shortly after took up his winter quarters at Altona, from which he thus writes:—

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

ALTONA, *Nov. 4th*, 1800.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

My fears that arose in consequence of Mundell's death, were dispelled by receiving your letter, which reached me at Altona. I had determined to cross the sea, to enjoy your society once more—to publish—and to return with you to Germany. Now this blessed double edition relieves all my apprehensions. Main's account will take £26,—the rest, as I am now on my last legs, must be the means of my existence this winter. I would dispose of

* Extract from a "Memoir of Campbell," by Washington Irving. With regard to Hohenlinden, it has generally been supposed that the Poet was on the field soon after the battle. Such, however, was not the fact. He left Ratisbon late in October, and returned by Leipsic to Altona, where he resided until he embarked for England. The armistice broke up on the 12th of November. The battle of Hohenlinden was fought on the third of *December*, about six weeks after he had taken final leave of Bavaria. In the passage quoted, "Hohenlinden" is perhaps a misprint for *Landshut*, on the Iser, *Leipheim*, near Gunzberg, or *Donauwert*—where battles and *conflagrations* took place during the summer campaign—the effects of which the Poet may have witnessed *after* his arrival on the Danube.—Compare this with page 343 *et seq.*

it otherwise, but necessity has no law. Now that my fears are dismissed, I have confidence in my abilities to do something worth while in Altona—a pleasant place indeed. I shall correspond with Perry, and use the materials I have got, so as to fulfil my engagement. My thanks, good R., for the trouble you have taken. The notices are valuable, though condensed.*—— Now for this coming winter. I own I would fain cross the sea. I own the idea of once more shaking your friendly hand, almost wheedles me out of my resolution. But it is better to stay here—till we set out for Buda—than plough the ocean twice. Oh, how I shall leap when I see you spring from the packet to the Danish shore! Then, my boy, for Buda! the Danube—the hills of Bavaria—Vienna! Our tour shall delight the Universe!

* * * * * *

I have much written and ready for Perry—a second volume shall send me with full sails on the ocean of prosperity. I grow mad at the hope of enjoying life—novelty—friendship—yes, and reputation from such a tour as I shall *now* be able to make.

John! *you* are amongst friends. There are thousands every day to claim your regard. I am away from home—I have no friends—and can have none, till you arrive here. You have no rivals in my affection, and I *must* have none in yours. There is no society, but your own, that could endear such a plan of journeying. It is you I want—a *friend*, not a companion. We must walk—a child can carry all our luggage. Ten pounds is the outside of the expense of each to Buda. I expect fifty pounds from Perry—besides the profit of a volume. I only want

* These were historical and traditional notes selected by Mr. Richardson as materials for the new Poem of "The Queen of the North."

leisure, health, and the prospect of your arrival, to finish all I have on hand. Altona is the Montpelier of Germany, and as my health is better, so are my spirits.

The post hour is near—I must be brief. Summer is not the season for travelling in Germany—it is burning hot, even in a carriage. When I think upon the horrors of a summer campaign, I grow seriously uneasy at the prospect of your late arrival. I declare I do not say this from any selfish wish to see you soon—though, God knows, my heart beats with impatience—but really, even May is intolerably hot in the southern latitudes; and of the dreadful effects of heat, I have known something myself. If we do not set out before May, I know from experience what we shall have to suffer. But this may be obviated by turning to the North or East—Warsaw is accessible: it is now Prussian. I do not state this as a serious proposal—but another time we shall settle all this. Meanwhile, with every ardent sentiment of attachment, I am, dearest John, your friend, T. C.

TO DR. ANDERSON.

ALTONA, *Nov. 5th*, 1800.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

I was vexed and surprised to hear by my mother's last letter, that mine of last August had not reached you. It was double, and I ordered it to be sent by a private hand. My correspondent in Hamburgh says it was duly forwarded. There was another for Mrs. Stewart, which I suppose has also been lost.—An unfortunate summer in Ratisbon drained me so completely, that hearing of Mundell's death, and afraid of being left without resources to winter in Germany, I determined to return to Edinburgh; and after publishing a volume, to return in summer, when my friend Richardson should set

out; for the idea of quitting Germany for good and all, never entered my mind. Another letter from Richardson —delayed God knows by what accident—met me at Hamburgh. I learnt what awaited me for the double edition —and resolved in consequence to wait in Germany for his arrival, instead of a useless voyage home.

I regret that the nearly approaching post hour prevents me from being so full as I wish, upon Germanic subjects. I shall never forget the journey I have made, or the acquaintances I have formed, if I except a few. In Altona —the pleasantest place of all Germany—I have the prospect of useful and agreeable acquaintance, and a winter of useful activity. I must collect all my ideas like a scattered family round my winter fireside, and arrange them according to their age and merit in a social circle.—I will write you by this fleet, and send you specimens of my second volume. At present you must not ascribe it to unkindness if I should be brief. With sincerest affection, I am,—Yours ever,—THOS. CAMPBELL.

My best and loving respects to our common friends.

P.S.—*Nine o'clock.*—I resume the pen—for the post does not go till *ten*—lest you should ascribe to a blank in my affection, this blank on my paper; but with all the blank, I have not room to express the thousand thoughts that crowd upon my mind. I have to assure you, in the first instance, that my silence, while I continued in the belief that my letter had reached you—arose from no deficiency of regard. A dreadful fit of ague and sickness, occasioned by the heat of the weather, confined me for many weeks, and disabled and dispirited me, during all my stay at Ratisbon. A jaunt to the South did not mend my health, finances, or spirits; though I confess the scenery was fine. The news of Mundell's death alarmed me about my future resources—for the doctor's fees and expences

connected with sickness, have consumed me like chaff. A journey to Hamburgh was inevitable—for, though I could have wintered in Ratisbon (which was far from being the case), it was necessary to be nearer home in case of the worst. I endured severe cold on the road, and expected to die in consequence—stopt at Leipsic under great apprehension—suffered yet more on the road to Hamburgh—being exposed for five days and nights to be drenched, and dried alternately. Like a miracle, this cold which I suffered in the uncovered extra-poste, has operated in my favour. Head-ache, weakness of nerves, and every aguish sensation is gone. In waiting for the vessel for Leith, I found to my astonishment that my nerves were confirmed during a few days. Richardson's letter arrived, mentioning the double edition. It will enable me to stay in Altona till a complete knowledge of the language and other circumstances enable me to visit the interior; but we shall proceed by another route than what I pursued—for I am master of all to be seen in Lunenburg, Brunswick, Leipsic —Bareuth, Amberg, and Nuremberg already; and the other road southward has more novelty. My portfolio, prose and verse, is yet a chaos—but have a little patience, and you will see a chaos produce creation, and teem with monsters and wonders sufficient to match the pages of Bruce himself. I will send you in succession, Hungarian war-songs from the mouths of common soldiers, who spoke them in Latin. (This I assure you is not Brucian.) I have also the "Death of Wallace." The long begun "Lodger" (but of this not a word), a long piece—Latin verses, some sonnets, and other pieces—all favourites at least of the Author—whatever the world may say of them*.

* Besides the pieces enumerated—the "Ode to Content"—"Wallace"—the "Danish Verses"—"Judith" and a "Hungarian War-song" have been found among the Poet's papers. The Wallace here mentioned, was a *revised* copy of the "Dirge," see page 202.

Excuse all this prattling vanity.—There is a fine print of Kosciusko, sold here, from the little engraving; and, I assure you, an immense curiosity to see my book. One gentleman has ordered twelve copies for his friends. I hope to send an order for a hundred soon, from a Hamburgh bookseller. An edition has been cast off in America, of which a friend assured me he had seen some copies. I shall send you a much more sensible letter next week, and by a sure hand. Yours,—CAMPBELL.

TO DR. ANDERSON.

ALTONA, *Nov.* 14*th*, 1800.

DEAR DOCTOR,

An opportunity occurring, by a gentleman from Hamburgh, I cannot allow it to pass, without sending you a few lines, although I have found it impossible, from a recurrence of my ague, to transcribe some of the pieces which I meant to have sent you. I was at first violently alarmed when I found that my air-bath from Leipsic had not cured me completely. But the symptoms have again subsided, and I trust this winter will not be rendered disagreeable by any returning annoyance of the same nature.

We have been lately threatened by the Prussians in this quarter. The Senators met, in their large breeches and full ruffles, and for forty-eight hours at a stretch, consulted Puffendorff and Grotius, upon the disputed subject of neutral vessels. At the end of that time, they were exhausted with hunger and hard study—had a hearty meal of sausages and sauer kraut, and went to repose; the dispute being adjusted, is now gone to bed also.

I have met here with a very interesting literary Anglo-German character, Mr. Lloyd—not Edmund Oliver. He has introduced me particularly to Klopstock. I know not what he has translated—I believe nothing of great impor-

tance—but his conversation is pleasant and exceedingly instructive—he is indeed one of the most accomplished men I have seen. * * * * is also here—a poor heart-broken looking man. He seems agonised with reflections on —— 's death. He started with looks of horror on one occasion when, accidentally, the subject of suicide was mentioned. . . . . gave a deep sigh, and a look indescribably wild. I could not understand it.

Mr. R * *, the duellist, is at Altona. I meet with him frequently, and think him an amiable man. He is much respected, both in Hamburgh and Altona. He means, at present, to return home, and stand his trial. Dumourier I saw last night at the theatre. And what think you of the respectable * * * * ? He appears at Hamburgh Dock with all the confidence inspired by conscious rectitude —has got into credit, and speculates in merchandise to some amount. * * * * is surely at the head of his profession. In the last scene of his confinement, he invited the jailor to a magnificent dinner—got him so drunk, and benevolent, as to lend him ten guineas, and then left him to defray the bill.

As I have not yet had the pleasure of hearing from you—I hope you will remember me soon. I think there will be an opportunity yet, this season, of sending my gratuitous volumes of the P. of Hope, by a Leith vessel.

I am glad to hear that Leyden has got a church. My best wishes attend him, for all his *crankishness* of character. I have continually been accusing myself for not writing to Miss Bannerman, and Mr. Brown. They must take the will for the deed, and believe the affection of my heart—even without a testimony. Will you be so kind as inquire particularly, how Miss Grahame* is. Her relations,

* Some notice of the friends here named has been given at pages 228, 241-3.

you know, are not explicit about her health, and I have heard hitherto nothing but rumours.

I have now a favour to request from your long-experienced friendship, which is—to send me, out of any scraps of Scottish history, hints or extracts that may yield a few notes to my Q. of the N., which is yet in detached pieces. There is something about this request which you will see the propriety of keeping secret—not that I am ashamed of assistance from such a respectable quarter—but, because I don't wish people to be talking about a piece, which has vexed me by its protracted delay. I believe, however, that I shall be in sufficient time for the engravings. Williams wrote me that they would not be finished this year. If fulfilling this request should be troublesome, I shall drop it—but it would be an inestimable favour. My sincere respects to your agreeable family, and to all our common friends. I shake you by the hand—and wish you, from the bottom of a grateful and affectionate heart, every blessing that worth deserves. I am, my dear sir, yours, &c.,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Early in November Campbell had the pleasure of forming acquaintance with a young gentleman of family, who was then preparing for a tour in the provinces of the Lower Danube. Correspondence in taste and sentiment soon led to an intimacy which was continued by daily intercourse, and promised many future advantages. Of these the most important to Campbell was an offer from his new friend to take him as his travelling companion into Hungary, and to make him a liberal compensation in money for any pains he might take in directing his studies. With this new prospect before him, he hastens to communicate the plan to Mr. Richardson.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

ALTONA, 18*th Nov.* 1800.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I have formed a plan which, I assure you, is likely to afford solid comfort to my spirits—a pleasant resting-place for some time—a view of instructive novelties—and leisure to arrange all my notes and materials. But I must premise by mentioning that, however apparently tending to separate us for a while, it is favourable to that delightful meeting which my mind anticipates as its greatest consolation. My heart beats with all its wonted fervour, when I declare that to be with you once more is my determined vow.

* * * * * *

You know, from anxieties about the consequences of Mundell's death, that I proposed returning to Britain to publish, or rather to finish, the multitude of pieces I have on hand in your delightful society, and *then* to return with you to Buda. Buda was always the hobby-horse of my affections. My imagination has been inflamed by the accounts I have heard of it and the neighbouring country. Finding that your letter informed me of the 50*l.* lying in the bank, I then thought to appropriate 25*l.* of it to my present uses, and leave the rest as part payment of my debts.* Twenty-five pounds (for confinement at Leipsic had drained me to the last) was my proposed stock for the winter. Thus, I purposed to finish all I had on hand, and wait your arrival ; and having transmitted a stock of *publishable* matters to Britain, to rely upon the profits for the future.

* The *debts* to which he so often adverts were chiefly due to Mr. Hepburn, a Leith merchant, from whom he had a letter of credit on Messrs. Blair, of Hamburgh.

I got acquainted with a gentleman in Altona—but I must be brief. After hearing the state of my affairs, and I explained them frankly, for his inquiries were delicate and friendly—he told me his prospects in life, and his present state; offered me assistance in a generous and delicate manner, and pressed me to visit him at Buda, and to make his house my home. My words in reply were these :—Mr. * * *, I have felt so much pleasure in your society, that I will accept your invitation. Offers of assistance in any other shape I decline with gratitude; for at present it is home and society that I wish for.—I alluded to an offer which he made through the medium of a common acquaintance, who is his bosom friend and my well-wisher. It was to furnish me with whatever supply was requisite for the winter. To this I returned for answer, that I had already incurred obligations of a similar nature—that I was unfortunate in my management of money, but that to live with him as a friend at Buda would be, perhaps, a mutual advantage. On Mr. * * * speaking of the matter himself, I repeated my former expression. He gave me his hand, and said with warmth, "I had no idea that I could have got you to accompany me—but come. Your society will be a pride and an honour." These strong expressions, though they shew an exaggerated idea of my character, I know are sincere; for he shewed his sincerity by distributing his allowance among the Irish sufferers, and now shews his powers of friendship by sharing all his fortune with a friend. I looked upon the invitation of an honest man as truly welcome. "I mean," says he, "to settle at Buda, and it would be my pride to see you settled along with me." It would have been improper to have left him in the dark with regard to my plans. Mr. * * *, said I, you know the value of a friend—the dearest I have on earth is coming to Germany in summer. I believe my

being in Germany is not a small inducement. We have long proposed to travel through Hungary—I must meet him nearer home than Buda—I will return with my friend to Buda—he is a mild man like yourself. You will certainly be friends also. "Bring him to my house," said the good natured * * *; "we shall all live happy together." I said I could not answer for my friend's resolutions.

You see then the state of the matter. This honest * * * is a simple, downright man. He is so diffident of his own rank in the scale of intelligence, that he talks about the honour he would receive from my company—the improvement, &c. All that nonsense will be over when we grow more familiar. But I know I have sufficient good-will for his honesty of character, to appear agreeable in his eyes during a domestic acquaintance; and as he regards my conversation as improving, I am sure, when he begins to study, I can advise him with some effect, to repay his hospitality by improving his taste and information. The manner in which he talks of my society, is such as if he regarded himself as the person laid under an obligation. I do not think so myself; but the advantage is mutual. Though sorely touchable on the score of *independence*, I will certainly feel myself here, as a respectable friend and useful companion. There is nothing like formal *tutor-ship*. His circumstances and my wishes exclude that idea. It has never been alluded to; but I will certainly interest myself in his studies if he incline to pursue them.

Thus, you observe, I am to pass some months at Buda. His coach cannot receive me—he regrets it, but I do not. I shall travel deliberately to Vienna, cheaply and comfortably. I will describe my procedure on arriving there. I shall see Prague and Dresden in my way. I am to meet * * * and * * * of Edinburgh at Vienna, and drift down the Danube to Buda.

Now for our meeting, which, I suppose, will be in June.* Let it be where you please. The Danube is navigable up to Ratisbon—the expense is small, though the voyage may be very tedious—but no voyage will be disagreeable that carries me to my dear Richardson. I will meet you wherever you like. I know you will be solitary; but * * * visits Linz in May. I shall accompany him down the Danube. The idea of your travelling *alone* pains my heart. Your idea elevates my weariest moments. I will meet you where you please. Shall we visit Hungary again? Yes, it is the country worthy of our best research. All the rest of Germany is vulgar knowledge. This is a land unknown—untravelled—beautiful—rich—delicious! Oh! what descriptions the Germans give of its vineyards of Tokay and Agria!

Now, my most valued friend, I must tell you one principal reason for leaving Altona—I do not mean you to join me at Hamburgh, or come by way of Saxony. It is a vulgar unpleasing route. Come to me by way of France. It is a sad want not to be able to tell foreigners anything of London. You must visit London first; and to see France on your route, is also worthy of your liberality. Yes—permit me to advise you. If peace do *not* happen, get a passport. It is easily found in London; and the French will not be disposed to injure you, when they allowed me to cross their army with a simple note from a Colonel Le Fort in their service. Let alone economy till you come to some resting-place, or travel upon walking expeditions in Hungary. I have considered your case, and can now speak with decision. In your situation, it is best to visit Paris first. You can travel in an extra-poste over

* Mr. Richardson was not to be of age until May; but it was concerted that as soon as he attained his majority, he should start for Germany.

France, and the Netherlands for sixpence a mile—all expenses included. I mean travelling like a gentleman, with ease and comfort. Eight days' sickness in the Hamburgh packet is a serious matter. God grant that I may get home by a shorter voyage! Besides, Hanover is a melancholy country; all Lower Saxony is indeed disgusting. But the Rhine—Paris—Buonaparte—the pictures and statues of Italy (now transported to France)—the scenes of the Revolution—all is enchantment and attraction! Get a passport. Shame to dull Hamburgh and Saxony!

Besides, I *must* recur to London. I have blushed for shame, when the ladies asked me questions about it. You join me, suppose, at Ratisbon; and you must travel thither in a covered chaise, for the sun will be hot. You spend July and August in Buda. Then for the paradise of romantic pleasure! Autumn in the richest climate—wildness—luxuriance.

* * * * * *

Do you blame me then for this resolution? I go to live with a man who esteems me, and whose hospitality it will not be degrading me to accept. I respect and love him—with a part of that esteem which warms me when I think of you. We shall meet—tell me where—and I will fly to the place you choose. * * * * *

To Perry I will send accounts of all I can get, and continue my correspondence with the vigour of a satisfied mind. All will be pleasant. Do not, my dear J.—do not imagine this increase of our present distance is unfavourable to our views—for to travel by France is your interest, and *not* by sea to this Hamburgh! Peace will surely arrive—it is earnestly expected here. Say nothing of my departure till I write to my friends from Vienna: this I request for reasons too long for this scanty paper.

I have sent off by this post to P—— a Hungarian war-

ode, and, before leaving town, will transcribe some other pieces to insert at his leisure. If you accidentally pick up any particulars about the Q. of the N., pray kindly send them. Adieu. T. C.

* * * * *

P.S. *November* 20.—Returning last evening I find I have sent Perry's letter to you! Forgive the mistake. It will inform you of the Buda scheme. * * * has since made me an offer of a very particular kind as his tutor. It is of so important a nature, that I have determined to cross the water, and see if it be compatible with your scheme of travelling to Germany. If your plan and * * *'s do not coincide, I will abandon every project that could separate us; for, in the present state of my mind, your society, I find, will be necessary to my existence. * * * proposes, in consideration of your wishes to visit Germany and the attachment between us, that we should return by the spring fleet; and after travelling, that both should settle in that delightful country. In short, I must consult with you personally. Say nothing of what has been said in this letter. I long to see you. I am fully persuaded that * * * and you and I will all yet travel together, and that you would like him for his extreme modesty and amiable manners. T. C.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

ALTONA, *Dec.* 16*th*, 1800.

* * I have just finished yours of Nov. 25th. It is all well—you are the best of friends, and I the happiest of mortals. The supply is sufficient for a cold winter, and when spring and you come smiling together, this heart will have too much happiness to contain; but as to my letter about Buda, and my subsequent one regarding * *,

John, by the sincerity of my affection, this scheme has no circumstance in it that either can, or shall, bar our plan of life. The history is this: * * wished me to spend the winter with him at Buda; I agreed, and having concluded a letter to Perry, added my intention in postscript. I addressed it to you by mistake: You received mine on the same subject; I meant to return to meet you at Munich, or elsewhere, and join you for good and all. At that time * * * had said nothing of tutorship. On certain difficulties occurring with regard to * *'s plans of travelling, I was afraid of obliging any of them to stay at Buda by my presence, and requested leave to withdraw my promise. * * * was a little hurt, I believe, rather at * * than me; and, next day taking a walk along with me, some miles into the country, explained to me some peculiarities in his lot, his prospects, and his wishes. His wish, he said, was to study upon settling at Buda. He requested me to promise my assistance, with his word of honour that I should have £100 a year as long as I chose to abide with him; and he said that he—not I—would be the person obliged. I immediately replied that I wished neither to bind him nor myself by any promise; that I would return to Britain, and, if *one* circumstance did not occur, would join him at the end of summer. This circumstance is your unwillingness to live in the same place with me—for, I declare, I could live nowhere comfortably, without the reality or prospect of being with you. I said further, on the subject of "per annum," that I would live with him, in case of return, without any engagement on either side. I will rely upon you, I said, for I certainly know your worth, and I will live with you happily, if another motive does not operate—which will certainly appear honourable in your eyes. The matter then stands thus: I can join * * *, or not, as I please; having required

only a conditional promise from him, my word is not betrothed, and I can join him a month, or a twelvemonth, after his arrival at Buda. * * *

Visit Buda, perhaps: nine months journeying in Bohemia, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, will surely do. Then we shall rest to compose Poems, Novels, and Romances, somewhere or other. Such fits of thinking come across me of an evening, as nothing but your presence could dispel. I am a sad dependent creature! My happiness will be in your hands, like the penny-piece of a child, who gives it to his mama to keep—being unfit to keep it himself. This is nonsense, you will say. No! The society of * * *, amiable as he is, could not flatter me, unless I had yours for the corner-stone of my happiness. But we shall meet soon.—We shall sit in this snug little room, where I now sit.—We shall talk over the dear hours I have spent with you, and plan for those of the future. * * * * *

I must winter, however, here.—The frost is begun.—I think it is not likely that I shall be home. Join me early in March!—It will need no great money, and you can leave Mr. S——d * for your agent. It is true enough, that I have stuff for Perry. I expect you to be the bearer of £30 from him—for you must come by way of London, now that Paris, from the renewal of hostilities, is not likely to be accessible. But Paris we shall visit together. Bring few clothes, as we shall certainly walk. Tony MacCann, a brave United Irishman, walked between Bergen in Norway, to Paris, on seven guineas—near seventeen hundred miles! But generally May is a hot month in Germany; and we ought to set out in March, early. Our best chance is to walk:—we are equipped with a very light cloak over thin

* The Writer to the Signet, with whom Mr. Richardson was apprentice.

clothes; we start on a fine cool morning—smiling ourselves, and all nature cheerful around us. We walk two German miles in three hours—then we can always have a nice breakfast of coffee, good bread, butter, and beef, for a shilling a-head. Out again another mile or two—then dinner: a sausage, bread and cheese, for the like sum. Then at night, it is not incumbent to call for anything more than beer, for the appearance of *gentility*. A bed of straw costs one penny; and a feather-bed, where it can be had, half a *marck*. Upon the whole, four shillings a day is the outside of our expenses for each. All our baggage ought to be a thin pair of silk breeches, silk stockings, and a clean shirt—that is but a small bundle, and wrapt up in our light cloak, will be but a trifle in our hands. There is no disgrace in travelling thus through Germany—though it would be otherwise in England. Then, for our Journal; a little paper and an ink-horn. I will always contrive to carry books enough in my pockets to amuse us at nights, when we are not in towns to have society. But your society, my dearest companion, will be all to me. I could do wonders in the way of writing, if I had you to comfort my spirits.

I hope what I have said of * * * is sufficient. But again, with the hand that clutched yours with so much delight, I declare myself off, whenever you wish to return to Britain. My honour, my friendship, my enthusiasm, have but one touchstone—which is your opinion—and when I lose that, I shall indeed be wretched. What can I say more? * * * * *

Now, John, I have two commissions to give you: one, is to tell * *, or rather, hint my wish that he would not read my letters in any of the public places—do this *delicately*, for it can be hinted. The other is: look westward from Charlotte Street, and tell me what are the prin-

cipal scenes, or if connected with anything describable. Do see the same from the *west*. Is Benledi or Benlomond visible? What can be said of that view? Look from the castle, and see what views it can possibly afford? What is there remarkable about the Abbey? and where is the place of "refuge?" Roslin Castle—try, my dear friend, what can be done with that.

* * * * *

The subject, I think seriously, is capital.—I have got an episode to the College, which pleases me. As to my labours this summer, they have been but ineffectual. God knows what a state of spirits I have enjoyed. But there is one piece, on the Valley of Eldurn, which I think well-polished and classical. "Wallace" is bold and irregular—of its merit I am more doubtful. The "Exile of Erin" pleases Tony MacCann and his brethren. I would send Perry my Latin verses on the Deer, but you will see the subject is taken into the "Valley of Eldurn." Try, for God's sake, to be out early in March—English *guineas* are the best money you can bring. Secresy and despatch—health and fraternity! My love to the dear—dear Grahames and Hills. Why does Jemmy never write to me? When the day of our meeting comes, think how I shall rejoice! "Begone, dull care!" I request your caution most earnestly, about what I have said about the Queen of the North. Keep up the public mind. We shall do it this summer in our halting-place. I expect you to be the bearer of the materials. T. C.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

ALTONA, *December 25th*, 1800.

* * Having just laid down Polybius, and delighted myself with a golden anticipation of the days when we

shall be thinking, studying, writing, existing in common, I cannot help flying to the only relief which I have from impatience—which is, addressing you, conversing with you, and enjoying your absent society, by sending a transcript of my feelings. The days pass heavily, but they will at last come to an end. I have arranged my domestic affairs so as to exist with comfort, till I change my place along with you. There is a prospect of peace between Germany and France—travelling will be safer. Indulge your imagination in the choice of a place for our retreat; let it be anywhere but the *north* of Germany, for that is odious. Salzburg, or Prague, or Hungary. The last is the best, I believe,—and there is time enough to deliberate. In the meantime, is it building castles too fantastically, to sketch out the picture of our future resources of happiness, in our summer resting-place, which, I imagine, you will find agreeable to remain at for four months? In the case of a long stay—and much is to be reaped from settling ourselves a few months—I know your taste and sensibility to refined pleasure; the classics shall be our household Gods, in our summer quarters. Livy, Virgil—history and poetry from their purest fountain—shall we not mouth and recite every inspiring passage? This, for our morning amusement. Then, for better shelter than a house can give from the heat of mid-day, we shall get to the centre of those deep untrodden groves, which are so common in Germany, that, without stirring forty feet from the gates of a town, you get into the midst of a wilderness, as cool, silent, and apparently remote as if in a desert island. Our afternoons, for you know part of the day is apt to be listless and yawning—may be for ever spirited by a little conversation with such natives as can be found to our mind, and there are pleasant ones to be found in the remotest quarters. Information, as well as amusement, may be gleaned by such

evening parties; and, what is extremely pleasant in Germany, they have no idea of expensive libations of punch or wine being necessary for a party of talkers: a cup of beer or coffee, and a pipe, is all they require—and a dish of tea, without a morsel of bread, is thought quite a flashy treat. In the evening, we shall scribble a few sonnets, or descriptions, characters, scenes, antiquities, or events. When I think of the serious improvement—the happiness and reconciliation to life—which this prospect affords me, I wish yet to attain longevity. In our younger years, we shall lay up a store of happiness and pleasant remembrances for our riper years. After all, John, independent of advantages to be derived from being pleasantly employed for the present, it is of deep importance to gather a store of respectability for the future. What a stock of knowledge, of conversation, of all that is sacred and valuable to the mind of man, can we not gather from travelling together, and alternately resting thus, for some years to come? For as to myself, I should not care a pin for existence, were it not the prospect of rising in the scale of beings, by the new ideas I shall gain from that prop to my spirits, which your friendship yields: to you, my heart's friend, if I cannot yield so great a delight, I may at least drive away some moments of *ennui*, from which even the sweetest tempers are not always exempted. The prospect of joining you comes now nearer every day.—I cannot describe my beating of heart, at the anxiety which this yet unenjoyed pleasure excites.—I feel as if the die were casting to settle my future fate. If *you* come, I see lightsome days of study, novelty, exultation, in a virtuous and refined existence.—If not, I see the gloomy return to Britain—want of motive, or spirit for exertion and—the blue-devils!

By February—even by the middle of January—nay, even for certain by the 15th of January—I shall have sent to Perry twenty-four pieces of poetry; he could not insert

more in a year's time, and by that period I shall be entitled surely to fifty pounds. This is all my resource. If you do not come by Yarmouth, write to him for my sake: and, on condition of twenty-four pieces being sent by that period, request, with dignified politeness, that amount; and offer twenty pieces to be sent next year for the like sum—all as highly polished as regard to my reputation can induce me to make. What could I *not* do, were you beside me! This is all hush-work—no sending through the drum, or talking of it in Mundell's shop. Fortified with fifty pounds, I defy fate! I know how to travel and live frugally. Judge of my economy when I tell you that I can at present content myself with two meals a day, of which dinner costs *eightpence*, and supper *sixpence*.

Let us plunge down to Hungary, and there we can live comfortably upon ten shillings a week, for all the expenses of each. From this to Munich—which is worthy of a whole volume in our Travels—we can walk for £4 a piece; and you may get by water down to Presburg or Ofen, for a guinea, or less. Walking, I must repeat it, is our best plan; sure and independent. Let your luggage be little: but bring, for God's sake, Shakspeare, and a few British classics.—These things will be sent to Ratisbon, and thence down the Danube, at small expense. I forgot to mention Adams' Comparison of Ancient and Modern Geography; also, if you wish to keep me from cutting my throat, bring the materials detailed in my last. March—March! I will ever bless thy bleak pale face, if thou givest me my friend!

Poor * * * has been attacked by Russians, and left for dead! I have been seeing him. He is now in a fever, at the time he should have left this. I have a long conversation, respecting him, to annoy you withal, when you have jumped ashore; but it is too long for this occasion. My friends, I know, are open-mouthed against me for my

silence ; but, thanks to you, I can think of nothing but our future travels. This is too bad to add postage to postage, and tell you *no news*. But I can only think, or write upon one subject, and that sets me so crazy with impatience, that I cannot even manage it with propriety. I hope you will be here when my friend, Major Ker—the drollest man that ever out-drolled Ringan Hill himself—is at Hamburgh. He is extremely like Ringan ; and there is a plain, simple Scotchman, called Duddington, so like Grahame, that I love him with all my soul. How is that sacred flower-knot of *my* friends—of *ours*, I should say—in the New Town ? I could weep to think of them ! How is Miss Grahame ? what epithet can I attach to express her enchanting preciousness of character. How is good Dr. Anderson ? You know how I value him. T. C.

P.S.—I have just finished my fourteenth transmission to P. I have resolved to send but twenty for a year's allowance. I think you may demand at least forty guineas for them all. The remaining six shall be sent within three weeks. Two guineas a-piece is no extraordinary demand, but leave it to himself. More than twenty pieces in a year would make my name too hackneyed. Call on Miss Bannerman, if the Doctor will introduce you to her. She is a very excellent girl. If by hook or crook you can get a copy of my Pleasures of Hope from Doig, present her with it. * * * * *

Huzza ! the French are going full speed to Linz. We shall see them at Vienna. * * *

Behold, I have no more room—farewell. My love to the Grahames and Hills. A fine day—west wind. T. C.

CHAPTER XIV.

PILGRIMAGE CONCLUDED.

Of the fourteen pieces composed, or revised for publication, during his residence on the Danube and the Elbe, four only have been admitted to a place in his printed poems. The first was "The Exile of Erin," written immediately after his arrival at Altona, where he lived in friendly intercourse with those brave but unfortunate men, who had taken refuge among the hospitable citizens of Hamburgh. Of this number was * * *, with whom the Poet had agreed to travel, and whose character and influence gave him a high standing among his expatriated countrymen. Another was Anthony MacCann, the hero of the song—the real "Exile" of Erin—with whom Campbell ever afterwards maintained a friendly correspondence. In the society of these men he spent much of his leisure; several of them were highly accomplished; and the keen sympathy which he felt in their sufferings inspired that beautiful lyric, which, were other testimony wanting, would of itself consign the men and their cause to immortality. There is reason to believe that it was the *first* piece composed at Hamburgh; and that the rough sketch may be referred to the last week of October, or at latest to the beginning of November, when it was sung by the exiles themselves, "Rowan, MacCann, Donovan, and others," at their evening parties.

In reference to this subject, the Poet has summed up his recollections in the following words :—" While tarrying at Hamburgh, I made acquaintance with some of the refugee Irishmen, who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798. Among these was Anthony MacCann—an honest, excellent man—who is still, I believe, alive—at least, I left him in prosperous circumstances at Altona, a few years ago.* When I first knew him, he was in a situation much the reverse ; but Anthony commanded respect whether he was rich or poor. It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote 'The Exile of Erin.'" * * * * * *

" By the way, it happened to me some seven years ago, and thirty after I had written that Poem, to see myself accused in the public papers of not having been the author of it, but of having surreptitiously carried off the credit of composing it from an Irishman of the name of Nugent, whose sister swore to having seen it in her brother's handwriting, at a date even earlier than its possible composition. Now this Mr. Nugent was a relation of the Duke of Buckingham's family, and died at Stowe, after a residence of fifteen months, during the whole of which time, though my name was publicly affixed to the " Exile of Erin," he made no claim to the authorship of the song. This I proved by the help of Lord Nugent, who got a certificate from the clergyman of Stowe, as to the date of his kinsman's death; and after that fact, the question cannot well be mooted. But, in behalf of all who may be innocently accused, I have to say that conscious innocence is by no means a security against our being deeply pained by unjust accusation. It was impossible to be more innocent of the charge alleged

* These autobiographical notes were written in 1837. MacCann is since dead. Campbell and he met last in the autumn of 1825.

than I was. My accusers were only an editor of a provincial Irish newspaper, and an old lady—the sister of Mr. Nugent; and my Irish friends told me that nobody in Ireland believed the calumny. Yet it annoyed me not a little; for it is next to impossible for a man to prove himself the author of what he wrote thirty years ago; and, until Lord Nugent sent me the certificate of Nugent's burial, I could not say that I had any irrefragable proof on the subject." * * * *

To all unprejudiced readers, this plain statement, in the Poet's own words, will appear sufficient to set the question at rest; but, as the charge has been revived since his death, it may be necessary, in a future portion of these Letters, to examine it more fully, that it may be seen upon what testimony the accusation rests, and by what incontestible facts his claim to the authorship is established.*

The first of the poetical pieces which Campbell transmitted from Germany to Mr. Perry was "Lines on Visiting a Scene in Argyllshire." They were sketched, as already mentioned, during his visit to the paternal mansion in 1798, finished at Hamburgh, and dedicated to his friend, Mr. Richardson. It is probable that the novel and embarrassing position, in which the author was placed, soon after his arrival in Bavaria, may have suggested the lofty moral sentiment with which it concludes—for at no period of life was his philosophy more severely tried :—

* "Réfuter des critiques est un vain amour-propre; confondre la calomnie est un devoir!" and so also thought Campbell in this case; for it was not of a severe or unjust criticism, but of a bold attack upon his character, that he had to complain; and, coming from a quarter where he ought to have stood above suspicion, his sensitive mind was, for a time, deeply hurt by so gross an impeachment. But it was gratifying to him to know, that none of his Irish friends believed the calumny; and, to their honour be it said, one of those friends has investigated the question so thoroughly in the very quarter where it originated, as to leave nothing unaccomplished. See *Appendix*.

Be hushed my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
  Where the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
  A thousand wild waves on the shore.
Thro' the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain,
  May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea! even the *name** I have worshipped in vain,
Shall wake not the sigh of remembrance again—
  To bear is to conquer our fate.

The second piece transmitted from Germany, and published in the "Morning Chronicle," was "The Beech-tree's petition," written at the request of his sister Mary. This venerable tree still adorns the garden of Ardwell, the seat of James Murray M'Culloch, Esq., who has favoured me with the annexed particulars, which give a new and pleasing interest to the subject:—

"As respects the 'Beechen Tree,' I will give you the same account of it, which I gave to Sir Walter Scott, and which satisfied him as to our just right to claim it. It is this:—On occasion of one of my happy visits to Abbotsford, my friend Sir Walter and I were taking a forenoon's walk over his fields. In our conversation, some allusion was made to 'The Pleasures of Hope,' and to the celebrated author of that fine poem; when Sir Walter said—'By the bye, I was lately told that the 'Beechen Tree' of Tom Campbell stands in your garden, at Ardwell. This I took upon me to contradict, for I had never heard my friend Campbell say that he had been at Ardwell; nor did I ever hear *you* say that he had been there.' I answered—'Indeed, my dear sir, you have unintentionally done us injustice; for it stands in our garden, and we are

* The disappointment, darkly hinted at in this line, appears to have some reference to an event which took place in January of the preceding year. See page 145.

very proud of our classic and celebrated 'Beech.' We must not be deprived of our tree, especially by such authority as yours; so you must get the matter authenticated, as soon as you have any opportunity of doing so. It is quite true that your friend never was at Ardwell, but I shall tell you how the whole matter happened:—About the time you and I got acquainted, I lived and had a small establishment at Craigie-Burn in Dumfries-shire (Burns' Craigie Burn). I then occasionally went to visit the family of Sir W. Richardson, Bart., at Ardwell, and then my tenant. On a fine forenoon, while walking in the garden with the ladies of the family and the Misses Maxwell of Cardness, the stately 'beech,' being in full foliage commanded the admiration of the party: this I joined in, but I told them at the same time, that, fine as he was, he now stood condemned to die! On being asked (while the ladies expressed horror and indignation in their countenances) what I meant, I told them the gardener had complained that he could get no garden crop to grow near the tree, and that a large forest tree had no right to be in a kitchen garden; that he had asked leave to take it out root and branch, and that I had granted leave accordingly. I was immediately set upon, almost 'tooth and nail,' by my fair companions, and I was fain to get quit of the fair ones, by giving my solemn promise to give the beechen tree a reprieve!

"A short time subsequently, I received an anonymous manuscript—in writing so bad, that I had neither patience nor time to read it, so I put it aside among other papers, and it lay by me for some time. My brother-in-law, Tom Scott (brother to Sir Walter), was with me at Craigie-Burn; he and my sister, who were both connoisseurs and admirers of Campbell, were speaking of the Poet.—My sister asked Tom Scott if Campbell had written anything

lately? Scott answered, 'Nothing that I have heard of, except a small fugitive piece called 'The Petition of the Beechen Tree.'' My sister asked if he had seen it. He said he had not, but that he had heard it much praised, and said, that it did not in any degree lessen his fame. I here cut in and stated, that *I had* 'The Petition of a Beechen Tree!' '*You* have the petition of a Beechen Tree?' with a sneer; as if they considered me no connoisseur, and as not entitled to talk about such matters. I now went over the story of what passed between the ladies and myself, in the garden at Ardwell, and said I conjectured that some one of the ladies had composed it. I was asked to produce it, which I did, when Tom Scott read it, and instantly said, 'That is Campbell's 'Beechen Tree!'' He at the same time said "If any other person has sent it to you as their own, it is a plagiarism.' I answered, 'that I did not believe that any of the ladies had sent it as their own—that this was mere conjecture.' Some time subsequently, I met one of the ladies (Miss Grace Maxwell) at her uncle's, Colonel Maxwell, Queen Street, Edinburgh. This lady asked me if ever I had received 'The Petition of a Beechen Tree?' On saying I had done so, Miss Maxwell told me that her sisters and herself were intimate with Miss Campbell, sister of the Poet; and that they had got her to write and ask her brother to intercede in behalf of the tree; that he sent it out, and having made a copy of it, she transmitted it to me."

"Sir Walter Scott," adds my correspondent, "expressed himself perfectly satisfied with my history of the Beechen Tree, and promised to rectify his error upon every opportunity which might occur." *

* Letter from James Murray M'Culloch, of Ardwell, Esq., dated Ardwell, Gatehouse, 11th February, 1840.

Among various other pieces, written at Ratisbon or Altona during the summer and autumn, was the following translation from a Danish inscription on "the death of a beloved only son," laid in his mother's tomb at the age of nine years. The lines, supposed to be spoken by the bereaved father at the tomb of his wife and child, are thus rendered :—

DEATH OF MY ONLY SON.

Can mortal solace ever raise
The broken pillar of my days;
Or Fate restore a form so dear
As that which lies unconscious here?
Ah no, my Darco! latest given,
And last reclaimèd gift of Heaven!
Possessing thee, I still could bless
One lingering beam of happiness!
My loved, my lost, my only care!
I vainly thought with thee to share
Thy heart's discourse, so gently kind,
And mould to worth thy pliant mind;
Nor, warned of all my future woe,
Presumed on happiness below!
But losing thee, my blooming Boy,
I cannot lose another joy;
For all that stayed my earthly trust
With thee is buried in the dust!
Nine charming years had fraught with grace
Thy sprightly soul and lovely face,
Where harshness had not planted fear,
Nor sorrow wrung one silent tear;
But frank and warm my Darco flew,
To share each welcome and adieu—
Each word, each step, each look t' attend—
My child, my pupil, and my friend!
Oh, when his gaily smiling talk
Endeared my lonely summer walk;
Or when I sat at day's decline,
And clasped his little hand in mine;

How many woes were then forgot—
How blissful seemed his father's lot!
And, breathing love, my bosom said—
Thus, on my dying couch when laid,
Thus shall I bid thee, Darco, stand,
And grasp thee with my failing hand.
Cold, cold thou pledge of future charms,
As she who gave thee to my arms!
My buried hopes! your grave is won,
And Mary sleeps beside her son!—
Now hush, my heart! afflicting Heaven,
Thy will be done! thy solace given!
For mortal hand can never raise
The broken pillar of my days,
Nor earth restore a form so dear
As that which lies unconscious here! T. C.

Another short piece was, "A Song, translated from the German," which afterwards appeared in a London paper, and retains its place among the other approved lyrics of this period:—

"Sweet Iser! were thy sunny realm
And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
To prop the tender vine;
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill;
And, under every myrtle bower,
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
To many an idle hour," &c.

Under date—"Altona, Nov. 9th,"—he writes thus to a literary friend in London:—"I heard, accidentally, during my passage through the Austrian army last summer, a barbarous Latin song—sung by the Hungarian soldiers to the tune of "*Laudohn's march*," a popular tune among the Austrians, and frequently played by their military bands.

The Latin rhymes are very uncouth, and hardly admit even of a free translation; but I have made an attempt to mould the leading thoughts of this martial effusion of the Hungarian muse into English verse."

LAUDOHN'S ATTACK.

Rise, ye Croates, fierce and strong,
Form the front, and march along!
And gather fast ye gallant men
From Nona and from Warrasden,
Whose sunny mountains nurse a line
Generous as her fiery wine.

Hosts of Buda! hither bring
The bloody flag and eagle wing:
Ye that drink the rapid stream
Fast by walled Salankème.
Ranks of Agria!—head and heel
Sheathed in adamantine steel—
Quit the woodlands and the boar,
Ye hunters wild, on Drava's shore;
And ye that hew her oaken wood,
Brown with lusty hardihood—
The trumpets sound, the colours fly,
And Laudohn leads to victory!

Hark! the summons loud and strong,
"Follow soldiers! march along!"
Every baron, sword in hand,
Rides before his gallant band!
The vulture, screaming for his food,
Conducts ye to his fields of blood.
Men of Austria! mark around,
Classic fields and holy ground!
For here were deeds of glory done,
And battles by our fathers won—
Fathers, who bequeathed to you
Their country and their courage too!

Heirs of plunder and renown,
Hew the squadrons—hew them down!

Now ye triumph! slaughter now
Ploughs the field with bloody plough.
Now your thunders carry fate;
Now the field is desolate;
Save where Laudohn's eagles fly
On the wings of victory!

This is glory—this is life!
Champions of a glorious strife;
Moving, like a wall of rock,
To stormy siege or battle shock—
Thus we conquer might and main,
Fight and conquer o'er again!

Grenadiers! that fierce and large,
Stamp * like dragons to the charge—
Foot and horseman, serf and lord,
Triumph now with one accord.
Years of triumph shall repay
Death and danger's troubled day.
Soon the rapid shot is o'er,
But glory lasts for ever more!
Glory, whose immortal eye
Guides us to the victory! T. C.

The first copy of "The Exile of Erin"† was sent to Mr. Perry early in December, and published on the 28th January, with this preface—"The meeting of the Imperial Parliament, we trust, will be distinguished by acts of mercy. The following most interesting and pathetic song, it is to be hoped, will induce them to extend their benevolence to those unfortunate men, whom delusion and error have doomed to exile, but who sigh for a return to their

* This word, like several others, was unfortunate in passing through the compositor's hands—having been printed "*stump* like dragons," &c., to the total loss of all grenadier dignity.

† This song and the "Soldier's Dream" were translated with much spirit into German, by the Countess Purgstall (née Cranstoun). The Poet's favourite device—and he seldom used any other in sealing his letters—was a shamrock, with the motto "Erin-go-bragh."

native homes." It was "a great favourite with Anthony MacCann and his brethren," and was often sung and recited both in their evening meetings and in their solitary walks in the country. His composition of this popular song, and his cordial sympathy, felt and expressed on all occasions, in their unhappy fortunes, identified the Poet with all the hopes and fears of the exiles, and will long endear his memory to their descendants, with whom, in his latter days, he had often the pleasure of renewing the friendly contract.

The "Ode to Winter," transmitted about the same time, and published on the 30th January, is perhaps the most elaborately finished of the lyrics composed in Germany. The following stanza depicts the actual warfare of which he was still a witness:—

"But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds;
When wreck and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh, winds of winter! list ye there
In many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
Alas! even your unhallowed breath
May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death—
No bounds to human woe."

The last of the pieces enumerated in a letter to Dr. Anderson, was his noble song—"Ye Mariners of England." The subject, first suggested by hearing the air played in the house of one of his friends in Edinburgh, returned with double force when the rumour of open war with "the North"

became a topic of daily conversation at Altona; and under the inspiration of awakened patriotism, he finished and sent it off to Mr. Perry, with this title: "Alteration of the old ballad 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' composed on the prospect of a Russian war," and signed "Amator Patriæ,"—a patriot. The great work, then in progress, of fortifying every assailable point along the Straits of Dover, westward, with Martello towers, presented a feature in our warlike preparations of which the Poet knew well how to take advantage. Nothing in poetry could have been better timed, or more forcibly expressed:—

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep:
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy tempests blow;*
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow."

This Ode was followed by "Lines written on seeing the unclaimed corpse of a suicide exposed on the banks of a river;" and the "Name Unknown," imitated from Klopstock's Ode to his Future Love. These are now published in the London edition of his Poems, with hardly any difference from the original manuscript—except that in the former the titles are shortened.

The preceding extracts may suffice to show that, notwithstanding the numerous distractions to which he was exposed during his peregrinations, the muse of Campbell was by no means unprolific; while the following passage

* In this line, "stormy tempests" was changed to "*stormy winds do* blow," in the later editions.

from one of his letters, clearly certifies with what persevering industry he had laboured to penetrate the mysteries of German philosophy: "My time at Hamburgh," he observes, "was chiefly employed in reading German; and, I am almost ashamed to confess it, for *twelve successive weeks* in the study of Kant's philosophy. I had heard so much of it in Germany, its language was so new to me, and the possibility of its application to so many purposes, in the different theories of science and Belles Lettres, was so constantly maintained; that I began to suspect Kant might be another Bacon, and blamed myself for not perceiving his merit. Distrusting my own imperfect acquaintance with German, I took a disciple of Kant's for a guide through his philosophy, but found, even with all his fair play, nothing to reward my labours. His metaphysics are mere innovations upon the received meaning of words, and the coinage of new ones, and convey no more instruction than the writings of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas. In Belles Lettres, the German language opens a richer field than in their philosophy. I cannot conceive a more perfect Poet than their favourite Wieland."

For the book of travels which, with Mr. Richardson's co-operation, was "to delight the universe," he was only beginning to collect materials, when the progress of hostilities cut off all nearer approach to Hungary, and finally compelled him to return home. Of his movements between the time of his quitting Ratisbon, in the beginning of October, and that of his arrival at Altona, on the 4th of November, no distinct traces have been discovered. But, as he mentions these towns in one of his letters, it is evident that, in recrossing from the Danube to the Elbe, he passed through Nuremberg, Bamberg, Weimar, Jena, Leipsic, Halle, Brunswick, probably Göttingen, Hanover, and thence through Lunenburg to Hamburgh. In his

previous journey to Ratisbon in July, he appears to have followed the course of the Elbe to Dresden, and then proceeded through Zwickau, Bareuth, and Amberg, to the seat of war on the Danube. This journey, either north or south, allowing time to examine the numerous curiosities by the way, with a halt of some days at Leipsic, must have taken him nearly a month—for he complains that the travelling was very slow in Saxony, where, until the French quickened their pace, it was rarely that the postillions could be coaxed into a trot. Another portion of Campbell's tour, involved in some uncertainty, was "a jaunt to the south, which did not improve his spirits, or his finances." But as he had early meditated an excursion to Munich, where Moreau had his head-quarters, and speaks of having "traversed the French army," it was probably on this occasion that he penetrated as far as Salzburg: but as his absence from Ratisbon did not exceed a fortnight, it is doubtful whether he pushed his adventures beyond Bavaria and the Styrian frontier.

The personal account which he gave of the fields of battle near Ratisbon, and at Ingolstadt—both of which he witnessed, one during the action and the other very soon afterwards—appears to have been often confounded in "Memoirs of Campbell" with that of Hohenlinden. "I well remember," says a friend of the Poet, "his mentioning, on his return to Edinburgh, that he was on the field the day after the battle; and how deeply he was affected by the whole scene. On seeing the multitude of slain strewn on the field, and observing their aspect and features, as composed in death, he thought that the Austrians and Hungarians were the finest race on the face of the earth, and that they were men of singular bravery and determination. Their disaster he attributed to the ignorance and apathy, if not treachery, of their officers, who were

out-manœuvred and routed by the superior skill and science of the French officers, as directed and led on by Moreau." * The author of a Memoir prefixed to the French Edition of Campbell's poems appears to have had the same impression :—

"The Poet," he says, "tells a story of the phlegm of a German postillion at this time, who was driving him post by a place where a skirmish of cavalry had happened, and who alighted and disappeared, leaving the carriage and traveller alone in the cold (for the ground was covered with snow) for a considerable space of time. At length he came back, and it was found that he had been employing himself in cutting off the long tails of the slain horses, which he coolly placed on the vehicle and then drove on his route." In relating this adventure, the Poet must have referred to another traveller; for long before the snow was on the ground, he had taken leave of the seat of war, and retired to Hamburgh. It is added in the same Memoir :—"From the walls of a convent he commanded part of the field of Hohenlinden during the sanguinary contest; and proceeded afterwards in the track of Moreau's army over the scene of combat. This impressive sight produced the celebrated 'Battle of Hohenlinden.'" This is a mistake; for at the date of the battle (as already mentioned) the Poet was on the Elbe.

I have noticed these discrepancies between the testimony of the Poet himself, and the recollections of his friends and biographers, not to bring any charge of wilful inaccuracy against them, but to correct a general misapprehension; and to explain the grounds upon which I differ from them.

The rout of the Austrians by Grenier, "when Klenau, after ten hours' hard fighting, was driven across the

* Letter from Lord Cuninghame. Edinburgh, Nov. 25, 1845.

Danube," and "the sight of Ingolstadt in ruins," were scenes to which he often referred in after-life, as exhibiting all the horrors of war. I never heard him describe the "field of Hohenlinden;" although, if he visited Munich at the time alleged—when "coming events cast their shadows before,"—he may have taken a cursory survey of the village, where the armistice was signed on the 28th September; and where, two months later, the Austrians were completely routed. But until the battle was fought, the environs of Hohenlinden possessed nothing to gratify the curiosity of strangers.

His affairs being now comfortably arranged for the winter, Campbell sat down to his books with an easy mind. He read Schiller, Wieland, and Bürger by turns, as a relaxation from the severer study of Kant; he took long walks into the country, and cultivated the society into which he was accidentally thrown—particularly that of his new friend, with whom he expected to travel in Hungary. The presence of a British squadron in the Elbe, and the visit of Lord Nelson to Hamburgh in the autumn, were the causes of much political excitement, as well as of social festivity. Of the latter description was the splendid entertainment given to the "Hero of the Nile," by the British Factory at their public hall and gardens, called the Bowling-green, when his lordship proposed for a toast—"May the Hamburghers, who shut their gates against their friends, be more careful to shut them against their enemies."*

The closing year found Campbell still at Altona—in the same quarters which he had occupied since his return

* In allusion to the practice of shutting the city gates at 4 P.M., after which, not even the chief magistrate was permitted to pass.—During this visit, Nelson spent a morning with Klopstock at his house, No. 232, in the Koenigs-Strasse.

from Bavaria—but in daily expectation of being enabled to start for Buda, the romantic beauties of which had taken firm hold of his imagination. He was making diligent preparations for the journey by reading German, and conversing with old travellers, concerning the strange countries which he expected to visit. The intermediate cities in which it was purposed to halt for some time, were Dresden, Prague, Munich, and Vienna. On quitting the Austrian capital, he was to embark on the Danube, visit Presburg, and thence drift down through scenes of history and romance to Gran, Wissegrad, and the capital of Lower Hungary. To accomplish this tour appears to have been the grand object of his ambition; and he never ceased to regret the stern necessity that compelled him to relinquish his darling project. It was perhaps while musing on the oriental scenes which this journey promised to throw open, that the "Turkish Lady," one of his sweetest ballads, was first suggested :—

"'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Called each Paynim voice to prayer;
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshened air—
Then—'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright;
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.
'Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragged thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians, as they languish,
Hear no sound of sabbath bell?'" &c.

In the principal poem, the "Queen of the North," to which he so often adverts in his letters, little progress was made at Altona. It was a subject which he found very difficult to handle with effect, at so great a distance from his friends, and deprived of the inspiring influence of

that scenery, of which he could never think in a foreign land without a feeling of indescribable melancholy. He had engaged to finish the Poem by a stated time; and, had he remained in Edinburgh, he would no doubt have fulfilled his engagement; but he soon found that what would have been a delightful pastime at home, in the society of friends, became an intolerable and increasing task in exile. The simple question from a correspondent, of "What progress he had made in his new Poem?" sounded in his ear like a bitter sarcasm, and threw his sensitive mind, even for days, into a state of painful disquietude. This "Song of Home," if such a comparison may be allowed, was as painful to him in a strange land, as the "Songs of Zion" to the Hebrew exiles by the streams of Babel. And perhaps her Jewish ancestors were present to his mind when, taking his harp down from the willows, he addressed a parting lay to "Judith of Altona:"—

"Oh, Judith! had our lot been cast
In that remote and simple time,
When, shepherd swains, thy fathers past
From dreary wilds and deserts vast
To Judah's happy clime;
My song upon the mountain rocks
Had echoed of thy rural charms;
And I had fed thy father's flocks,
O Judith of the raven locks!
To win thee to my arms.

"Our tent beside the murmur calm
Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore,
Had sought the shadow of the palm,
And bless'd with Gilead's holy balm
Our hospitable door!
But oh, my love, thy father's land
Presents no more a spicy bloom!
Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand;
But wide its silent wilds expand—
A desert and a tomb." . . .

One of the shorter lyrics transmitted to Mr. Perry at the close of the year, was an "Ode to Content," inscribed to his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair (afterwards Mrs. Campbell), and set to the Irish air of "Coolin"—

"O! cherub Content! at thy moss-covered shrine,
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign;
I would part with Ambition thy votary to be,
And would breathe not a sigh but to Friendship and thee.
But thy presence appears from my homage to fly,
Like the gold-coloured cloud on the verge of the sky;
No dew-drop that hangs on the green willow-tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.
In the pulse of my heart I have nourished a care
Which forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my youth slow departing I see;
But its years, as they roll, bring no tidings of thee!
Oh, cherub Content! at thy moss-covered shrine
I would pay all my vows if Matilda were mine—
If Matilda were mine, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to Friendship and thee!"

Dec., 1800.

Another song—inspired by the events that had passed before his eye in Bavaria, though long withheld from the public—was the "Soldier's Dream." The scene was the field between Ratisbon and Ingolstadt, where he witnessed the conflict between the French and Austrians. The "harvest" was on the ground—the battle had ceased—the Hungarian trumpets sounded to quarters—the sentinels were stationed for the night—the "wolf-scaring faggot" blazed at short intervals round the encampment; from the corn that lay unreaped beneath his feet, the soldier formed a hasty "pallet of straw;" and with his arms at his side, and his heart filled with the thoughts of home, he threw himself down in that short and troubled dream, which the Poet has so pathetically described:—

"Our bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
When thousands sank down on the ground overpowered,
The weary to rest, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the cock crew * I dreamed it again.
Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track;
Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way †
To the house of my fathers that welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields travelled so oft,
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reaper sung.
Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part!
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart:—
'Oh, stay with us, stay! ‡ Thou art weary and worn!'
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:
But Sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!"

The first six weeks of the new year passed away without any particular change or incident in the Poet's life at Altona. His study of German literature was continued with assiduity and success; whilst, by weekly excursions along the borders of the Elbe, he improved his health, and increased his stock of information on the statistics of Holstein and Hanover. On both shores the note of warlike

* In the later editions *morning* has been substituted for this more poetical, though perhaps too domestic term for a field of battle; but, as entering into the *peaceful* scenery of his dream—"far, far away"—it was more appropriate than its substitute:—"had sung" was improved to "*sang truce*," and "house" to "*home*." The "*wolf-scaring faggot*," the "*wine-cup*," &c., *fix* the locality.

† "'Twas autumn: and sunshine arose on the way,"—in the later editions.

‡ Afterwards changed to "*Stay, stay with us—rest!*" preferring the repetition of a word to the interjectional *Oh* and *Ah*, in the use of which he was very sparing.

preparation was distinctly heard; but in the society which he frequented, the rumour of a Danish war appears to have excited so little apprehension, that the subject is not even mentioned in his correspondence. He expatiates with romantic enthusiasm on the new world of observation which the ensuing tour through Hungary and Turkey was expected to throw open; and expresses great impatience for the arrival of Mr. Richardson, as the happy signal for its commencement. Though little suspected by himself, however, the term of his residence in Germany was about to expire. In the views and circumstances of his new friend and patron, sudden and important changes had taken place, which prevented his carrying into effect their previous arrangements of travelling together. This engagement having been laid aside, Campbell fell back upon his original contract with Mr. Richardson, whose enthusiasm he keeps awake by glowing descriptions of Hungary, which he pronounces to be a poetical paradise, where the votaries of taste and science might expect a rich and abundant harvest. So little was the Poet acquainted with the actual state of affairs, and the great political crisis then at hand, that only twelve days before the British fleet sailed from Yarmouth Roads, and when its destination must have been known at Hamburgh, he writes to his friends as if everything around him wore the aspect of profound peace. From his correspondence at this critical juncture, the following extracts may suffice to show the fervour, but sad fallacy, of his poetical calculations.

To MR. RICHARDSON.

ALTONA, *February 28th*, 1801.

* * It looks absurd to attack you so soon after my last; but having had no rest, body or mind, for a week past, with castings up and dunning into my thoughts the present

state of our projects, I must put you to the trouble of another postage. The more I think of next summer, the more transported I am with the hopes of novelty, happiness, and improvement. When I look back to the causes which prevented me, last season, from filling a copious *Diary* with materials for an interesting tour, I find that it arose solely from the want of that social stimulus to my mind, that comfortable support to my industry, which your conversation would afford. You may well conceive the state of a solitary traveller; fatigue, the insolence of strangers, uncertainty, and melancholy, are in danger of overtaking the hardiest upon a *hermit expedition.* You could not, even yourself, though always mild and cheerful, support the horrors of such a campaign. Together—let it rain blood and old wigs, let the Germans hunt us like wild boars, let our beds be straw, our food chopped hay, and our clothes sackcloth and ashes—we shall at least be tolerably happy! In all my wide and comprehensive maledictions upon the human race, I have always left you out, as an exception! It is impossible I can ever want happiness in your company. * * * *

We shall make a tour with all the inquisitive activity of minds that wish to receive new impressions themselves, and communicate their effect to others. We shall jot upon our *blotter* the events of the day, extend these remarks at our halting places, when we take lodgings in any of the large towns. We shall mine our way into libraries, and pluck from the shelves every volume that can instruct us in the curiosities of the country which we visit. The labour of quoting, transcribing, arranging, moralising, shall be in common; we shall intersperse it with studs of poetry, and Poetry, as I have always maintained, is to be indebted to art and study, as well as every other pursuit. Finally, we shall sell our copyright and publish with our joint names.

I have already meditated a preface—think of this yourself. I lay, last night, sleepless till seven o'clock in the morning, with filling up the lights and shades of this picture, of which I give you the outlines :—We are down at Munich in the twinkling of an eye ; the expence, I vouch for it, need not, if you will deign to *walk*, exceed three pounds a-piece. That place is a glorious field for curiosity, anecdote, and description. The adjacent scenery towards Salzburg, exceeds all the world; and greatly sublime, and deliciously verdant as it is, you know, a pair of poets uniting the free-born rights of travellers to the titles of fiction, need not hesitate to make, by a bold dash of the pen, mountains larger than *life*, and scenes finer than *reality!* But in plain *hodden-grey* truth, the scenery of these parts needs only fidelity of description to make them interesting. Oh, John! what flourishes at every romantic cottage over-hanging the steep pathway! What lines of light glimmering obscurely on the rich bottom of the valley! What cataracts and precipices, winding shores and extensive plains, where the spires and battlements of distant cities shine at sunset on the extreme verge of the horizon! Then Hungary! its songs, its music, which we shall get copied and translated for our work. You shall also mineralise ; and having discovered new facts in the crystallisation of minerals, in these unransacked quarries, we shall calmly sit down to defeat all existing systems on the subject ; and with a two-edged sword, give the death-blow to Hutton's hell-fire, and Kirwan's Noah's-Ark-ical theory!

If I might arrange our plans—or rather submit them to your view—let us act thus :—You must be at home with me in March. April and May, we shall travel : A couple of months succeed, which I must devote, my dear friend, not to our work, but to finishing my "Q. of the N." I have already mentioned, how shocked I should be at the

idea of leaving my honour unfulfilled. I expect, beside pieces to Perry, to have much done in it before you come out; but for want of matter I cannot possibly perfect it till then. I find this subject fertile in good episodes. The parting apostrophe to Edinburgh is supposed to be from ship-board by moonlight. The feelings of my heart are still as warm to it as they were when I saw it vanishing. I then mean to transport myself in imagination to the Castle-height, and describe the sensations that would naturally arise, from taking in with the eye the most remarkable scenery visible from that point. I mean to describe the view from Queen-street; then, if anything romantic or classical can be connected with it, any of the mountain scenery obvious to the eye from that point. The plain pastoral sublimity of Arthur's Seat is next to be noticed—and if any scene be visible from thence, it will find a place in the poem. One of the places of Mary's refuge is to be seen from its top. After a sketch of the murder-closet of Rizzio, and the hall of the Scottish kings, an episode on the College will conclude the poem.

* * * * * *

But so serious are my fears upon the event of this poem, that unless I get my darkness dispelled upon the questions I have asked above,* I do not see any way of extricating my pledged honour but that of returning home to Britain, and staying some time on the spot—for to fulfil my engagement I am *determined.* * * * T. C.

In the meantime, the true state of public affairs became known. Denmark was understood to be "French at heart; ready to co-operate in the views of France; to recognise

* Questions respecting the history, traditions, and scenery of Edinburgh, which he had neglected to examine before leaving home. See page 309.

all her usurpations, and obey all her injunctions. Russia was guided by the passions of its emperor. Sweden was under a king whose principles were right, and whose feelings were generous, but acted in acquiescence with two powers whom it feared."

To defeat this formidable coalition, the English squadron sailed for the coast of Denmark on the 12th of March, and a few days afterwards appeared off the Sound. This sudden apparition was the signal for general alarm; and Altona, being on the Danish shore, ceased to be an eligible residence for British subjects.

Clearly foreseeing the inconvenience which further delay might occasion, Campbell took a hasty leave of his friends, and bespoke a berth in the "Royal George," a small trading vessel bound for Leith. Several of his companions followed his example; but the majority, who had "no home to flee to"—"no refuge from famine and danger," merely retired within the gates of Hamburgh to wait the result. The rumour of the naval armament had preceded the actual sailing of the squadron by several days; so that those who were anxious to depart, took the first warning and prepared for the worst. Campbell embarked on the 6th of March, and the vessel dropt slowly down the river to Gluckstadt, in front of the Danish batteries. This sudden proclamation of war was a death-blow to all his hopes and prospects as a *traveller;* but, little as it was imagined at the time, it contributed to his fame as a *poet*, for it prompted the noblest of his lyrics, "The Battle of the Baltic."

From the mouth of the Elbe, where the convoy was delayed for some days by contrary winds, Campbell thus announced the commencement of his voyage: but as all was feverish anxiety and conjecture, regarding the future, his misapprehension of certain political points will excite no surprise.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

AT SEA, CUXHAVEN ROADS, 13*th March*, 1801.

WE have got past Gluckstadt, beyond expectation and without opposition from the Danish batteries; but still it appears that war with Prussia is inevitable. The consequence of such a war is the cutting off all correspondence with the Continent; so that if an Englishman remains longer in Germany, he must remain at the peril of being excluded from connexion with home. All ports will be shut against us. Emden is already Prussian—Dantzic also—Elsineur Danish—Hamburgh and Cuxhaven Prussian—*to be*. There will be no connexion but by neutral bottoms; and what are these neutrals but a few Americans which, by the nature of the contest at sea, must be continually arrested by either party; for the Russians and British are determined to seize on all vessels, neutral or not, going into an enemy's port, so that even American colours will be no security.

I hope I need not enter at large into my reasons for coming home. I assure you no man in his senses would remain on the Continent at present, if he was not independent of any connexion with Britain; and you know, my dear John, neither of us can propose to reside in a foreign country, intercepted altogether, for an indefinite time, from correspondence with home. Imperious circumstances must determine us to wait at home, and confine our travels to England and Ireland, till peace arrive. I return home; and, God knows, the prospect of a meeting with my friend is the most endearing circumstance in this necessary measure.

My only fear is—and I have room for such apprehension—that you may not have received my last, informing you of my resolution, in sufficient time. Unless this be the

case, a most unfortunate play of cross-purposes will have taken place; but I could not help writing so late, for I waited to see if the last packet of February would bring me any letter from you. No letter arrived. The rumours of war with Denmark and Prussia increased; and all hopes of peace being given up at Hamburgh, it became a serious matter to remain in a town where the Prussians were every day expected. There was no other asylum; for all the free towns in the north of Germany will be seized by Prussia, as soon as war is declared.

I could find at first no ship for Leith, and therefore determined to sail for London, expecting you to come there, and wait till peace with France may enable us to visit the Continent. A ship for Leith accidentally cast up. I agreed with Captain Bruce of the "George" for my passage. We came down the Elbe, and have remained seven days detained by west winds. But behold, I might have as well bargained for a London passage; for the convoy having but two Scotch, and many English ships, has ordered our poor countryman to sail for Yarmouth Roads. There is but a small chance of their escaping, by darkness or hard weather, from the convoy and making a Scotch port. If I be landed at Yarmouth, I shall write you instantly and expect you to join me. If I come to Leith, we shall tramp to London together. • • •

By the first fair wind we sail. My dearest friend, how does my heart exult at the hope of meeting you! God grant that my last may have reached you sufficiently soon to keep you from a voyage to Hamburgh! but even in the event of your having sailed, I will cross the ocean again to meet you. Yours unchanged, T. C.

The weather having become favourable, the "George," with other trading-vessels in company, again weighed

anchor, and clearing Cuxhaven Roads, stood out to sea. The passage was very tedious. The captain's destination was Leith; but just as they were left by the convoy, and came in sight of land, they were spied by a Danish privateer and chased into Yarmouth. Here Campbell landed, and paying his passage-money to Captain Bruce, took a seat in the mail and proceeded to London. This was on the 7th of April. His first visit was to the "Chronicle" office, where he expected to see Mr. Perry, and receive letters from Edinburgh. But in both hopes he was disappointed. He then wrote to Mr. Richardson, expressing great anxiety to see or hear from him, and adding, "I am a good deal the worse of my journey from Yarmouth, but hope soon to be better." * *

A day or two later, he says, "I wrote to you ten minutes before I met Mr. Perry, when I was in considerable agitation from the fear of not finding him, and from missing my old school-fellow Thomson, on whom, exclusive of Mr. P., I solely relied for relief—for I landed in London with only a few shillings in my pocket. I have found Perry. His reception was warm and cordial, beyond what I had any right to expect. 'I will be your friend,' said the good man. 'I will be all that you could wish me to be.' All my fears and blue devils are departed. I shall have now time to settle and work 'a power.' * * Come, my dear Richardson, and enhance all the good fortune I enjoy by your precious society! You will be acquainted with Perry also, and must, like me, admire him. His wife is an angel, and his niece a goddess. I am over head and ears in love with the latter. Leap into your boots like Lefleur, and be in London to-morrow." T. C.

In the posthumous notes of his first visit to London, he says,—"Calling on Perry one day, he showed me a letter

from Lord Holland, asking about me, and expressing a wish to have me to dine at the King of Clubs. Thither with his lordship I accordingly repaired, and it was an era in my life. There I met, in all their glory and feather, Mackintosh, Rogers, the Smiths, Sydney, and others. In the retrospect of a long life, I know no man whose acuteness of intellect gave me a higher idea of human nature than Mackintosh;* and, without disparaging his benevolence—for he had an excellent heart—I may say that I never saw a man who so reconciled me to hereditary aristocracy like the benignant Lord Holland." * * * *

In the midst of all his enjoyment, however, and within ten days after his arrival in London, his spirits were suddenly damped by afflicting intelligence from home, which drew from him the following letter:—

TO DR. ANDERSON.

LONDON [POST-MARK, 19*th April*,] 1801.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN a sudden, distracted, and agonising manner, I have heard of my dear father's fate! No letter informing me of his illness reached me in Hamburgh. I was a month on the passage;† landed at Yarmouth, though destined for Leith; and after a few days' residence in London, have learnt from a Scotch gentleman an indistinct account of this melancholy event. My informer even hesitates this night to inform me all the truth. I have conjured him in vain to tell me all—to say the worst. To-morrow I apprehend he will confirm what he has just hinted, but my heart is this night in gloomy agitation. I

* These Notes were written in 1837: he was introduced to Mackintosh, April 25, 1801.—See p. 363.

† He embarked at Altona on the 6th of March, lay seven days wind-bound in the Elbe, and arrived in London the 7th of April.

know not what resolution to take. Is my father—I cannot ask you the question—yet alive? It was ill-judged to tell me but half the truth. But I know well that there is no room to hope that I am misinformed! I heard the news in the street; and, but for my friend Perry, should be left this night without a comforter.

The last packet which I expected to hear of on landing at Cuxhaven, brought me no news of my father's or mother's health—no letter from any friend. I still trusted that I should find all well on arriving at Leith. We were long delayed by the equinoctial gales, and at last carried by the convoy to Yarmouth Roads. Sea-sickness had brought on symptoms of a dreadful complaint, which I feared that another voyage might have increased. I hurried up to London, cherishing an unreasonable hope that I might yet see my father, by returning to Scotland after I had settled a correspondence with London. Perry received me with such kindness as raised sensations of satisfaction in my heart, to which it had been long unaccustomed; for in Hamburgh, I assure you, I have suffered more hardships than I should wish to detail. A much valued friend was left—was abandoned in Altona by * * *; a man whose wishes to make me happy and independent, though never realised, were not to be doubted by my affection. That valuable and high-spirited young man was humbled—after a struggle with concealed misfortunes—to reveal his situation, and in sickness to receive assistance from one, whose advancement and establishment in life he had planned but a few weeks before, when no reverse of fortune was dreaded. His situation required more than my resources were adequate to impart—but still it prevented his feelings being wounded by addressing strangers. I did not regret my own share of the hardship: but I acknowledge that in those days of darkness and distress, I had hardly spirit to

write a single letter—my fortitude was only passive. I have often left the sick-bed of my friend for a room of my own, which wanted the heat of a fire in the month of January, and on the borders of Denmark. Such was my state at Altona. I charge you, with the confidence of a friend, not to allude to these events in any manner. * *

Scarcely had my reception with Perry, and introduction to Holland, Tierney, and all the respectable friends of that estimable man, restored my mind to happiness, and more than repaid me for my past hardships—when the abrupt communication of this intelligence occasions more distressing feelings than if I knew all the circumstances of it—or had been present. Write me, dear Doctor, if my mother cannot. I know not, in my present uneasiness, what questions to ask—but you know what to tell me. I wait your answer, my dear Friend, with no very easy mind.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

By return of post, Campbell had a consoling letter from Dr. Anderson, in which the circumstances attending his father's illness and death were delicately and affectionately detailed. He had watched at the bedside of the venerable patriarch during his illness, and afforded him all the soothing attentions which friendship could offer. He had made all becoming arrangements for his funeral, and concluded the last sad offices by seeing his remains deposited in the cemetery of St. John's Chapel, in the presence of a few sincerely attached relatives and friends. He died as he had lived—full of religious hope as he was full of years, having nearly completed his ninety-first year. Miss Anderson describes him as "a pious and placid old man:" and the "Edinburgh Magazine" of that year contains a short but well-expressed tribute to his memory. It was a melancholy circumstance attending his death-bed,

that, of his seven sons, not one was present to close his eyes.*

Dr. Anderson's letter was immediately answered in the following terms :—

TO DR. ANDERSON.

LONDON [POST-MARK, *April* 24], 1801.

WITH a heart full of gratitude, my dear and worthy Friend, I sit down to thank you for such goodness to my widowed mother, and for relieving my mind from the horror of incertitude, respecting the last hours of my dear father. May the tenderness of attentive friendship repay your benevolence ; and may Heaven send you the long-continued years of that good old man, whom you watched at his last hour like a son : but may your worth, so similar to his, be attended on earth with far more prosperity !

My dear Doctor, this is no affected gratitude. When I think that the father of so many sons was interred by strangers, I have no consolation but in one reflection, that in you he had the delegate of my affections, if the sentiments of nature can at all be transferred. But yet, to the bosom of confidence, I confess that a sore self-accusation lies on my heart. I left him in his last days! The thought is exceeding bitter. I should not have wept for his loss, if I had shared but his last benediction.

You have known and forgiven many errors of my life, my dearly valued friend. You know withal, that my feelings, though turbulent, are sincere. I ever esteemed—I now most deeply feel—the value of your friendship. What I would say overcomes my power of expression. To have been the guardian of my dying father, and the comforter of my mother, was more than I deserved, and all that I

* For some account of his life and character, see introductory chapter page 15—19.

could have wished from a friend. When my heart has done penance for being so far away from the last duties I owed to the best of men, I shall recover tranquillity. Had such intelligence reached me at Altona, it would have unhinged my mind.

[From this very painful subject, he turns for relief to that of his reception in London, which is thus described :—]

A transition more grateful could not be conceived than from painful and unavailing commiseration with my fellow-sufferer * * *—from the tedium of cold and gloomy evenings, unconsoled by the comforts of life, and from the barbarity of savages (where an Englishman was not sure of his life) to the elegant society of London, and pleasures of every description.

Among the best of my London friends, I must acknowledge a few whose favour might flatter a prouder man than myself. In the family of the Siddons's I find myself treated as no stranger. Perry's attention I shall not easily forget. Miss Siddons is a fine woman of the first order. She sings with incomparable sweetness melodies of her own composition. Except our own Scotch airs, and some of Haydn's, I have heard none more affecting or simple. From a man so proverbially proud and reserved as John Kemble, I certainly looked for little notice. But his kindness at our first meeting undeceived me. Dining with him last Sunday at Perry's, he spoke with me in another room, and, with a grace more enchanting than the favour itself, presented me with the freedom of Drury-lane Theatre. His manner was so expressive of dignified benevolence, that I thought myself transported to the identity of Horatio, with my friend Hamlet giving me a welcome.

Among the literaries, I have met with Mrs. Inchbald and Mrs. Barbauld. Dr. Moore's son* took me to Rogers.

* The gallant Sir John Moore—"cui nullum par eulogium."

I assure you this last author is one of the most refined characters, whose manners and writing may be said to correspond. * * *, the man of Greek, is remarkably witty, full of anecdote, quotation, and whim, but so completely closeted in his own conceit, that the conversation or praise of others can find no admission to his audience. He is a pedant of rare originality. Imagine (if you never saw him) a fleshless, pale figure, with a small, black-bearded, quizzical chin, a mouth eternally contracting and expanding, with some facetious squib from Joe Miller or Aristophanes; a nose, arch in meaning as well as shape; dark eyebrows, knitting and closing in harmony with his mouth; a full, large brow, expressive of genius; and long, black, greasy hair; with a halter of a neckcloth, tied over his red under-waistcoat, in place of his neck. All this, with threadbare cassimere raiment over his spare limbs, and a *fine* dusty blue coat, composes the full-length portrait of Scaliger * * *.

I have dined with Dr. Burney.—To-morrow I dine, by Lord Holland's invitation, at a Literary Club, where I expect to be introduced to Mackintosh. If wisdom were infectious, I might learn something among these worthies."

* * * * *

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Immediately after despatching this letter, Campbell left the metropolis on a visit to his mother; and from his memoranda of that year, I select the following anecdote:—

"Returning to Edinburgh by sea, a lady, passenger by the same ship, who had read my poems—but was personally unacquainted with me,—told me to my utter astonishment that I had been arrested in London for high treason—was confined to the Tower, and expected to be executed! I

was equally unconscious of having either deserved or incurred such a sentence.

"At this time my mother, now a widow, lived in Edinburgh; and on reaching her house, I found her seriously alarmed by the rumours about my high treason. I pacified her fears; and, late as it was, I despatched a note to the sheriff of Edinburgh, Mr. Clerk, stating that I would wait upon him to-morrow morning, to refute the calumny that was abroad against me. I accordingly waited upon Mr. Clerk next morning, between eight and nine o'clock, and found the sheriff under the hands of the barber. He behaved to me with a kindness that touched me with gratitude—but, at the same time, with a credulity in my guilt that made me almost laugh outright. Beckoning his hairdresser to retire, he said to me very gravely, 'Mr. Campbell, I wish you had not come to me; there is a warrant out against you for high treason. It seems you have been conspiring with General Moreau, in Austria, and with the Irish at Hamburgh, to get a French army landed in Ireland. But I know there is a general unwillingness among those in power to punish your error; so take my advice, and do not press yourself on my notice.'

"'Mr. Clerk,' I said, 'I owe you my best thanks for your good wishes; but this charge fills me with astonishment! Do I live to hear a sensible man like you, talking about a boy like me conspiring against the British Empire? And where are the proofs?' 'Oh, you attended Jacobin clubs at Hamburgh, and you came over from thence in the same vessel with Donovan, who commanded a regiment of the rebels at Vinegar-hill.'

"'As to Jacobin clubs,' I replied, 'if there be any such at Hamburgh, I never heard of them; and as to my embarking with Donovan, I knew little or nothing of his history, or—even if I had—never knew that he was to be

my fellow-passenger, until I met him on the deck. But to be short, Mr. Sheriff Clerk,' I said, 'I will not drop this matter, in which my character is implicated; and you must either prosecute, or acquit me.'

"'Ah, then what shall I do?' quoth the sheriff; 'I do not like to send you to prison; but will you come and undergo a rigorous examination at my office in the course of to-day?'

"'Ay, that I will,' said I, 'to the most rigorous examination you can establish. At what hour? after dinner?'—'At five o'clock.'

"Well, to the office I went, and there were clerks ready to note down my answers. I forget, however, to mention that on going ashore at Yarmouth, I had left a box full of papers and letters to be forwarded to Edinburgh. These had been seized at Leith, and the proofs of my high treason were supposed to be contained in these manuscripts. But, on examination, they were found to be such innocent papers, that the sheriff began to smoke the whole bubble, and said: 'This comes of trusting to a Hamburgh spy!'—'Mr. Campbell,' he said, 'this is a cold wet evening—what do you say to our having a bottle of wine, during the examination of your treasonable papers?'

"'With all my heart,' said I; and, among my treasonable papers, was found a copy of "Ye Mariners of England!"

"The sheriff, of course, dismissed me in good humour.

* * * *

"As to Donovan—my comrade in the voyage from Hamburgh—I had no further acquaintance with him than as a fellow-passenger; I renewed that acquaintance only accidentally, in consequence of his returning to London from Leith. Whatever the government of that time might be, they were liberal and merciful towards Donovan. At

Leith, it is true, he was arrested, put into a post-chaise with a king's messenger, who humanely observed at every high post which they passed on the road—'Look up, you Irish rascal, and see the height of the gallows from which you will be dangling in a few days!'

"A twelvemonth afterwards, I met Donovan in London, and recognised my gaunt Irish friend, looking very dismal. 'Ha, Donovan,' said I, 'I wish you joy, my good fellow, in getting out of the Tower, where I was told they had imprisoned you, and were likely to treat you like another Sir William Wallace.' 'Och,' said he, 'good luck to the Tower! black was the day—and it was only a week ago—that I was turned out of it. Would that any one could get me into it for life!' 'My stars! and were you not in confinement?' 'Tschach! ne'er the bit of it. The government allowed me a pound sterling a-day as a state prisoner. The Tower-gaoler kept a glorious table; and he let me out to walk where I liked all day long—perfectly secure that I should return at meal-times. And then, besides, he had a nice pretty daughter.'" . . 'And don't you go and see her in the Tower?' 'Why, no, my dear fellow. The "course of true love never yet ran smooth." I discovered that she had no money: and she found out that my Irish estates, and all that I had told her about their being confiscated in the rebellion, was sheer blarney. So, when the day arrived that your merciless government ordered me to be liberated as a state-prisoner, I was turned adrift on the wide world, and glad to become a reporter to one of the newspapers.'"

* * * * *

Safe in Edinburgh, and surrounded by many of his best friends, Campbell felt that he was again at home—but it was no longer the home from which he had set out the previous summer. Many of the anxieties which he had

suffered in Germany, though changed in form and pressure, were not diminished by his return to Scotland. In a letter dated May 29, he says—"Our family affairs turn out dismal enough. My mother is *not* to have her poor little annuity continued. . . . But the permission which I have obtained to print an edition of my book raises my spirits. . . . In answer to the melancholy appeal of my sisters, I have only been able to reply that, provided the edition succeeds, I will furnish a house for them to keep boarders and day-scholars. When they are once in the house, they must trust to Providence, for * * and * * retain their obstinate indifference to all representations of their state. Our only worthy on the other side of the Atlantic has a sufficient task. . . Well—but an edition of the 'Pleasures of Hope' will, perhaps, raise us all. The conditions seem a little hazardous. Unless I get a thousand subscribers, it will not be worth while to attempt this work. But let us not despair!" *

Such were the circumstances in which his family were left at Mr. Campbell's death. The pension from the Merchants' Society in Glasgow was withdrawn. Of the Poet's three sisters then at home—the eldest had been residing in the family of Lord Elibank, and the second in that of Mrs. D * * * ; but both were obliged to quit their situations in consequence of ill-health. The third sister was also an invalid; their mother was suffering under the united weight of years and sorrows; and to the Benjamin of the family, the whole party looked for comfort and independence. Before quitting London, Campbell received a liberal consideration from Mr. Perry, for various articles inserted in his paper. But treasure in the Poet's hand, was

* Letter to John Richardson, Esq.—Retrospective Notes.

too often like that which he saw in dreams; it soon melted away. On his arrival in Edinburgh, the guineas, drawn from the bank of Parnassus, were barely sufficient to meet the responsibilities incurred by domestic affliction.

It is only by a plain statement of the difficulties that now beset his path, that the reader can form a just appreciation of his character. The favourite of the Muses, but the step-child of Fortune, his whole life was a struggle with untoward circumstances; and, though it met with only partial success, it was always maintained with honour. These little points of family history, I desire to notice with all possible delicacy; but to pass them over in silence, would be an act of injustice to all parties. His conduct at this trying period is worthy of imitation; and others, who may be similarly placed on the shifting stage of life, may learn from his example the manly virtues of courage and perseverance. "His kindness to his mother and sisters" was that of a most affectionate relative; and with them he shared his still scanty earnings.*

These "earnings" were the result of literary task-work, recommended by particular friends, and accepted as a temporary resource; but the event to which he looked forward with so much confidence, was the forthcoming edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," which, with great liberality on the part of the publishers, was to be brought out for his own exclusive benefit. Thus, the pressure of existing difficulties was lightened by an unexpected and cheering prospect of advantage; and "Hope," that had made him but an ungrateful return for honourable service, promised at last to be his friend.

Such was the position of his affairs on the first of June, 1801—the anniversary of his departure for Germany. His

* Letter from Lord Cuninghame.

spirits had improved; and, writing in high glee to Mr. Richardson, then in London, he says:—"Oh, how my heart beat when the rocky towers of our venerable old Castle appeared in view!—when I embraced the Hills—slapped Ninian on the shoulder—flew to Jean W., sweet little blossom of beauty!—then to Isabella H., who received me with more than expected smiles.—Oh, John! when you come back to 'Old Reekie!' . . When we are both married to two angels without wings—you in your gilded gig—I in my schoolmaster's wig!—shall we not be happy? . . My mind is now at ease: Williams has been polite about the 'Queen of the North.' . I can promise to write by the hour . . I am going, in two months, to Llangollen Vale, to muse and meditate with my sweet friends, Helen and Isabella H. . . .

"So you are going to Hamburgh! . . Remember your legacy! May you die soon after its date, that I may have a good *apology* for writing your Elegy, and enjoying your bequest!! * * * * * T. C.

It was very evident that, from his pilgrimage in Germany, "Campbell returned home a warm and consistent patriot. His heart throbbed at the sight of the old Castle;" and as the Queen of the North reappeared all in her romantic beauty, the sentiments of the "Last Minstrel"—for the poem was not yet known—were predominant in his mind:—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!"

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN TO EDINBURGH.

"AFTER his return from the continent, it struck me very sensibly," says Lord Cuninghame, "that Campbell's sentiments on public affairs, and on the order of things in this country, had undergone a certain change. He now expressed a decided preference for the British Constitution, was less impatient of change, and trusted, far more than he did a few years before, to the gradual and progressive amelioration of all our institutions. This led me to conclude that he took a more tolerant view of our system, with all its defects, from being able to contrast it, as he now could, with the military and despotic governments of the rest of Europe. At the same time it is proper to add, that to the latest hour that I had any opportunity of conversing with Campbell, he continued steadily attached to the views entertained by the most liberal statesmen of our own domestic and foreign policy."

With regard to the new poem, "The Queen of the North," a consultation was held immediately after his return home. "Williams was very polite" on the occasion; and, seeing that Campbell had made but little progress in the composition, left it to his own choice either to finish it agreeably to the "first contract," or to abandon the subject altogether. As the latter could be done without offence or prejudice to any party—no expense having been incurred—the Poet was released from his engagement, and the work postponed till a more convenient

season. But the subject was never again taken up, and the manuscript was consigned to oblivion. All that remains—all perhaps that was ever written—of the poem, amounts to no more than "A Fragment," part of which has been already quoted in these pages.* The remainder, though never revised and polished with his usual care, is no mean example of descriptive poetry. In the following passage, the classic scenery of Roslin and Arthur's Seat is sketched with a truth and felicity of expression, which may well excite regret that the patriotic theme was never resumed :—

* * * * *

Even musing here, beside the Druid-stone,
Where British Arthur built his airy throne;
Far as my sight can travel o'er the scene,
From Lomond's height to Roslin's lovely green—
On every moor, wild wood, and mountain side,
From Forth's fair windings to the ocean tide,
On each, the legendary loves to tell,
Where chiefs encountered and the mighty fell—
Each war-worn turret on the distant shore
Speaks like a herald of the feats of yore;
And though the shades of dark oblivion frown
On sacred scenes and deeds of high renown,
Yet still some oral tale—some chanted rhyme
Shall mark the spot, and teach succeeding time
How oft our fathers—to their country true—
The glorious sword of Independence drew:
How well their plaided clans,† in battle tried,
Impenetrably stood, or greatly died;
How long the genius of their rights delay'd,
How sternly guarded, and how late betray'd.
Fair fields of Roslin—memorable name!
Attest my words, and speak my country's fame!

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* See Embarkation at Leith, page 277.

† See letter to Sir Walter Scott, August 16, 1802, in which Campbell says he was glad to lend this expression, Macfarlane's "plaided clan," in return for "the blood of the brave," which he had borrowed for "Lochiel."—*Cadzow.*

Soft as yon mantling haze of distance broods
Around thy water-falls, and aged woods,
The south-sun chequers all thy birchen glade
With glimmering lights, and deep retiring shade;
Fresh coverts of the dale, so dear to tread,
When morn's wild blackbird carols over head;
Or, when the sunflower shuts her bosom fair,
And scented berries breathe delicious air.
Dear is thy pastoral haunt to him that woos
Romantic Nature—Silence—and the Muse!
But dearer still, when that returning time
Of fruits and flowers—the year's Elysian prime—
Invites, one simple festival to crown,
Young social wanderers from the sultry town!

Ah me—no sumptuous revelry to share
The cheerful bosom asks, or envies there;
Nor sighs for gorgeous splendours—such as wait
On feasts of wealth, and riots of the great.
Far sweeter scenes, the live-long summer day,
On these wild walks when loved companions stray,
But lost in joys of more enchanting flow,
Than tasteless art or luxury bestow.
Here, in auspicious moments to impart
The first fond breathings of a proffered heart,
Shall favour'd love repair, and smiling youth
To gentle beauty vow the vows of truth.

Fair morn ascends, and sunny June has shed
Ambrosial odours o'er the garden-bed;
And wild bees seek the cherry's sweet perfume,
Or cluster round the full-blown apple-bloom.

* * * * * T. C.

During the summer, Campbell lived much in the literary society of Edinburgh, where his late pilgrimage was a topic of unceasing curiosity. The fact of his having been on the seat of war—an eye-witness of its most imposing scenes during the night-march, in the camp, and on the field of battle—gave a thrilling interest to his conversation,

which is still remembered by surviving friends. His descriptions of the scenery, laws, customs and peculiarities of the states through which he had passed, were new and interesting; and were enhanced by many personal anecdotes, and delineations of German character, which are not found in his letters.

In the company of the Rev. Archibald Alison, Professor Dugald Stewart,* the Hills, Grahames, Dr. Anderson, Mr. Fletcher and others, he delighted to expatiate on the various scenes and adventures which his desultory course of travelling had thrown in his way; and by their advice he was guided during the remainder of his stay in Edinburgh. To Sir Walter Scott he freely communicated his literary projects; and from that great and good man he received much frank and judicious counsel. His previous acquaintance with Lord Jeffrey was improved, and cultivated with a zeal founded upon sincere admiration of his talents, and unreserved confidence in his friendship. With Mr. Telford, the celebrated engineer, he renewed and strengthened his former intimacy; and from that warm-hearted friend he derived many substantial proofs of esteem and regard.

Cherished by this circle of friends,† all remarkable for high moral and intellectual endowments, Campbell was at once the recipient and dispenser of happiness; and the loss of their personal intercourse, and his final retirement

* His letters to Professor and Mrs. Dugald Stewart, from Bavaria and Hamburgh, have not been found. But it is well remembered that, on the political events and military operations on the Danube, they contained many interesting and vivid details.

† His attached friend, Mr. Richardson, whom he had left in London, was now on his way to Germany, intending to carry out, in part at least, the *tour* which the Poet had sketched with so much rapture in the preceding letters—but in which, owing to sad family events, he was unable to join. He found it very hard to say—"quantum oculis animo tam procul ibit amor."

from Edinburgh, have been justly considered in the light of misfortunes.

"Had he now," says one of those friends, "obtained a professorship, or settled as a lecturer on belles lettres,"—to which, on first starting for Germany, he looked forward, as the consummation of his hopes—"he might have been happy; for he would have been under the observation of those whose opinion he respected—the friends of his youth, and the admirers of his reputation." But it is idle to speculate upon "what might have been." No professorship, no lectureship, no "appointment," was forthcoming. All that he could earn by literary drudgery, was a painful and scanty subsistence. During the whole year great scarcity prevailed in the country: the common necessaries of life reached an exorbitant price; even they who had landed or professional resources, were subject to temporary privations; so that the man who had nothing to barter but the fruits of his genius, had too much cause to apprehend the pinchings of unmerited poverty. But anxiety regarding his own personal difficulties was absorbed by family considerations—responsibilities into which he had entered with all the zeal of an affectionate son and brother; and even they, who were least willing to part with him, were compelled to urge his trying a wider and more liberal field of exertion.

It was at this critical period, that, to clear off some family debts, and relieve his mother from anxiety and annoyance, he contracted a loan—"a judaic loan"—from a firm in Edinburgh, which he engaged to repay by instalments. But it was not until the sum borrowed was nearly doubled by enormous interest, that he was enabled, by close application, to extricate himself from the oppressive obligation.

The subscription-list to the Author's *own* Edition of "The Pleasures of Hope" had been gradually filling since

his return home. But as a "thousand names" were required to render the speculation safe and profitable, he was recommended to visit London—where he had warm friends and admirers—and there complete the number, and revise the edition as it issued from Bensley's press. He was detained, however, by accidental circumstances in Edinburgh much later than he intended; and to this delay we are indebted for a poem, known to very few even of his intimate friends, and never printed.

During the summer, the dearth of provisions had so much increased, that several riots—particularly at "the new year"—took place in Edinburgh, which it required military interference to suppress. These riots were called "meal-mobs," and were generally composed of fish-women—"the *Poissardes* of Newhaven and Musselburgh"—against whom the magistrates found it very difficult to act. The consciousness of this emboldened the insurgents, who paraded the streets in numerous bands—broke open the meal-stores and bakers' shops, and indulged in acts of wanton violence and provocation. Of these turbulent meetings, and collisions between the rioters and the police, Campbell was no unconcerned spectator, and the result was a mock-heroic poem called the *Mobiade*.—There is good reason to believe that his personal share in various difficulties, at that moment, was both severe and lasting. But he was in that mood of mind which sports at bitterness: and while he felt his own private cares, and sympathized in the public distress, he assumed the part—though alien to his native character—of converting tragic realities to the purpose of burlesque description—taking for his motto—

> ——"Bid that welcome
> Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
> Seeming to bear it lightly."

Making an effort, therefore, to resist the force of melancholy impressions, he determined to contemplate the passing events as presenting nothing more than a series of ludicrous images; but with which he has ingeniously combined some interesting particulars regarding himself. The "Epic" thus begins:—

Extracts from the* MOBIADE, *an Epic Poem, in three Books.*

ARGUMENT.—Invocation to the *Poissardes* — Description of the influence of scarcity on New Year's-day, 1801—Bold interference of the *Poissardes* in public affairs—First assembly and march of the insurgents —Their progress to the neighbourhood of Bridewell—Speech of the prisoners to the insurgents—Description of the Calton Hill beside Bridewell—From thence the Poet makes a familiar transition to his old lodgings on the High-terrace, opposite these scenes—He describes his visionary musings at his window that overlooked them—His subsequent orders for dinner, delivered in *Iambics*—He returns to the proper subject of his poem —Compliments Count Rumford—and concludes Book the First.

THE MOBIADE.

* * * * * *

Stay your rude steps, whose hands have never thrown
Th' avenging flight of turnip or of stone;
Whose tiny hearts with no delirium throb
When Heaven's dread justice arms the mighty mob!
But come, ye vocal nymphs, whose roseate feet
Print, with unslipper'd steps, the miry street;
Whose serenades at morning tide begin,
From lips bedew'd with aromatic gin!

---

* "So termed in the MS.; but it does not appear that the subject was ever carried out. The original autograph is in the possession of the family of JAMES GRAHAME, Author of 'The Sabbath,' to whom it was presented by Campbell. In the *serio-comic* attack, the *Mobiade* will hardly fail to remind the reader of the famous 'Lutrin' of Boileau, in which—'Maxima de nihilo nascitur historia.'"

Nymphs! your bold hands, in dearth's alarming hour,
Swing the huge jorden, hurl the flinty shower;
Drag the scared miser from his hoarded crops,
And storm the hucksters in their barrèd shops;
Deal the brown loaves, sweet grain, and mealy roots,*
And pelt proud provosts in their gala suits!

Thus, when Monopoly's briarean hands
Had dragg'd her harrow o'er a hundred lands;
But chief, the terrors of her gorgon frown
Had scared Edina's faint and famish'd town;
Then Want, the griffin, champ'd with iron claws,
Our shuddering hearts and agonising maws;
Chased from our plunder'd boards each glad regale
Of vermeil ham, brown beef, and buxom ale!
Ah me! no strepent goose, at Christmas-tide,
Hiss'd in the strangler's hand, and kick'd and died!
No trembling jellies, nor ambrosial pie,
Regaled the liquorish mouth and longing eye.
Red sunk December's last dishonour'd sun,
And the young YEAR'S-DAY pass'd without a bun!

Nymphs! in that hour with pattering steps ye ran,
And roused to nobler deeds the soul of man;
Call'd the fierce tribes, impatient of their doom,
From shadowy booth, dark shop, and sounding loom;
Lured the young 'prentice with seductive art,
And train'd to glory his enamour'd heart!

Then sprung each patriot from his lowly den;
Even tailors would avenge the rights of men!
Huzzaing barbers swell the marching line,
Whose nice hands trim "the human face divine."
Sweeps, in their panoply of soot reveal'd,
The glorious besom of destruction wield;
Their leathern aprons Crispian heroes stock
With tingling brick, huge tiles, and massy rock!
* * * * * *
Now in divisions march the marshall'd band,
Troop follows troop, and blackens all the land;

* Barley-loaves and potatoes.

Man shouts to man, on thousands thousands rush;
Toes tramp on toes, and neighbours neighbours crush.
Siliceous showers in dread collision blend;
High hurl'd in air th' unburied cats descend!
Bold hands in vain from window'd heights o'erturn
Th' unblessèd waters of the nameless urn;
From street to street their deathful route they steer,
Rage in their van, and rapine in their rear!

* * * * * *

Nymphs! in that hour ye spread your parted train
By winding walk, dark arch, and gloomy lane;
These to the trembling South's remotest bound,
And *those* to Bridewell's sand-encircled ground.
Thrice by that rock—whose stern Bastile appals
Heroic worth, and kems in marble walls—
Indignant stopt, the roaring cavalcade
Swung their waved hats, and long and loud huzza'd!
Thrice from the hollow vaults, responsive rise
Hoarse shouts of manly throats, and virgins' sweeter cries!
"Down—down with Provosts, and their tyrant sway!"
Each cagèd warbler said, or seemed to say—
"March on, ye champions of the public weal!
Revenge or ruin! death—or cheaper meal!
Oh, could ye burst but those obdurate bands
That clasp our gates, and bind our brawny hands!
Then, what a host of aid would rush to crown
Your glorious work, and rob the ravaged town!
Then should no sceptred beadle dare provoke
Our hearts of iron, and our clubs of oak!
Nor listed bayonet, nor the loud platoon
Of 'Volunteer, town-guard,' or 'light dragoon'
Should screen the big-wig'd Justice, timely caught
Ev'n in the noose* those toiling hands have wrought.
Tyrant should balance tyrant, dangling high,
And Bridewell's *hemp* avenge her slavery!"

* * * * *

So sung the prison-birds; but all in vain,
As Yorick's starling waked his plaintive strain!

---

* Alluding to the *ropes*, &c., made as task-work in the 'Bridewell.'

No battering beam, loud axe, or sounding saw,
Burst on the dragon-guarded doors of law!
For them no friendly portal shall expand,
Nor high deliverer wave his angel wand;
No visitant for them the path prepares
Thro' sentried gates, dark vaults, and winding stairs;
Save when that dreadful foe—who oft reveals
Dismantled heroes at his chariot wheels—
With red-robed spearmen, and the sound of drums,
Nine-tail'd Bashaw, the savage Hangman comes!

* * * * *

But say, fair Heroines of my vent'rous song!
Where next your stormy thousands rush'd along?
For fainter now the groans of Bridewell grew,
And more remote the mountain streamer flew,
Whose airy length, expanded to the blast,
Waves o'er the tall and telegraphic mast!
Here (but a mightier voice recals her home!)
My desultory Muse would love to roam:
And other charms than yours, sweet nymphs, to sing,
Rest on the Calton height her wearied wing! . . .

* * * * *

Fair salutary spot! where Health inhales
Her freshest fountains, and her purest gales;
I love thy homely name's familiar sound,
Thou green Parnassus of my native ground!
Haunt of my youth! while yet the poet's head
Peep'd from yon high and heav'n-aspiring shed,
O'erlooking far Edina's gilded vanes,
And all her dusky wilderness of lanes.*
What time, sublimely lodged! he mounted higher
Than Attic station with his Scotian lyre;
And, warm in fancy's castle-building hour,
Sung to the shelter of his sky-light bower.*
'Twas then, sweet hill! imagination drew
Thy winding walk some paradise in view;
Each white-robed nymph that sail'd thy terrace round,
Seem'd like a goddess on Elysian ground.

---

* The Poet's lodgings on the High-terrace, Leith Walk.

Then spread Illusion, with her pencil warm,
Unearthly hues on every meaner form;
Wings on the grazing horse appear'd to grow,
And Delphian woods to wave, and Helicon to flow.

Nor ceased my day-dream till the waning hours
Had shook fair Fancy from her throne of flowers;
And o'er my heart emotions, less divine,
Imperious warn'd th'esurient bard to *dine!*
Yet—when my bell its awful summons rung,
And menial Mary heard its iron tongue—
Not in plebeian prose, I spoke aloud,
When mortal wants th' immortal spirit bow'd:
Ill would it suit to ask a *poet's* food
In vulgar phrase, ignobly understood!
Then stood the culinary maiden dumb,
And slowly twirl'd each circumvolvent thumb,
Astounded—list'ning to the voice sublime
Of oral thunders, and Iambic rhyme:—

Bring me the beef—the dulcet pudding bring!
Or fry the mud-lark's * odoriferous wing;
Or simmering greens, with soft rotation turn,
Champ'd in the luscious treasure of the churn!
Then pour the brown ale, rich as ever ran
From Balder's horn, or Odin's creamy can!
Blest in that honest draught, let none repine
For nect'rous noyeau, or ambrosial wine;
But—lest my waning wealth refuse to raise
So fair a feast, in these degenerate days—
Take from this splendid shilling, what may find
Some sweet refection of a sober mind—
Yon earth-born apple, vegetable grace
Of Erin's sons—a blunder-loving race;
Well could that food of bulls delight me now,
Mixt with the mantling beverage of the cow;
My vaccine milk, on 'tatoes sweet should pour,
And fruit and liquor charm one fairy-footed hour!
* * * * * *

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* The poetical name for a pig, principally used in the elegant phraseology of Kilmainham jail. T. C.

Such were my humble themes of other time,
Ye red-arm'd heroines of my native clime!
Ere yet the Muse of unambitious days
Had ever sung, or hoped to sing, *your* praise.
For other nymphs beguiled my busy brains
To love-sick odes, and honey-suckle strains;
What time, erratic o'er my nightly roof,
Grimalkin-warblers caterwaul'd aloof;
Or sportive, through the groves of chimneys sprung,
And "all night long their am'rous descant sung."
Then lower themes for *you*, the Poet spurns;
Sole in his heart the patriot passion burns!
* * * * * * *

T. C.

The Poet's introduction to the late Lord Minto took place in the course of the autumn;* and this incident in the history of his early friendships was expected to operate in his favour. Having returned from Vienna, where he had lately resided as Envoy Extraordinary, his lordship was spending the recess in Scotland; and desirous, perhaps, to hear the young traveller's account of his recent visit to the seat of war, invited him to his house at Minto. His observations, which Lord Minto could test by his own experience in German affairs, were found to be shrewd and accurate; whilst his information respecting the war in Bavaria, being drawn from personal recollection, was interesting and perhaps useful to that profound politician. On other subjects his conversation was equally animated, frank, and original; and Lord Minto, who had a fine taste for poetry, encouraged his efforts, and flattered him with the prospects of advancement. The visit terminated very much to the satisfaction of the peer and the Poet; and when the latter took leave of his noble patron, he was

* At the house of Professor Dugald Stewart.

invited to repeat his visit in London, whither his lordship was shortly after to return for the parliamentary season. This offer was gratefully accepted: it promised many advantages—and of these not the least was the facility which it would afford him for superintending the new edition of his Poems.

Returning to Edinburgh, Campbell imparted to his family the fortunate turn in his affairs, and prepared to follow the destiny that now seemed to urge his departure for London. His arrangements were soon made. But the remembrance of his tedious voyage from Altona, the risk of sickness, and the greater risk of another "chase from privateers," were still fresh in his mind; and to avoid these he resolved to travel by land. This, he knew, would be attended with pleasures which would compensate for every pecuniary sacrifice, for it would bring him into friendly contact with Mr. Roscoe and Dr. Currie.

Thus decided in his plan, and furnished with letters from Mr. Dugald Stewart and other friends, he set out for Liverpool, where he arrived about the new year, and received a cordial reception from Dr. Currie, who introduced him to the intellectual society of that commercial capital. The friendships which he contracted during this visit were the source of much happiness; but in one instance, the intimacy was as short as it was cordial. His acquaintance with the elegant and classic Roscoe formed an epoch in his life. Having commenced under the happiest auspices, it was fostered by mutual intercourse, and cemented by the kindliest sympathies, into strong and lasting friendship. The "Life of Lorenzo de Medicis"*

* "But hark! What solemn strains from Arno's vales
Breathe raptures, wafted on the Tuscan gales;
Lorenzo rears again his awful head,
And feels his ancient glories round him spread:

"had added the name of Roscoe to the very first rank of English classical historians;" and his society being courted by all who had either taste or talent for polite literature, Campbell found at his hospitable table an inexhaustible fund of observation and improvement.

At Liverpool he had a recurrence of his German ague, which surprised him in the midst of his social friends and confined him for some days. But by the kindness of Mr. Roscoe, and the skill of Dr. Currie, he was soon restored to marching order; and after several weeks spent in their congenial society, he started for London. At Lord Minto's residence, in Hanover Square, a "Poet's room" was prepared for his reception; and there, according to invitation, he took up his residence for the season. His lordship, it is understood, availed himself occasionally of his services as secretary; but this duty was very light. Campbell was now master of his time, and had the best opportunities of making a favourable *début* in London society. He had brought with him numerous letters from Liverpool, which, in addition to the introduction which Lord Minto's patronage afforded, supplied him with all that could be desired on that score. At Mr. Perry's table he met the same distinguished men, who had bid him welcome on his arrival from Germany; and at the King of Clubs, to which he was introduced by Lord Holland, he found much to stimulate his genius, expand his views, and improve his taste.

A sketch of this literary Club is thus recorded, in one of his letters:—"Mackintosh, the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,' was par-

> The Muses, starting from their trance, revive,
> And, at their Roscoe's * bidding, wake and live."

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* *Huic musæ indulgent omnes; hunc poscit Apollo.*—Purs. of Lit. 8th Edition. 1798.

ticularly attentive to me, and took me with him to his convivial parties at the King of Clubs—a place dedicated to the meetings of the reigning wits of London, and, in fact, a lineal descendant of the Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith Society. It is constituted for literary conversational rivalship, maintained, to be sure, with perfect good nature, but in which the gladiators contended as hardly as ever the French and Austrians did in the scenes which I had just witnessed. Much, however, as the wit and erudition of these men pleases an auditor at the first or second visit, the trial of minds becomes at last fatiguing, because it is unnatural and unsatisfactory. Every one of these brilliants goes there to shine; for conversational powers are so much the rage in London, that no reputation is higher than his who exhibits them to advantage. Where every one tries to instruct, there is, in fact, but little instruction. Wit, paradox, eccentricity—even absurdity, if delivered rapidly and facetiously,—takes priority, in these societies, of sound reason and delicate taste. I have watched, sometimes, the devious tide of conversation, guided by accidental associations, turning from topic to topic, and satisfactory upon none. What has one learnt? has been my general question. The mind, it is true, is electrified and quickened, and the spirits are finely exhilarated; but one grand fault pervades the whole institution: their inquiries are desultory, and all improvement to be reaped must be accidental."*

For several weeks after his arrival, Campbell felt all the fascination of that intellectual society which gave a truly Attic character to the metropolis. But of the numerous attentions shown him by persons whom it was an honour to know, none gratified him so much as the friendly notice

* Letter quoted in a "Memoir of Campbell," by Washington Irving.

of Mrs. Siddons ; and, when admitted as a favoured guest to the family circle of the Kembles, he appeared to have attained the summit of his ambition. Speaking of "the Siddons," he observes :—"The character of that great woman is but little understood, and more misrepresented than any living character I know, by those who envy her reputation; or by others, whom her irresistible dignity obliges to pay their homage at a respectful distance. The reserve of her demeanour is banished towards those who show neither meanness in flattering, nor forwardness in approaching her too familiarly. The friends of her fireside are only such as she talks to, and talks of, with affection and respect."

Among the kindred spirits with whom Campbell delighted to spend a leisure hour, was his countryman, Mr. Telford, one of his earliest patrons in Edinburgh; and who, to the genius of engineering, united a taste for poetry. He had much influence, too, with the ministry, and felt an earnest desire to serve his friend. In a letter, dated 'London, May 7, 1802,' addressed to the Rev. Mr. Alison, Edinburgh, he says :—"I am delighted with Mr. Campbell ; and we are as much together as my business life and his engagements will permit. I am very anxious to contrive some how or other to serve him, though I can scarcely see my way. I mean to keep thinking about it, till something turns up. One bold project would be to attack Vansittart at once. I have a good mind to risk it —V. is a good fellow ; and as I am very much *obliged* to him myself—why then, you know, there cannot be a better ground for me to ask also for my friend, and tell him how proud a Secretary of State ought to be in patronising a young Pope." It appears, however, that Mr. Telford did not persevere—or, perhaps, did not succeed in his application ; but his admiration continued through

life; and at his death the Poet's circumstances were improved by a handsome legacy.

When the novelty of a London life had partly worn off, and he found time to look quietly about him, Campbell thus excuses himself for long silence :—

TO JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

LONDON, [NO DATE], 1802.

* * * * *

I plead guilty, indeed, to the charge of having neither written to you, nor to any of my friends. I have sat down a thousand times, and as frequently thrown down my pen, because I had not spirits, nor composure of mind, to go through a letter. I love you and the Grahames as sincerely as ever; but I cannot pledge myself to write, even to those who are nearest and dearest to my remembrance. I will never more suppose that silence in correspondence is a sign of forgetfulness. I feel within myself a refutation of the maxim. Never did a man more sincerely wish to get out of this scene of hurry and absurdity to the refined and select society of Edinburgh, than I do. Yet, when I think of the Grahames, I wish to tell them my thoughts and feelings in correspondence, but I cannot. I have this irksome sensation with regard to yourself, upon whose knowledge of my friendship for you, and pardon for my long silence, I had still more reliance than on theirs.

My history since I left you has not been much brighter than many other spots of my life. I was attacked again at Liverpool with a resurrection of my winter complaint. The remedy has been an obstacle to what I ought principally to have been employed in cultivating since I came to London, namely, my numerous introductions. I have not delivered above one half of my letters; nor have I

found myself in spirits to call upon the generality of those persons whose acquaintance I have formed. * *

I began letters to Grahame and to Brougham, all of which I threw into the fire; for, unless one has pleasant thoughts to communicate, what is the use of correspondence? Horner * would inform you of my present residence. Lord Minto has shown me great kindness, and conferred that kindness with delicacy. At an early period of our acquaintance, I had a conversation with him on the ticklish subject of politics, in which it was my design that he should have my confession of faith; and, if that were inconsistent with his good opinion, that our acquaintance should drop. I told him that my principles were republican; and that my opinion of the practicability of a republican form of government had not been materially affected by all that had happened in the French revolution. I added that my oldest and best friends were even of the same creed, and attributed my opinion in politics to my attendance on the Lectures of John Miller. Lord Minto is a Tory of the Burke school. He censured the opinions of the opposite sect very strongly, but said that he never cherished an illiberal dislike to young and candid errors of judgment. I see him but once a day, at breakfast, for he is abroad the rest of the day. His conversation is very instructive, from his intimate acquaintance with political facts and characters; and, though his creed is not favourable to political liberty, it has no mixture of personal asperity.

Toussaint † has been dished up at our breakfast for weeks past. I adore him as a second Kosciusko; and his

* Francis Horner, Esq., M.P., an active and warm-hearted friend of the Poet, of whom more hereafter.

† L'Ouverture Toussaint, the negro-chieftain of St. Domingo, "whose sage and heroic achievements in the cause of freedom" were a frequent topic of conversation at that time.

lordship goes the length of saying that it is natural for our sympathies to go along with him, if we could forget the probable horrors that must result from his success. His lordship has introduced me to Wyndham, Lord Malmesbury, and Lord Pelham. The two latter are plain, affable men; but Wyndham is a Moloch among the fallen war-makers. I was at his house on the day when the Peace-procession passed in Pall Mall, and was highly gratified with his grotesque affectation of laughing at the triumph of his enemies. He laughed, but it was a laugh of agony.*

* * * * * *

Now believe me, my dear John, this ebbing of nature to which I am subject, though it should take from me my strength and my exertion, shall never weaken in my breast the affection I have long cherished for your worth and talents. I am going, I believe, to "summer" at Minto, forty-five miles from Edinburgh. I shall therefore be part of the season in your delightful society.

Yours unchangeably, T. C.

At the close of the parliamentary session, Lord Minto started for Scotland, taking the Poet with him as his travelling companion. Their progress northward is thus announced in a hurried letter from Newcastle:—

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

June 25, 1802.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

MY object for writing you at present is to deprecate your displeasure, which I am afraid I have incurred

* Wyndham, as the reader may remember, had vigorously opposed the ephemeral peace of Amiens, and with what political prescience, was proved by the result, which the Poet could not foresee.

by my long silence; and to assure you that it arose from no want of sensibility to the kind and warm interest which you have taken in my welfare. To almost all my friends I have been equally faulty in neglecting to show my remembrance of their friendship by correspondence. Yet I cannot call my deficiency by so harsh a name as neglect; for at the very moment when my sentiments of esteem were most lively, I have found myself most unfit for the duty of writing.

I reserve till the time of our meeting, which will be very soon, a particular account of my adventures in London. Lord Minto has for a long time past proposed to go to Minto; and as I saw no convenient possibility of my book appearing before winter, I thought proper to accept of his invitation to spend part of the summer at Minto. When we came as far as Newcastle, his lordship received the unwelcome intelligence of the scarlet fever being in his family. I thought it better to defer my visit, and have accordingly taken out my ticket for Edinburgh. I am just about to step into the coach. If I had time, I would transcribe for you my last piece, "Lochiel," a furious war prophecy; but I shall have the pleasure of hearing you read it with your own *hands*. I am, my dear Scott, most sincerely yours— THOS. CAMPBELL.

It was justly remarked by a late physician of much experience, that vigorous bodily health and great aptitude for poetry are rarely united in the same frame. The rule has many exceptions; but the disposition to study is generally in an inverse ratio to a state of physical strength—the tone of which may be lowered without prejudice to the highest operations of the mind. Health and elastic spirits have a natural tendency to carry their possessor into active pursuits —away from study; whilst delicate health and a languid

circulation have the opposite and necessary tendency of inducing habits of thought and meditation. Some of the finest compositions in our language appear to have been written while their authors were suffering from habitual ill-health. It may be observed through the whole of Campbell's letters, that whenever his mind is actively engaged on any new theme, languor, lassitude, and all those ills that a parturient fancy is heir to, are subjects of frequent complaint. And so it turned out on the present occasion; for, while in one of his letters he says that, in London, his health was so depressed that he "had not even power to transcribe two or three pieces which Lord Minto requested for his own keeping"—he had composed both "Lochiel" and "Hohenlinden," which afford abundant proof that, however depressed in physical health, his intellectual powers were in full and perfect vigour.

As soon as these poems were finished, his health revived; and, returning to Edinburgh, he again took up his residence with his mother and sisters in Alison-square. The list of subscribers to the quarto edition of his poems could now boast of the most distinguished names in the kingdom; but to give the volume a new title to their patronage, it was agreed that it should contain several recent pieces, to which he was to give the finishing touches during the summer.

In answer to a letter, repeating the invitation to Roxburghshire, Campbell thus writes:—

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD MINTO.

EDINBURGH, *June 29th*, 1802.

MY LORD,

It gave me much pleasure to learn by your lordship's letter of the 28th, that the fever is now banished from your amiable family. I congratulate your lordship upon your happy retirement among your paternal woods

and mountains, and wish that I had the Muse of Minto beside me, to indite that congratulation in numbers worthy of the scene.

I returned to Edinburgh—not, to be sure, with all the satisfaction that one would feel in retiring to a paternal home and estate; but not without sincere delight in visiting the scene of so many friends and favourites. I have seen the worthy family of Lothian-House; and, immediately on receipt of your lordship's letter, communicated to them the agreeable news of your young ones being recovered.* Nothing could be so agreeable to me as to embrace your lordship's invitation to set out to Minto immediately; but my fear respecting my health having rather increased than diminished, and my spirits being in consequence subject to alarm and depression, I should wish to continue a little longer under that advice in which I confide so implicitly; and to become a strong and doughty wight before I set off for Minto, to enter the lists with Bruce and Wallace.*

I have shown *Lochiel* to several friends here, and have found your lordship's idea of the vulgarity of "hanging" more than once suggested. I own, however, that I am not so lost to paternal affection as to have my eyes opened to the defects of my youngest fugitive. As to *hanging*, I have still a strong hankering after that punishment, from having learnt accidentally that Lochiel's brother actually suffered that death. Whether it might be proper to describe the process of hanging or not, I certainly think that some advantage might be taken of the above fact, in heightening the horror of the wizard's address. As soon as I have put the piece into its regenerated state, I will send it to your lordship, probably in two or three days.

* In reference, probably, to a poem which was to have engaged his attention during his visit at Minto.

With sincerest and respectful compliments to all the family of Minto, I have the honour to be—Your Lordship's very grateful humble servant, THOS. CAMPBELL.

Having been criticised and approved in the circle of his private friends, the new poems of "Lochiel" and "Hohenlinden" were pronounced to be worthy of his reputation. Calling one morning to consult Mrs. Dugald Stewart on a point of some family interest, he took out his manuscript of Lochiel and read it to her. She listened in mute attention. But as soon as he had closed the last couplet, she rose gravely from her chair, walked across the room, and laying her hand gently upon his head, said, "This will bear another wreath of laurel yet!"* and without another word returned to her seat. But she was evidently much moved; and "this," said Campbell, "made a stronger impression upon my mind, than if she had spoken in a strain of the loftiest panegyric. It was one of the principal incidents in my life that gave me confidence in my own powers."

"Lochiel's Warning" and "Hohenlinden" were intended for the new quarto edition only; but, at the request of his friends, they were printed anonymously, and dedicated to the Rev. Mr. Alison.†

In the subsequent editions, "Lochiel" was considerably enlarged and improved. The passages not found in the original manuscript, and which I beg leave to subjoin, are those marked by inverted commas :—

* One of the last obituary notices written by Campbell, was a tribute (which will be found in a subsequent portion of this work) to the memory of that amiable and highly accomplished lady.

† In these words: "To the Reverend ARCHIBALD ALISON, prebendary of Salisbury, &c., these two Poems are inscribed by his most respectful friend, the Author."

l. 1—14. LOCHIEL, LOCHIEL, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

"They rally, they bleed for their country and crown;
"Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
"Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
"And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
"But hark! through the fast flashing lightnings of war,
"What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
"'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await
"Like a love-lighted watch-fire all night at the gate.
"A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
"But its bridle is red with the sign of despair!"

* * * * *

Proud chieftain! whose towers on the mountain shall burn, &c.,

was thus extended and improved:—

l. 35. "Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
"Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
"Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn,"
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

l. 41. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:
Their swords are a thousand; their bosoms are *one!*
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death!
"Then, welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
"Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
"But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
"When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
"When her bonneted Chieftains to victory crowd—
"Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud"—
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array, &c.

* * * * *

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albin such destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat!

"Tho' my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
"Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten [MS. tempested] [shore,"
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Exulting shall join in the victor's acclaim,
Or look to yon heaven from the death-bed of fame! [End of MS.

"Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
"With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
"And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame!"

With respect to the often-quoted lines—

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before—*

the following anecdote is preserved:—The happy thought first presented itself to his mind during a visit at Minto, the previous summer. He had gone early to bed, and, still meditating on the wizard's "Warning," fell fast asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating—

Events to come cast their shadows before!

This was the very thought for which he had been hunting during the whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increased force. At last, surprised and annoyed by so unseasonable a peal, the servant appeared. The Poet was sitting with one foot in the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mixed impatience and inspiration.

* It is curious to observe the near approximation between Schiller and Campbell, in the expression of this thought. Campbell, no doubt, took it from the popular belief in the "second sight"—"that supernatural gift by which the wizard was enabled to predict the disasters that were already advancing to crush the heroic but obstinate Lochiel;" and the German Poet, in his "Wallensteins Tod," has thus embodied a similar idea—

"So shreiten auch den grossen
Geschicken ihre Geister schon voran,
Und in dem Heute wandelt schon das Morgen."—Act. v. s. 3.

"Sir, are you ill?" inquired the servant. "Ill! never better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible." He then started to his feet, seized hold of the pen, and wrote down the "happy thought;" but as he wrote, changed the words "events to come," into *coming events*, as it now stands in the text. Looking to his watch, he observed that it was two o'clock!—the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his "cup of tea" he completed the first sketch of Lochiel.

These two poems fully sustained the author's previous reputation. In a letter to the Rev. A. Alison, Mr. Telford has recorded his own admiration, to which the public voice cordially responded. Writing from Salop, July 5, 1802, he says—"I am absolutely vain of Thomas Campbell. There never was anything like him—he is the very spirit of Parnassus. Have you seen his Lochiel?* He will surpass everything, ancient or modern—your Pindars, your Drydens, and your Grays. I expect nothing short of a Scotch Milton, a Shakspeare, or something more than either! I hope he will take up a subject which will oblige him to collect all his powers, and exert them in a manner that will stamp their value to the latest posterity.—T. T."

In the hope expressed with so much kindly enthusiasm, every friend of the Poet sympathised. Many predicted that these poems, however highly finished, however rich in force and true poetical fervour, were only beginnings—indications of the future excellence which he was yet to achieve by still more vigorous and sustained efforts.

Before starting for the country, Campbell thus records

* In a letter from Lord Minto to the Poet, in December (page 410-11), the reader will find an ingenious criticism, delivered with much humour, on "Lochiel;" which, with other poems, in the author's handwriting, was forwarded to his lordship as a mark of respect for his talents, and gratitude for his hospitality.—The *original MS.* of Hohenlinden has not been found.

his admiration of the ballad of "Cadzow," which he says, "he could repeat after the second reading."*

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

EDINBURGH, 16*th August*, 1802.

DEAR SCOTT,

I received your note announcing your intention of setting off for Kelso to-day. As I have likewise had a letter from Lord Minto, stating that he will be in Edinburgh on the 22nd of this month, and will expect me to accompany him to Minto when he goes south again, I cannot, without breaking this new arrangement, take Kelso in my way. We shall meet, however, at Minto; and (as I propose making but a short visit, from a desire to set about pencilling in Edinburgh under the tuition of Nasmyth) I hope we shall be able to concert a common visit to some Border scenes, which I am curious to see.

The verses of "Cadzow Castle" are perpetually ringing in my imagination—

> "Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
> That roam in woody Caledon,
> Crashing the forest in his race,
> The mountain Bull comes thund'ring on—"

and the arrival of Hamilton, when—

> "—reeking from the recent deed,
> He dashed his carbine to the ground."

I have repeated these lines so often on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of coachmen know me by tongue, and quiz me as I pass. To be sure, to a mind in sober street-walking serious humour, it must bear an appearance of lunacy, when one stamps with that hurried

* The Border Minstrelsy. Poetical Works, vol. IV. p. 200.

pace and ferocious shake of the head which strong pithy poetry excites. As to MacFarlane's plaided clan, I feel the same pride which a tailor would feel at seeing a coat of his own on a well drest person at a coronation. I am very glad you were so patient a creditor, when I borrowed two sterling ideas from your chivalrous ballad to my hero Lochiel, "the blood of the brave." I consider the tartan plaid as a partial discharge of that debt, which must be paid by instalments. For the outstanding debt of one idea I must give you my promissory note, hoping you will have more mercy than to raise a horning and poinding on my poor stock of metaphors, flowers, phrases, &c., in case of insolvency. Give my best compliments to the worthies, J. Ballantyne and his Brother. Tell them I shall not quit the south without seeing them. With sincere respects to Mrs. Scott,

I am, my dear Sir, yours affectionately,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On the 26th of August Campbell left Edinburgh in the company of Lord Minto, and two days later thus "journalises" to their mutual friend, the "Man of Taste."

TO THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

MINTO, *August 28th*, 1802.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

To one transported from Alison Hall,* every place must suffer by comparison. Lord Minto's politeness only twitches me with the sin of ingratitude, for not being happier under his hospitable roof. But a lord's house, fashionable *strangers*, sofa'd saloons, and winding galleries, where I can hardly discover my own apartment, make me as wretched as my nature can be—without being a

* His playful name for Mr. Alison's house near Bruntsfield Links, in which he says, "Claude Lorraine might have sat to draw, and Virgil to write poetry."

tutor! Every one, it is true, is civil to me; the very servants are assiduous in putting me right when I lose my way in the galleries; but, degraded as I am to a state of second childhood in this "new world," it would be insulting my fallen dignity to smile hysterically and pretend to be happy.

We set wheel from Edinburgh at four o'clock on Wednesday, and journeyed to Bankhouse without encountering any prodigious adventures. Lord Minto thought me Alison-mad, for I would not allow him to pronounce any other name for two hours before our departure; and, having extorted from him a confession that he had not read your book for some years, I commanded him to send for it instantly. With this third companion, we passed a very agreeable evening.

* * * * *

Lord Minto's conversation was for many hours highly instructive. He has gleaned from no common field of observation; and his accomplishments are fully equal to his extraordinary opportunities.

Meeting at Bankhouse with a pleasant host, and a plentiful supper, we reconciled ourselves to the hardship of sleeping in a double-bedded room. Among the hair-breadth 'scapes of this night, we might reckon that of being within an inch of supping with a fat doctor of divinity, who had threatened to monopolise our apartment.

Yesterday, Melrose Abbey lay in our route from Bankhouse to Minto. Mr. Johnny Martin, professor of antiquities in the parish of Melrose, showed us, for a few sixpences, through the venerable pile. Although Mr. Johnny's demonstrations did not much forward my train of associations, in contemplating those ruins of grandeur, I confess I was pleased with the sight—even to enthusiasm. All the fine, wild, yet light outline of Gothic architecture, is yet retained in this Abbey. It was not treading on

the graves of the DOUGLASES that excited so much romance in my mind, as beholding, in the very form and ornaments of the pile, proofs of its forest origin that lead us back to the darkest of Gothic ages. So much resemblance to the forest is seen in the branches of this order of architecture, that every window seems an avenue through woods that have grown since the creation. Placing ourselves in the state of the first worshippers in such a cathedral, we conceive their devotion to have been excited more sublimely by this resemblance between their later temples and those temples of nature under which their fathers had dwelt—the shade of immense forests naturally dear to superstition. Hence, in viewing such magnificent ruins, our reverie rests not at times known and related. We go beyond the mass and mitre of chivalrous ages, to Runic or Druidical rites, till we arrive at that remote twilight, in which the vistas of imagination ought always to end.

Next to Johnny Martin, who has published a short history of the Abbey, the most distinguished writers in Melrose are two Writers to the Signet. We visited both of these literary characters, as they were of Lord Minto's acquaintance. On our arrival at Castle Minto, we found, among other visitors, our martial Tyrtæus of the Edinburgh Volunteers—Walter Scott.

On retiring to my chamber, I found Sir John Hawkins's Life of Johnson. Mawkish as the style is, there is some valuable stuff to be found in the midst of superabundant nonsense. I admire the ludicrous affectation of transposing his phrases like a network, to hide his meaning; and above all, I worship the faculty he possesses, far above his fellow-miners in dull biography, of thrusting a whole rabble of unconnected personages into the brief notice of foot-notes and paragraphs. These are his excellencies in absurdity—a talent—an accomplishment—or whatever you like to call it—in which lukewarm mediocrity is very

nauseous. Sir John soars high, or rather burrows low.* "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," came at last, without the night-mare, to relieve me. . . . Morning came. I took a solitary walk before breakfast near the water side. "We sat by the rivers of Minto and sighed, when we thought of Edinburgh!" This day has been usefully spent in learning the geography of Castle Minto, and mapping it—as Sydney Smith says—upon my mind. Dark and comfortless evening is now coming on; the lords and ladies are laughing in the room below me, while I sit at a window that looks northward, and cast many a pitiful look to that quarter where you are sitting down to evening happiness, in such a home as the world scarcely shows. . . . I am indulging no whimsical *ennui*, but a strong and delightful gratitude to Heaven for having given me such friends. The present loss of your society I should not regret, if we had been longer acquainted; but in maturing that acquaintance, I conceive myself to be trying an interesting experiment upon my own character. If I succeed, I shall stand better in my own estimation; interruption, however, is disagreeable while I feel so desirous to learn from experience whether I am worthy of your esteem. The curiosity to see one's own character, as it is reflected in the mirror of another's mind, is surely an honest passion. I *have* seen myself in others' minds—sometimes not to my own admiration. Was the reflection false, or the object itself disagreeable?

* In respect to this author, Campbell's opinion coincides with that of "the gentle Cowper," who says, in a letter to Mr. Rose—"I am reading Sir John Hawkins, and still hold the same opinion of his book as when you were here. There are in it undoubtedly some awkwardnesses of phrase, and, which is worse, here and there some unequivocal indications of a vanity not easily pardonable in a man of his years; but on the whole I find it amusing—and to me, at least, to whom every thing that has passed in the literary world within the last five-and-twenty years is new, sufficiently replete with information."—*January* 13, 1789.

Now I have talked as long about *myself* as Sir John Hawkins could have done. Poor human nature! Do we not feel that this very sentiment of friendship is a masquerade for selfish ideas to play their part!

The prevailing thought of to-day—for *days* have their ruling thoughts as *life-times* have their ruling passions—has been, in my forlorn imagination, that of *exile* depicted in all its horrors. In a state like this, where one's fancy would be ashamed to draw gloomy pictures, in a fine house with a worthy host—a polite reception—books—woods to walk in—a bed of down—and a table loaded with luxury—I dare not say I am sorry for myself, even though fifty miles from your house. But I mask my discontent under sorrow for another! The wretch who leaves home—as Adam left his Paradise—with none to bid him adieu but the angel of his banishment—who has no friendship to form, but with his driver or his task-master—that miserable being is one like ourselves, with conceptions and feelings capable of embracing the whole extent of his wretchedness. We proudly arrogate to ourselves, in refined life, the privilege of sensibility, without regarding how strong the popular feelings of nature may be in the lowest minds, even hardened by guilt and misery. A legislator would justify the punishment of eternal banishment, by the supposed *callousness* of those who deserve it by their crimes; and there are thousands of well-wishers to society, who can think of Botany Bay without pity or indignation. Away with such hoofs as would trample upon human nature in its lowest state! I confess I never could hear the word transportation with patience. Torture is abolished, we say—but a thousand victims are shipped every year to a destiny of severer torture than the rack or the wheel. Read but the cold-blooded annals of Collins, or Phillips, who have given us a few sketches of convict biography. Of their packing on board—a cargo of human agony! of

their struggles on the voyage to break out of the dungeon —like the drowning man struggling against suffocation— of their massacres by the "brave crew"—and their wounded limbs being thrust into heavier chains. Of their landing, starvation on short allowance, being whipt and branded for stealing food—dying of labour—melancholy and diseased! These are but faint and accidental sketches of what our fellow-creatures suffer for crimes that are trifling and venial!

* * * * *

The strong interest that hurries away my thoughts from addressing my dear friend, to declamations on Botany Bay, will need with you but a slender apology. I am only giving you the subject of a day's thoughts, in which an unbroken chain of association has been framed in the solitary state that is most favourable to reflection. Many a day, and many a state more unpleasant, has been beguiled by thus guiding a current of unpleasant ideas from an individual to a general subject—by losing ourselves in others, like a stream falling into the ocean.

The light now begins to be too little, and the darkness "*too many*" for me. I will take another saunter through the larches, and indulge in my favourite remembrance of your abode. I will conceive the avenues and walks to be our usual promenade, in front of the blessed mansion, in which Claude Lorraine might have sat to draw pictures, and Virgil to write poetry. I will suppose myself listening to Sarti's music on the harp, or pestering you for permission to dance to the reels of the forte-piano. I may even venture to dash the picture of happiness with a little shade of adversity—such as M—— treating me with hauteur, or being debarred the "common use of my own limbs" in dancing the "Highland-fling!" I could swell the catalogue of my woes by supposing a scold for neglected letters, or the prospect of a dark walk through the meadows! But

humanity draws a veil over these evils, and hides where she cannot cure. Send me but back to M——, and I will allow her to trample down my pride with her green shoes! Remember, however, that you must not let this letter fall into her hands, in case she should read a trophy of her conquest, so very humbling to me. Tell her not to flirt with Count Montenari in my absence, else he will take her off to Italy and marry her—"to be sure."

Telford, our beloved Apostle, I suppose has not yet written to any of *us; we* must pray for his safety in the wild regions where he is wandering;* for his zeal exposes him to many perils. Should any Highlander be too dull to comprehend the merits of Mr. Alison, Mr. Stewart, or Mr. Lochiel,† we shall hear of a bloody battle between the saint and savage.—Apropos to Stewart, my good-hearted landlord often speaks of Countess Purgstall, with most laudable praise. Lord Minto is truly a worthy man; what a pity that his rooms are so large!—I need not ask you to write to me in return, for the pleasure of having scribbled to you so long is recompense for the effort of taking a pen in my hand—an effort, to poor little "procrastination Tom," which is seldom so well repaid. But, "when I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning!" Farewell!—greetings in the Market-place and greetings at the end of letters are but apocryphal signs of love. But you may trust me, my dear Friend, that my compliments to your whole family are not words of course. You may believe me that if my bitterest enemy should cross your threshold in peace, he would become, by your benediction, my friend.— Yours ever,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

* Mr. Telford was then engaged in surveys of the *Caledonian Canal, Highland Roads and Bridges.*

† Himself, in playful allusion to his Poem of *Lochiel.*

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURN TO LONDON—MARRIAGE.

DURING his visit at Minto Castle, the Poet's *ennui* was much relieved by meeting with an old College friend; and, in a letter playfully addressed to "Telford, Alison & Co.," he thus communicates the discovery:—"Having found accidentally, as if it had been a chapter in some romance, an old and very dear friend settled as a physician at Jedburgh, I sit down to inform you of my unbounded happiness at this unexpected discovery. I therefore charge you, if you be together this day or to-morrow, and by any chance happen to mention my name, in the course of your conversation, not to attach any of the common epithets to it, which might be lawful on *other* occasions; such as—"Poor fellow! poor Tom!" for I tell you I am not *poor* to-day, but exceedingly wealthy. Gentlemen! I may perhaps come down upon your meeting in Edinburgh sooner than you expect. I am reading a letter from Telford, which I cannot answer in any other way than *vivâ voce*. I am so busy comparing notes with my oldest friend, my *first* critic, my school companion, who has been buffeting about in the voyage of life for seven years since we parted, that I postpone any farther impertinent remarks, till we meet in the Links of Paradise.* Yours as wont, T. C.

* The house of Mr. Alison in Bruntsfield Links, note, page 397. The College friend here mentioned was the late Dr. W——, whose son, in a paper published soon after the Poet's death, has recorded various particulars of this meeting at Jedburgh.

The new edition of his Poems being now in the press, Campbell returned to Edinburgh* in order to revise the proof sheets as they arrived from London. Writing to Lord Minto on the 30th of October, he says—"The proofs, as your lordship would observe, are most capital specimens of typography. Manners and Miller, on comparing them with their best books, declare that Bensley has in this instance exceeded himself. Except one splendid book from Paris, dedicated to that villain Buonaparte, there is no typography in Europe superior to what this volume promises to be. I have seldom been made happier than on receiving in one day the first sheet of a work which naturally excited my warmest anxiety, and in being likewise flattered with a further proof of your lordship's most friendly attention.

"Since returning from Minto, I have been engaged in supplying an Edinburgh bookseller with anonymous, and, consequently, inglorious articles in prose — a labour, in

* In his letter to Sir Walter Scott, already quoted, Campbell mentions that, in Edinburgh, his favourite promenade was along the North Bridge, where, owing to his frequent recitation of his friend's poetry, "the whole fraternity of coachmen knew him by tongue, and quizzed him as he passed." He was at that time scrupulously neat in his dress, which, agreeably to the fashion of the day, consisted of a blue coat, with bright gilt buttons; a white waistcoat and cravat; buff nankeens, and white stockings, with shoes and silver buckles. His hair was already falling off; and to remedy this inconvenience, he adopted the peruke, which was never afterwards laid aside. Any one desirous to see the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" was sure to find him on the "North Bridge," any morning about noon, in company with one or more of those congenial spirits who, like himself, had risen into early and permanent fame. I am informed by the same authority, to whom I owe these interesting minutiæ, that, in society, the young Poet was by no means unconscious of his mental superiority. The "ingenuous candour" with which he gave vent to his opinions was not always palatable to those who, from their station, science, or seniority, had a claim to respect and deference. But to those who knew him intimately, his freedom of speech and arrogance on certain points were often compensated by sound criticism, playful wit, and warm-hearted philanthropy.

fact, little superior to compilation, and more connected with profit than reputation. In this literary fagging, and in editing an edition of some Greek tragedies, which Mundell means to publish, I shall probably be confined eight or nine hours a day during the winter. As to Poetry, I believe I have lost both the faculty and the inclination for writing it. The small collection which I began to transcribe stopt at *Lochiel*, which I have made so many attempts to new model, and find so incorrigible, that I believe I shall be tempted to throw it away in vexation. To the Men of Switzerland * I devoted another fervent attempt to obtain inspiration, but have not finished, far less corrected the effusion." . . . "I wait with impatience to hear your lordship's sentiments on the events of Switzerland, avowed in your capacity of senator. The public mind is surely, strongly, and individually prepared with a sense of detestation to this one enemy of Europe, with whom we shall yet fight, I trust, in defence of Switzerland.

"The breaking up of 'Pandemonium' must have been a grand and affecting scene. Those members of it who happen to come northward I shall be happy to meet once more. With best compliments to all those (though infernal) spirits who yet remain in the seat of the old conclave, I am, my Lord, with much gratitude, &c. T. C."

The anonymous prose work referred to in the preceding letter was "Annals of Great Britain," which he had undertaken to finish in three volumes 8vo, at the rate of a hundred pounds per volume.

To his eldest sister, then in London, he writes, November 13 :—"We are all well, but wearying to see you. . . I beg your acceptance of these books, which, I hope, will

* In reference to this theme, see page 259.

reach you safe. Pray send me word what sort of *tune* is set to that accursed song, 'The Wounded Hussar,' which freezes my blood with the recollection of its being sung in Queen Street. Wretch that I am; *that* circumstance is still a joke among my friends! I believe it will disturb my dying moments—for it is never to be forgotten!

"T. C."

To the popularity of the "Wounded Hussar" I have already adverted;* but at this time, the fact of its being a "street-ballad" was very annoying to the sensitive author, who was often quizzed and complimented on his success in the circle of his merry companions. In after years, however, this morbid sensibility wore off. Coming home one evening to my house in Park Square, where, as usual, he had dropt in to spend a quiet hour, I told him that I had been agreeably detained listening to some street music near Portman Square. "Vocal or instrumental?" he inquired. "Vocal: the song was an old favourite, remarkably good, and of at least forty years' standing." "Ha!" said he—"I congratulate the author, whoever he is."—"And so do I—it was your own song, the 'Soldier's Dream;' and when I came away the crowd was still increasing." "Well—" he added, musing, "this is something like popularity!" He then, as an instance of *real* popularity, mentioned that, happening to enter a blacksmith's forge on some trifling errand many years ago, he saw a small volume lying on the bench, but so begrimed and tattered, that its title-page was almost illegible. It was Goldsmith's "Deserted Village and other Poems;" every page of which bore testimony to the rough hands—guided by feeling hearts—that had so often turned over its leaves.

* See page 200-1 of this volume.

"This," he added, "was one of the most convincing instances of an author's popularity I ever met with."

Having completed the long-promised selection of his Poems in manuscript, the volume was forwarded to Lord Minto, then in London, with the following letter :—

EDINBURGH, *December 9th*, 1802.

MY LORD,

It is so long since I ought to have begged your lordship's acceptance of these MS. pieces ; and the handwriting, owing to the circumstance of their being intended to be bound up with this small edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," is so difficult to read, that I am almost ashamed to present them. If your lordship can, however, decipher them, and if they should seem worthy of a place in your library, it will give me great pleasure to think that you have beside you a remembrancer, however insignificant, of one who bears towards your lordship the most sincere regard. A small time will yet intervene between the printing of the "Pleasures of Hope," and of those smaller pieces which are transcribed in the little volume I have sent.* If, in the midst of higher avocations, your lordship can spare a few minutes to give me your opinion of any passage that seems objectionable, I shall esteem it a very great favour.

If I might venture to trouble your lordship with a request, which I hope will not seem impertinent, I would again use the freedom to solicit the use of your lordship's

* In the same letter he mentions that "Mr. Ker Porter, the battle-painter," was engaged to furnish a design for a frontispiece to the new edition of the Poems; and that, owing to the difficulty of having the proofs regularly transmitted to him and returned by post, Mr. Tulloch, of the "Star," had undertaken the correction of the press. The Poet's acquaintance with Mr. Tulloch, under these circumstances, led to his permanent engagement with the "Star" newspaper, at a liberal salary.

speech on the trial of Sir E. Impey, from which I have occasion to require some extracts, in a history of political events, which I have engaged to furnish for a work which will appear about a twelvemonth hence. T. C.

The Poet's request, that Lord Minto would favour him with his opinion on the manuscript Poems, was answered by the following characteristic letter :—

TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

20, HANOVER STREET, *20th December*, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received your most acceptable present with great pleasure and gratitude. The trouble it must have cost you is a strong proof of your friendly desire to oblige me. The labour of the hand is no doubt most irksome to those whose vocation is labour of a higher kind. Your new edition I know will be very handsome, and ornamental to my quarto shelves; but I shall consider this manuscript pocket volume as a more valuable addition to my library than any production of Baskerville or Didot—since it bears testimony to the Author's friendship, *under his own hand.* I have read the manuscript Poems with fresh pleasure; and the first impression they made upon me is confirmed by the last. I agree with you in thinking "Lochiel" improved*—not that it deserved admiration less in the first cast of it, than in its more correct form. The *poetry* was there before; the *afflatus*—the presence of the God—was as evident then as now. That first, second, and third excellence remains unimpaired; and the Poem seems to me to have acquired maturity without loss of vigour.

* The improvements referred to were subsequently cancelled for other additions and alterations, quoted at page 393.

I owe personal thanks for hanging Dr. Cameron, without strangling him; you have now removed Tyburn—the new drop—and all that was unpoetical in the gallows; and now that you have substituted silk for hemp, one sees how a hero may swing with sufficient dignity in a good cause. I seriously think the objectionable part of that passage entirely removed; and being so, I think you gain much by preserving so strong, and at the same time so true, an image of the historical fact. You ask for any verbal observations that may occur to me—I know how contemptible, and also how odious *verbalism*—if such a word there were—must be to true genius; yet Venus, whose beauty is original and perfect in itself, and from heaven, finds her account in letting herself be attired by the Graces; may we not, in the same manner, consider correctness and a little choice, and even curiosity in words, as a sort of handmaid to Genius? Not of the same rank and class of beings, indeed—a wench, a mere Abigail—yet a person who has her menial uses, and is prudently applied to, just when her mistress is going forth into the world. With this preface, your handmaid will enter on her office the more cheerfully, as she can hardly find anything to do, or discover anything more than a hair or two out of place. You make *clan* rhyme to *one*. Do not suppose me, however, such an Abigail as to object to that; the rhyme is certainly wrong: but I see that it is impossible to get it right, without parting with, or at least spoiling, one of the finest couplets in the Poem, which God forbid, and I am not such a Vandal. The rhyme may therefore go and be hanged, and it will die with dignity in so good a cause. I only mention this because it is my trade, while I am performing this vile office. I confess I do not like the word departure—"darker *departure*." The reason why (perhaps) I cannot tell—as Mr. Sheridan says of our

dislike to Mr. Addington—but this I surely know full well, I do not like "departure" well! I therefore venture to submit this, and only one other word, to your reconsideration. The other is "tempested shore,"—I really do not think it admissible. One may burst through the fetters of rhyme, but hardly over the limits of the language we write in; but if we do, the license must be justified by its splendour, or some other extraordinary claim to sanction or, at least, pardon. I do not think "tempested" would be an acquisition to our language—if we had it. Would not "storm-beaten"* do?—

"Like ocean weeds heap'd on the storm-beaten shore."

Here I put up my combs, and my patch-box, and admire my lady devoutly, and truly, whether she accept of my officious services or not.

I shall settle a mode of franking your proof-sheets to and fro, without difficulty—and it shall be done immediately. I beg you to believe me ever, my dear Sir, sincerely and affectionately yours, MINTO.

P.S. Pray excuse me for postponing a post more, my answer concerning my speeches on the impeachment of Sir E— I—y. I am extremely hurried to-day.

In his next letter the nature of his literary undertaking is fully explained. The impression left upon the public mind by Lord Minto's speeches was strongly felt by Campbell, and made him solicit permission to transfer the luminous statement of his noble patron to the pages of his new work. He writes thus—

* On revision of the Poem, the author substituted "*surf*-beaten" for "*tempested*," to which Lord Minto had objected; but the faulty rhyme of "*one* and clan," and darker "*departure*" retained their original place—and force—in all the printed editions.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD MINTO.

ALISON SQUARE, EDINBURGH,
December 27th, 1802.

MY LORD,

My booksellers have engaged me at present in an historical work, intended as a continuation of Smollett's down to the present time. The compensation which I am to receive for it, is not sufficient to tempt me to put my name to it. It is not to be written for reputation, but for employment; and as a trial of my hand at a new species of literary labour. Still, however, although I do not come like a trembling culprit before the public, I feel interested, even to enthusiasm, in my new undertaking; and shall, perhaps, write with more spirit, than if I set to it with the embarrassing impression of the public looking over my shoulder. Public events for fifty years past, have followed in pretty interesting succession; and I should think the man's heart very listless indeed, who could sit down to relate and review them without strong animation. Whatever my history may turn out—and possibly it may prove both dull and dry—I shall begin it, at least, with the favourable omens of zeal and interest—anonymous although I mean it to be. The outlines of the materials I have collated already. I have sketched, indeed, a rough draft of the picture.

You may easily suppose, my lord, that to obtain original information, upon that part of the internal history of the country, which relates to Sir E. Impey's impeachment,* would be a very great favour. With regard to quotations from your lordship's speeches, either printed or *MS.*—without decided permission, or making any improper use

* This has been fully elucidated in "Memoirs of Sir Elijah Impey" by his son, 1846.

of either, if trusted to my hands—I can only say, that sooner than give your lordship a moment's uneasiness from fear of such accidents, I should give up all the advantage to be derived from seeing them.

I think myself warranted, however, by the confidence I feel in your regard, to let you know this state of my literary circumstances; and—if there be any information on the subject of Sir E. I.'s trial, to the sources of which your lordship's intimate knowledge of the whole event can direct me—to request that you would have the kindness, at a leisure moment, to supply me with a hint.

One suspicion I might perhaps incur from one less generous in ascribing motives of conduct than I know your lordship to be—viz., that my object is to improve the pecuniary value of my history, by original materials, obtained in this gratuitous manner.—My arrangements are all made with my employers. It is no wish of theirs, that I should make this work anything more than passable; but although it is to be anonymous, I should feel myself degraded in my own esteem, by making it slovenly. One would wish even his bastard-son to be a gentleman.—If I were writing or speaking in a desert island I should still wish to write and speak with spirit. Besides, I am not so little of a Scotchman, or so lukewarm a patriot, as to be able to pass over the appearance of one of my countrymen—solitary I may almost say in arraigning corruption—without giving a little more to the public, than has hitherto been said. Your lordship's name and Mr. Burke's can never be injured by the protecting patronage which Indian influence has given to the acquitted culprits. But still, as a point of history, it is apt to suffer by misrepresentation. Indeed the whole trials are wrapt up in a foggy sort of mystery, which the East Indians, I dare say, would not wish to see dispelled. The journals of the "House of

Commons," it is true, are testimony against them—but it is not proof so recondite as that which dispels all doubt; and while any doubt remains, the abettors of Sir Elijah have an advantage which they do not deserve. The conclusion from this is indeed different from the idea I at first started; viz., of putting authentic facts in the body of English history relative to the impeachment of Sir E. It ought to be done, my lord, by your own hand. A work, such as you propose, would not be *too* voluminous—large as you intend it—for public and even very general perusal; and it would at all times serve as a rallying-point for those who, in writing the history of the times, might have occasion to quote more condensed and explicit evidence, than is to be found at present in any separate publication on the subject.

I ought to have begun my letter by acknowledging your lordship's of the 23rd, and likewise some additional sheets from Tulloch, which, I suppose, came franked by your lordship's interference.

With many thanks to your lordship for so much kindness, I am your lordship's most sincerely obliged, humble servant,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

From the date of this letter, until the beginning of February, Campbell was employed in writing and collecting materials for the "Annals." But such was his apprehension of losing *caste*, by descending from the province of lofty rhyme, to that of mere historical compilation, that "he bound his employers to secrecy, and did not wish the fact to be known even amongst his intimate friends."

But the time had now arrived when he was to take final leave of Scotland, and appear once more in the society of London, where, it was said, honours and

independence awaited him. On the 6th of February he started from Edinburgh in company with his old school-fellows, Mr. Ralph Stevenson and Mr. Burrows, and paid a second visit to Liverpool, where he was received by Mr. Roscoe, Dr. Currie, and the Messrs. Duncan, with marked respect and hospitality. Since their previous meeting, his reputation had been strengthened by new and successful efforts; and at the moment of his arrival, Mr. Thelwal was delivering a course of lectures on elocution, in which the "Battle of Hohenlinden" was introduced, and recited with popular effect. On this occasion Dr. Currie insisted on having the Poet as his own particular guest; and to live with the biographer of Burns, was to live in a pleasing round of intellectual enjoyment.

Writing to a friend a few hours after his arrival in Liverpool, he says, "I have hardly slept on my journey; but it was pleasant, and I have to-night seen Dr. Currie." He then requests his friend to pay for him a small sum into the family exchequer at home, laments it is so little, but prays him to explain the cause; has "wasted his last eyes in writing to his mother;" cannot therefore write to his sisters as he intended, but will do so on the morrow; and is pained to think that his scanty means fall so far short of what his heart would dictate.*

After a full week's experience of the hospitality of his Liverpool friends, he thus writes, February 18:—"Drinking with this one, and dining with that one, I have consumed, my dearest friend, many hours that might have

* These little traits of feeling show the Poet in an amiable light. He accepts no hospitality, uses no expression of the pleasures that awaited him, until he has first discharged a sacred duty to his mother—shed some additional comfort round the family hearth—bespoken in her behalf the kind offices of his friend, and assured his sister that she also should hear from him next day. This was the preparation he made for enjoying the society of Liverpool; and this, no doubt, gave fresh zest to the enjoyment.

been devoted to correspondence; and surely Liverpool must be agreeable, to dispel, even for so long, the remembrance of those I have left at home. This, however, is but a temporary oblivion. Cold, dark, and cheerless the winter afternoon sets in. I am left perchance in solitude; and Care, like a true spectre, always seeks one out when *alone*. Were I at home now—thought I to myself a few moments ago—sitting by the good old woman, hearing Glasgow anecdotes, annoyed with my own thoughts, or teased with hers, I should wrap 'my old cloak about me,' and down to John Richardson in the twinkling of an eye; coffee, mocha, pipes, negus, herrings, nut-brown ale, and Oronoka, should await us for our evening regale! We should sit like Lælius and Scipio—like Valentine and Orson—like Pylades and Orestes! The Baron* would strike in his worthy presence ere night, and the world, with all its cares, should be drowned in a spoonful of toddy. Worthy Baron! give him my kindest regards.

"Now, of my history since we parted, I vow to Heaven, John, I can give you no chronicle. The post-chaise that carried Stevenson, Burrows, and myself through Carlisle, Kendal, and Lancaster, passed, no doubt, over many interesting scenes, which a better observer might have chewed his cud upon, for many chapters. But about the age and history of the 'borough-towns' on our way; the heraldry of landed gentlemen, whose castles we saw; the cultivation of cabbage and turnip-fields along the wayside, and the breed of cattle, horned and humble, between this and Auld Reekie—to give you satisfaction upon all these points, would cost me a journey back, and more attention than it is usual with me to bestow. So leaving us both in profound and peaceful ignorance upon all these heads,

* Henry Cockburn, now Lord Cockburn—a son of Baron Cockburn.

I must be contented to dwell upon the present scene of my feelings and fortune.

"I am living, you will observe, with Dr. Currie, whose friendship and attention extend to the minutest circumstances regarding my comfort. He makes parties at his house, of precisely the character that he knows I like; and he devotes himself to keep me company all the leisure time that his profession allows. All the hospitality that a landlord can show seems, in fact, combined in these two circumstances. Without a single claim upon his friendship, I must own myself obliged to him beyond what I would say to his face; and I only pray to God that I may have it in my power to do him a kindness somewhat adequate to *his*, at present, in promoting my happiness and good name. The only new character I have met with in the department of authors—for I knew Roscoe before—is * * * I sought out this poetical Republican in his shop at the Wapping Dock, and introduced myself by a 'this-is-me' introduction to his acquaintance. He seems an honest, high-minded man, full of sense and information, beyond his circumstances; but dark and haughty in his political opinions regarding those slight shades of difference in principles, which fall insensibly into each other, like colours of the rainbow. To speak plainer, he is one of those that tire you with the 'slang' of democracy; and seem to have no satiety in speaking of subjects that ought, by this time, to sicken every natural heart. Without humour or relaxation of thought, he fatigues you as much as Mrs. Moonlight; and one's throat is sore with keeping it so tight stretched with severe and stubborn truths. By the way, though agreeable at all other times, * * * broke out once more upon the subject of Jacobinism; and it was not till I had scourged him severely, that he submitted to have his jaws bound up, and his tongue bridled upon this detestable topic.

"Public amusements are frequent enough here—and this is just the noontide hour of them; but I have only gone to one which is more interesting and intellectual than most others. It is Thelwall's * course of lectures upon what? Why upon taste, reading, writing, elocution, and eloquence!—He deserves encouragement, and if he comes to Edinburgh, I beg you would raise the clans in his favour—for two reasons:—first, he is a poor persecuted devil, honest every body believes, and well-intentioned in the cause which costs him persecution: in the next place, although he recites but mediocrely, yet the very circumstance of his reciting my Hohenlinden, is doing me a service, and contributing as "a puff direct"—not the less effective, that it comes not from my own lungs! You know me too well to suppose I found upon his opinion, or on that, perhaps, of the bulk of his audience; but when the public see any piece chosen by even an attempt at elocution, it gives a popularity to it, independent of its intrinsic merit. This, you know, is between ourselves—it is only for wiseacres like you and me to discover how much fame is increased by accident! * * *

"Yours, my boy, right truly, T. C."

The following anecdote of the Poet's visit was communicated to me by a late distinguished friend, and is at once original and characteristic:—"I happened to be this year in Liverpool, during a visit which Campbell was paying to some friends in that great commercial town, among whom was my relation the late Dr. Currie, best known, perhaps, as the judicious editor of Burns' works, and writer of his life. Here I renewed my intercourse with my old college acquaintance, and became much more intimate with him

* Mr. T. and the subject of his lectures are noticed in the satirical poem—"The Pursuits of Literature," p. 132, 14 *Ed.* 1808.

than formerly. I shall only mention one incident which happened at this time, as it shows that he was not altogether exempt from those keen, sensitive feelings which mark the 'genus irritabile vatum.' It is this: one day Campbell was taking a family dinner with my brother George, a Liverpool merchant, with whom I was then residing. No strangers were present, and our friend was treated with the same familiarity as if he had been a member of the family. He seemed to feel domesticated among us, and was particularly agreeable and facetious—surprising and delighting us with his flashes of wit, and sportive brilliancy of imagination. After many lively sallies, among which there was a good deal of pleasant bantering bandied on both sides, the subject of his poems was introduced; and to this also the humour for bantering, somehow or other, was extended. He was first rallied on a stanza in 'The Wounded Hussar,' where an unfortunate false punctuation had perverted the sense. * 'Ah,' said he good-humouredly, when roguishly asked to explain the meaning of the line—'*you* know as well as I do, how that couplet should be read; but to tell you the truth, that is just one of the many unfortunate blunders of my printer, to whom I am obliged entirely to leave the punctuation, having never been able myself to acquire the occult art of pointing.'

"From this we were led to speak of his admirable poem of 'Hohenlinden,' which its very excellence induced us to fix upon as a subject for jocular criticism. 'Campbell,' said my brother, 'I know that you poets think yourselves entitled to embellish your effusions with that sublime figure of rhetoric,

* "Thou shalt live, she replied, heaven's mercy relieving;
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn!"

See this quotation, and notice of the song, at page 201 of this volume.

called *hyperbole:* but surely you exceed all licence when you say—

"And louder* than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed their red artillery!"

If the *flash* was so loud, what must have been the *report?* Campbell looked as if taken aback, not knowing whether to consider the criticism as intended for joke or earnest; but presently retorting the banter, he replied: 'If you understood grammatical construction, you could not have made that remark. Put it into prose, and how does it read? "Their red artillery, louder than the bolts of heaven, flashed far."' 'Very good; but here is something else,' said I, 'which proves that you are at least well skilled in the figure of *bathos*—if you have defended yourself, as I own you have, against that of hyperbole:—

"Then shook the hills with thunder riven!
Then flew the steed to battle driven!"—

Oh what a falling off was there!' 'How could I help it?' replied the Poet, somewhat moved. 'The battle began by a general discharge of artillery along the whole line; and then, amidst the obscurity of the smoke, the cavalry made their attack on the broken ranks of the enemy.' 'Well parried,' returned I; 'I hope, however, the next battle you describe will not take place in such a dilemma. But as I am in a humour for criticising, you must kindly bear with me, for I have not yet done. Were Milton alive, I think he might accuse you of theft—

"Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave."'

'Oh, I know to what you allude,' interrupted he, taking me up rather sharply—

"Wave
Your tops, ye pines!—in sign of worship wave."

'But do you call that a fault?'

* *Louder* was afterwards rejected for *vollying*, but ultimately restored.—For an able sketch of the battle, see ALISON'S HISTORY, &c.

"I saw the fire rising; and in the thoughtless buoyancy of my spirits, I took a wayward pleasure in adding another faggot to it. 'Let that pass,' said I; 'but pray tell me, if your soldiers were buried "feet downwards," and what was the size of the "turfs" that covered them; for you say—

"And *every* turf beneath his feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."'

'I can stand this no longer,' cried the badgered Poet; and, starting to his feet, made towards the door, adding 'Oh, we poor poets! what have we to endure!'

"I now saw that I had gone much too far; and, running after him, seized him by the hand, exclaiming, 'My dear Campbell—how could you think me in earnest? Surely the flimsiness of the criticisms must show that I was merely carping, *pour faire rire?*' 'Ah,' replied he, 'what was sport to you, was death to me.' 'There is not a poem of the kind in the English language,' said my brother earnestly, 'that I admire half so much; it is above all criticism.' 'Yes,' said I; 'and this is the very reason why we ventured to carp at it. Had we really thought it deserving of censure, we would have held our peace.' 'Come, dear Mr. Campbell,' said my sister-in-law, 'kindly understand and forgive these thoughtless jokers; had they not prized the poem, it would not have stuck so fast to their memory.' 'Yes, yes'—cried he, somewhat pacified, but still only half in joke—'sugar to the child after its bitter draught!' With these words he returned to his seat; but he had been far more sorely pinched than we intended, and in vain attempted to resume his hilarity. But my brother and I felt that we had been rude, when we only intended to be playful; and sincerely repented that we had made so severe a trial of the Poet's equanimity."*

* Letter from the late Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D., to the Editor, dated Edinburgh, 30th December, 1845. For other extracts, see Chap. IV., page 80.

On quitting Liverpool, Campbell intended to proceed direct to the metropolis, but was induced by Mr. Stevenson to make a halt of a few days in Staffordshire. There he visited the Potteries, Etruria, and other establishments, where he was much "fêted" by the enterprising and hospitable owners. Then turning his face to the south, he arrived in London to superintend the printing of the new quarto edition of his Poems; and on the 7th of March—the day after his arrival — he writes thus summarily to his old friend, Mr. Richardson :—

"At Liverpool I spent ten fleeting days—more pleased than ever with Dr. Currie and his circle of friends. Young Roscoe purposes soon visiting Scotland; I will leave him an introduction to you ere I cross the water.*—My brain is stupified with cold.—I have walked seven miles through the streets in the bitterest night that ever blew. Last night I saw Clason; the worthy is well, and so also is his good old papa, sitting like the figure of Contentment at his ingle-side; both inquired very kindly after you. * * * John Leyden is still in London; an infectious influenza is going about, and the north wind is freezing one's heart.

* * * * * *

"At the Potteries of Staffordshire I delayed nine days. Stevenson kept amazingly well; he is really an honest fellow, and, among the wicked gang of workmen, a provider for the needy, and a great encourager of industry. One of his friends, named Holland, pleased me particularly. He has all S——'s worth, with great gentleness. I spent, I think, nine days very happily. Society was all the charm

* It was Campbell's intention to take advantage of the peace, and resume his travels. But in a few weeks after this date, the Continent was again the theatre of open war.

of life there; for the country is one chaos of smoke and brick furnaces—

> 'No product there the traveller can survey,
> But men and mugs, the potter and his clay.'

"Yours, T. C."

On his arrival from Liverpool, Campbell became the guest of Mr. Telford; and, with the advice of that warm-hearted friend, laid down plans for his future guidance in the world of literature. "Campbell," says Telford, in a letter to Mr. Alison, "wrote to me from Liverpool, and explained his plan, which I think admirable. If he will only do as well as we anxiously wish, he may become one of the most important—as he already is, certainly, one of the greatest—men of the age. I am so deeply interested in his welfare and fame, that, in my letters to him, I am eternally giving him advice; but he knows it is from downright affectionate regard. I have asked him to live with me at the 'Salopian,' where I may have him constantly in check. . . I will shew him your letter;* I think it will be useful—being the effusion of a kind friend.

"T. T."

The letter was accordingly shown to him; and on the following day Campbell thus writes to his "intellectual father"—the endearing name by which he used to distinguish Mr. Alison—some interesting particulars of his visit, his friends, and the political aspect of the country, with his own startling apprehensions of a crisis:—

* A letter of paternal counsel for the regulation of his life and studies. The Rev. Mr. Alison and Mr. Telford had entered into a most friendly and congenial task, to advise and remonstrate with the young Poet, at a moment when he was again surrounded by all the seductive allurements of a great capital; and faithfully was that duty performed.

SALOPIAN, LONDON, [*March*] 27*th*, 1803.

MY DEAR ALISON,

The morning after taking leave of you, I proceeded to Liverpool through Carlisle and Lancashire. At Liverpool I spent ten delightful days,* in the select circle to which I had been introduced by Currie's acquaintance, and thought them not less agreeable that I had in view leaving them for so long a period. Dr. Currie's health, I was grieved to see, is very infirm; and his strength, far from being adequate to the exertions he is called upon to make, both in literature and his own profession. But although his spirits are often affected with this ebbing of his corporeal strength, his temper is always kind. I was more constantly with him than during my former visit, and sat much with him when indisposition confined him to his room. The whole cast and complexion of his character were thus more exposed to my observation than before; and all that I saw of him, on more confidential acquaintance, confirmed me in thinking him one of the best of men. At parting with him, I cannot say but I felt fully more acutely than in saying "farewell" to yourself—not that my ties of friendship with him are so strict as with you; but I left *you*, my dear Alison, well, and likely to live. I left poor Dr. Currie with very scanty probability of ever seeing him again!

The next step that I made—and alas, in this journey, as on the whole journey of my life, I have made too many colons and semi-colons—was at the Potteries of Stafford-

* The pleasure of this visit, however, was not unalloyed; he had the mortification to discover that a "very delicate and confidential letter," written to a friend in Edinburgh, had either been lost, or had fallen into the very hands which he was most studious to avoid; and moreover, as misfortunes never come single, he returned to London, "agonised by the loss of a favourite *wig*.

shire, where I found in the midst of a heavy, plodding, unrefined race of pot-makers, much hospitality—all the essence of politeness, without any of its outside.

These honest folks showed me all the symptoms of their affection, that could be represented by the symbols of meat and drink; and if ale, wine, bacon, and pudding, could have made up a stranger's paradise, I should have found it among the Potteries. You will give me credit, I dare say, for liking them on account of their good hearts, independently of their good dinners. I liked them, to be sure, for the most selfish of all motives, because I found myself a favourite among them—great consolation to a man who has not the luck to be always so! And although Staffordshire, with all its furnaces, is not a hot-bed of genius, I found some of the gentlemen I visited, men of superior minds.

Thence I came on to London, and received, after a *formal* interview with Telford, Mrs. Alison's letter, enclosing one to Lady Louisa Stuart. The contents of Mrs. Alison's epistle was a libel upon my moral character—a protest against my informal departure—and a promise that, among other tokens of remembrance in your family, my old oppressor, M——, is to open a correspondence with me, as soon as she becomes of age to write. I suppose this correspondence is to be shackled with the inspection of her mother, both into her letters and mine!

London has been visited in one month by John Leyden and the influenza! Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands. They are both raging with great violence. John has been dubbed Dr. Leyden, and the influenza has been called La grippe. The latter complaint has confined Telford and myself for a week or so; the former has attacked us several times.

My jaunt to Paris, you may well imagine, was not accelerated by the reports of war, that have risen since our

parting. At present, the public opinion is still swinging between peace and war. To-day, the rumour is rather pacific; but a dreadful chance still remains of our coming to blows—of Buonaparte collecting his *vis* and his *virus* —and of gaining ground by a hit of fortune upon that sore unshielded side of our body politic—Ireland. I never before felt personally agitated at the prospect of public affairs. It was all talk and speculation before—ardour for opinions, and sympathy for others; now, we look to solid substantial danger. An Irish gentleman —a friend of those men, of whom you have heard me often speak—assured me that, although he never entered it himself, there is a union at present deeper than the principle of the late rebellion. I own the prospect of what the Catholics in Ireland now intend, and would do with French assistance, makes me cry 'peccavi' in my own reflections on the past. Every night the leagued assassin and soldiers, and the white brigands of St. Domingo, haunt my imagination in my sleep. "France spreads her banners in our noiseless land." With plumed helm the slayer begins his threats. Dreadful indeed were the state of our existence—the very front and picture of society would grow haggard—if that angry little savage, Buonaparte, should obtain his wishes. I think I see our countrymen trampled down by his military, like the Blacks of St. Domingo on their own fields!—our very language abolished for that of the conqueror—America, and all the world, lost, for want of our protection—and the fine spirit of our political economy changed into the politics of a drill serjeant.

But all this—I think I hear you say, and I bless God that we have reason to think so—is but a picture of imagination—an event barely within the span of probability. Irish insurrection is all that can affect us. For the safety

of our great Island, there is surely little to fear. If ten millions of freemen cannot defend themselves, they are not worth defending. All that one hears, indeed, from public debate and private conversation, shows a good deal of mettle in the British mind. A voice of public independence would cry out in case of invasion—

> "Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen! . . .
> Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!"

The state of one's country—if a spark of the public passion be alive in our hearts—is most particularly rousing in a crisis like this, when there is a prospect of danger; and a possibility—even a bare possibility is alarming—of coming home to Britain, when that home shall be a house of bondage! To say the truth, it would damp the joy of our meeting, if a guard of French troopers were reviewing in the Links, or a garrison of the same gentry guarding sweet Edinburgh Castle—

> "Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?
> Barbarus has segetes?"

No—you will fight well for that good old castle! Walter Scott will be your Tyrtæus; and though I shall not have the pleasure of writing one song to sing with the *pas-de-charge*, I trust to hear good tidings of your defence, in the mountains of Styria, or the capital of Paswan Oglou.

Oh, join me, my friend! and *your* prayers will have more speed than mine, for the scourge of humiliation on those oppressors of my black idol, Toussaint! I have just read Captain Rainsford's account of him—read it, I pray you. It is a picture of the black hero, which the world is too fond of sugar to attend to—a plain but interesting account of Toussaint and his cause, which will excite your

warmest indignation, to think of such a cause being crossed, and its leader bound in a dungeon—

> "Exoriare aliquis nostris in ossibus ultor
> Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos . . .
> Imprecor arma armis—pugnent ipsique nepotes."

I shall not long wait for the doubtful issue of this question of war or peace; but, if peace be not the probable turn-up of the die, set out straight for Vienna.

Your remarks to Telford, in a letter which he showed me, though the same as you have expressed in conversation to myself—gave me great satisfaction. I turn to you, as my "mind's father,"—for I have found the commencement of your acquaintance an era in my existence; and all that I do must have your approbation, or it will not prosper. Expressions of regard for your family are what I shall rather abstain from, than indulge in, when sending you letters—not that I am afraid of multiplying vain words, "like the heathen," but because I know you perceive that the pride and pleasure of being popular in your beloved household, occupies nine-tenths of the little dimensions of my soul's heart!

* * * * *

My happiness, in fact, being so wretchedly dependent on you—you may regard me as a sort of domestic animal that will not be frightened out of fidelity either by tyranny or scolding!—So let Mrs. Alison chastise me for fibbing as she pleases—I shall return to face you all on the morning when the mail-coach shall arrive from London, with myself and my "Hungariana," with as much assurance as if I had never told a fib in my life. But how could Mrs. A. be astonished that, setting out on my travels, I should have taken only the liberty of a traveller?

My best wishes to you, dear friends, conjunctly and severally. Believe me, with sincerity, yours,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Continuing to reside with Mr. Telford, whose practical good sense and experience in the business of life had a very beneficial influence upon his guest, Campbell proceeded with his "Annals," and the new edition of his Poems. Charing Cross, however, was a "roaring vortex," very unfriendly to study or composition. "In short," he says, in a letter, dated April 1 :—"London is a cataract of horrid noises—dust-carts and coaches—beggars and nobility. I am sick of it, but find that my book cannot go on, unless I visit its progress every day. It will be out, positively, on the *first* of May ; and as I want to have it as publicly known as possible, pray tell it to * * * as a great *secret!* I have got another picture for Lochiel. Besides my Beechen-tree vignette, and this large frontispiece, representing the 'weird' man addressing Lochiel,* I have a design rather pretty, emblematic of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' as a *second* frontispiece to the title page. Thus equipt, I shall come out like the sweeps in May-morning, decked in all my finery; and, like them, I shall hope for a few pence to be tossed at me. As to *subscription!* the word still acts like a sudorific whenever it startles my ear ; but the motto to my list of subscribers must be—

> ————Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
> Auri sacra fames?————

"My new painter's name is Masquerier—a pleasant little

* The picture painted by Mr. Ker Porter for "Lochiel"—a battle-piece—was obliged to be set aside, owing to the great price asked for engraving it.

fellow, with a great deal of French vivacity—and he certainly paints well. I am not sure but we may *companion* it to the Continent. James Brougham has come to town with Horner; Tyrtæus is expected soon; Leyden has gone at last to diminish the population of India."—

He then draws the following contrast—life in the solitude of a great city:

"Now, my worthy friend, what a happy fellow you are! Here *I* sit under the ear-crashing influence of ten thousand chariot-wheels! My brains are pulverised with distraction, and my throat is sore with swallowing dust. Night comes on: I have no solace in view but to smoke a solitary pipe—and God knows I have had *smoke* enough already—or to read, aye *read* in the midst of noise like thunder. And then, when my labours are over, I drop into bed like an old sinner dropping into the grave." The thoughts of home then rush upon his mind, and he concludes with—"Visit my mother, good John, and comfort the poor old lady. Write me soon about her, and my sisters, and be to both like a son and a brother!

"Tell me all about Jemmy Grahame and Hannah—by the bye, I dreamt t'other night that I saw Jemmy in an upholsterer's shop in the Strand, prigging about the price of a cradle! Is not this prophetic? * * * *

"T. C."

Campbell had not yet acquired a taste for London life; in imagination he was still in the heart of his old compeers in Edinburgh; and, judging from his letters at this period, the sorrows of exile were as keenly felt on the Thames, as they had been on the Danube. To him, "in city pent," the word *cottage* had an indescribable charm; and although

he longed for "change of scene," and projected a visit to the mountains of Styria, the thought of home and friends was still predominant in his heart.*

Of the habitual state of his feelings, prospects, and manner of life at this time, some insight is afforded by various letters, from which the following are extracts :—

"April 30.— . . I want to be off to Paris you know, and there, as a preparatory step to my journey, to apply to French pronunciation and chemistry. But to Paris I cannot : and this dilatory Addington will make neither peace nor war. I should be patient in my uncertainty, if this abominable London did not rob me of health and composure. I really can fix myself to nothing ; for I have one eternal round of invitations, and have got into a style of life, which it neither suits my purse nor my inclination to keep up. . . I have not one day free of headaches, nor one night of tolerable rest. I may stop here for a year without profit : the expense is enormous. . . . When the word *cottage* crossed my eye in your letter, what a look of agony did I cast to the gloomy alleys that surrounded me ! Life is absolutely a burning fever in London ! I hate all its unnatural and crowded society. Before embarking for my travels, what would I not give to spend from June to October with you in our sacred retreat ! There, applying to chemistry in your comforting society, I should more than atone for my disappointment in not getting to France. I am determined not to go to the Continent until October, and then my travels will commence in earnest. But I beg of you to ask Mr. Constable what he would think of my crossing to Dantzic

* As an experiment, he now changed his quarters from the Salopian to No. 61, South Molton Street, where he boarded with a Mr. Tyrrel, and had the advantage of being near Lord Minto, who then resided at 12, Holles Street.

about that time, and then passing through Poland and Hungary into Tartary?" . . .

Thus, without any definite aim, or at least without the power of carrying it into effect, he seemed to float at random on the tide of circumstances, anxiously waiting for that favourable wind which never came. Before leaving Edinburgh, he appears to have entered into some arrangement with Mr. Constable, and agreed to furnish him with a book of travels. On the faith of this, Campbell received an advance of money; but, as no "travels" were ever forthcoming, it was repaid with interest.

Other events were approaching; and by the month of October, on which he had fixed for the commencement of his "travels," his position and prospects in society were to undergo an important change.

In the meantime, "after a weary long armistice," he writes to Mr. Thomson. "May 11, 1803. The remembrance of our mutual selection of each other's society from the mass of College acquaintance, and the ingenuous feelings of social pleasure which our opening minds enjoyed at that interesting period, the remembrance of those days, and those feelings, is entwined around my associations never to be separated! I thank you warmly for inquiring after me; for although the increasing pressure of worldly occupations has prevented me from indulging in those expressions of friendly remembrance which record them, yet I still wish our friendship to be kept alive, and regard you as sincerely as ever.

"I am here with my quarto volume, of which my friends Messrs. Longman and Rees are to be the accoucheurs. It will be out in a fortnight. I have besides a piece of fagging on hand which costs me ten hours' labour a day. The time stolen from business for calls, visits, &c. &c., is to be made up, by a sort of *funding* system, out of my hours

allotted to sleep. This is a pleasant world, in which we must labour to-day, for the pleasure of labouring to-morrow! . . . . "T. C."

* * * * *

"In the spring of this year," says Dr. Irving,* "I met Campbell in London. We dined at Mr. Longman the publisher's. Among other individuals, not so easily remembered, the company included Walter Scott, Thomas Young, Humphry Davy, and George Ellis; and I may add, without any hazard of contradiction, that such guests as these could not now be assembled at any table in the kingdom. Scott had not then attained the meridian height of his reputation; but he was at all times conspicuous for his social powers, and for his strong practical sense. Upon that occasion, he was full of good humour, and had many stories to tell. Ellis, possessing an ample fund of elegant literature, was a model of all that was easy and pleasant in private society. Young, one of the most remarkable men of the age, was alike distinguished in science and erudition. Davy, who was so great in his own department, seemed willing to talk, in an easy and unpretending strain, on any topic that was discussed. Among these men Campbell did not appear to much advantage: he was too ambitious to shine, nor was he successful in any of his attempts. He was much inclined to dilate on the subject of Homer, and the poems which bear his name, but on various points was opposed with equal decision and coolness by Dr. Young; who, in all probability, was familiarly acquainted with Wolf's 'Prolegomena ad Homerum,' which had been published eight years before, and which had introduced a new era in classical criticism. Davy was ready to interpose any remark that occurred to him, though it may be presumed that his chemical was superior

* Reminiscences of Campbell, MS.

to his classical analysis. On the subject of Greek poetry, Scott was silent. Campbell began to wax somewhat too earnest; but, finding that he did not attract all the attention to which he evidently thought himself entitled, he started from his seat at an early hour, and quitted the room with a very hasty step . . . . . " This is very characteristic; but of the Poet's general acquirements, as will appear in the sequel, his friend, Mr. Sydney Smith, and others of his class, formed a very high estimate.

About the first of June—a month later than expected—the goodly quarto was ushered into the world. It was applauded as an admirable specimen of typography; and, for the first time, his Poems became a profitable concern for the author. The pleasing event is thus announced—

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

" LONDON, *June* 11, 1803.

" . . . Bensley's parturient press is at length delivered. The gossips of literature are all dandling my little quarto, and saying it is a very pretty child, and exceedingly like the father! It is well printed; the engravings are not bad. You shall have 300 to-morrow for Edinburgh, sent off by land for dispatch. I am sorry for the delay; but if it had been prophesied in the Scriptures, the delay could not have been more inevitable on my part. But now that I have appeased the *manes* of my former procrastination and broken promises, you must not keep silence; but, as the 'wind gives aid, and convoy is assistant,' send me the comfort of a letter. You cannot imagine how often I get down to the very ground-floor of despondency, when I find myself in the dusk of a dull, gray evening, so far from my best friends. I have cut almost

all the world but Frank Clason; he is a great comfort to me; but very soon to be lost likewise, as he goes off to the country. I empower you to do whatever seems best to you, with regard to my interest in Edinburgh. Give all, command all, take all. Mundell's people will sell the copies without per centage. If there be no other way to let the public know that *you* are to be the emporium of their *guineas*, it must be advertised in an Edinburgh paper. . . .

T. C.

Thus fairly launched, the quarto soon found its way into the literary circles; for although it was a seventh edition of "The Pleasures of Hope"—and therefore well known to all readers of poetry—it contained, independently of the illustrations, several new pieces of poetry,* sufficient of themselves to insure a wide circulation. Altogether, the sale of this volume to subscribers and others brought in, eventually, a liberal and most seasonable contribution to the Poet's finances, and enabled him to shake off the pecuniary difficulties, which had hitherto enfeebled his efforts and cramped his genius. His mind was now the channel of many pleasing thoughts; and he began to ask himself the question whether a young man, under such prosperous circumstances, ought not to be looking out for a partner worthy to share, and enhance, his good fortune?

Among the private families, in London, where Campbell was now a frequent and welcome visitor, was that of his maternal cousin, Mr. Robert Sinclair. Nine years previous to this period, as mentioned in the Poet's journey to

* Namely, "Verses on Argyllshire—Exile of Erin—Beech Tree's Petition—The Evening Star—Stanzas to Painting—Ode to Winter—Drinking Song, from the German—Lochiel—Hohenlinden. These are all that I mean to publish.—T. C."—These, however, were not all printed, in this edition.

Mull, Mr. Sinclair * was a wealthy merchant, and first magistrate of the town of Greenock. Subsequently, however, he had become a severe sufferer by the failure of some mercantile houses; and, retiring from Scotland, transferred his counting-house to Trinity Square, in the City. His family, consisting of one son, and seven daughters, were all grown up, and more or less remarkable for their personal accomplishments.†

At Mr. Sinclair's private residence in Park Street, Westminster, the Poet was a cherished guest. "His visits had become more and more frequent—particularly in the evenings; and it was soon apparent in the family circle that the ties of consanguinity, by which the Sinclairs and Campbells were united, were daily strengthening between two of its members into a very confidential and affectionate intimacy." In the "Annals," upon which he was engaged, very little progress was made; his correspondence was neglected; and the only industry which he manifested for many weeks, was confined to multiplying visits in the family circle of his fair cousins. There he speedily forgot all his previous resolutions regarding foreign travel—"the Mountains of Styria," "Paswan Oglou," and the "Hungarian bride," with whom he had threatened "to face Mrs. Alison with so much assurance." In short, all his former resolutions were "but as straw to the fire i' the blood." His courage to quit England gradually "oozed out." The

* Amidst the fluctuations of trade, and reverses of fortune, Mr. Sinclair maintained a high and honourable character; and although he had no worldly goods to bestow upon his children, he left them, what was more valuable, the example of an upright man. He was related to one of the oldest families of his name in Scotland; and, in his native county, is still remembered as a public-spirited citizen, and conscientious magistrate.

† Two of the daughters married two Swiss gentlemen, cousins, named Wiss, and at that time wealthy merchants and East-India stock-brokers. Another, who was remarkably beautiful, married Mr. Sellar, a Liverpool merchant.

Poet was no longer his own master; and he, who had sung so much of "freedom and independence," began to boast of his own "chains."

"In the course of this summer," he says, "I fell in love with my cousin, Matilda Sinclair. She was a beautiful, lively, and ladylike woman." Of her admirer, it had always been said by those who attach importance to a prepossessing exterior—that he was one of the handsomest of Apollo's priests; and, in the rarer qualities of mind and heart, liberally endowed. No wonder, therefore, that he was a thriving wooer.

Mr. Sinclair, however, though an indulgent father, and the Poet's sincere friend, could not shut his eyes on the probable consequences of a union, where mutual affection was the only cement; and where the expenses attending a matrimonial establishment were to be contingent on the precarious fruits of literature. When his approbation was solicited, he met the question with substantial objections; drew a picture of the domestic difficulties in which the Poet might be involved; advised him to reflect seriously on a step of such vital importance; and, at least, to postpone the marriage, until there should be some reasonable prospect of a permanent income. But no; the cool reasoning and calculating spirit of the counting-house were things that, in affairs of the heart, Campbell could not, or would not, understand. He had "few or no debts; the subscriptions to his quarto were still pouring in;" the historical work on which he was employed, would bring him "a hundred pounds a volume;"—and to clench the argument, he had at that very moment a "fifty pound banknote in his desk." What possible objection, then, could there be to his marrying? Mr. Sinclair shook his head, and repeated his arguments in favour of a postponement; but finding that his daughter's health was suffering from

this painful uncertainty, his objections were finally withdrawn, and preliminaries arranged for the marriage.

Matilda Sinclair, the youngest of her sisters, was literally what the poet describes her—"a beautiful, lively, and ladylike woman." She had travelled with her brother in Switzerland during the recent peace; and acquired in Geneva the rare art and mystery of making the "best cup of Mocha in the world;" an accomplishment of which—as an inducement to his friend Mr. Richardson to pay them an early visit—the Poet affects to be very proud.

Such, I am informed by a lady who knew her, was the striking character of Miss Sinclair's features and expression, that in whatever society she appeared, she was sure to command attention. Happening to be at the Opera in Paris with her brother, in 1802, and wearing a turban and feathers—her favourite head-dress—the Turkish Ambassador, who sat in the opposite *loge*, was so captivated by her appearance, that he sent his secretary to inquire of one of the company who sat next her, who that "*dame si distinguée*" was? and having ascertained that she was a Scotch lady, he declared that "he had seen nothing so beautiful in Europe." Her features had much of a Spanish cast; her complexion was dark, her figure spare, graceful, and below the middle size. She had great vivacity of manners, energy of mind, a sensibility—or rather irritability—which often impaired her health; with "dark eyes, which, when she smiled, or gave way to any mental emotion, threw over her features an expression of tender melancholy." Having said this much, it may easily be supposed that, in Matilda Sinclair, the susceptible mind of the Poet soon discovered—

"Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own."

Being of a lively conversation, with a fund of anecdote

and some talent for observation, she had turned her recent tour on the Continent to good account. Her recollections of Switzerland and France, with all the strange things she had seen and heard in her journeys along the Rhone and the Loire, served to enliven many an evening at her father's hearth; while, every now and then, the Poet introduced his own reminiscences of the Danube, Ratisbon, or Hohenlinden; and, as he seldom returned home from Park-street until after the witching time of night, the bachelor's parlour in South Molton Street was every day losing favour in his eyes:

> "Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
> And still the stranger wist not where to stray"—

until the evening again restored to him the society of the Sinclairs. Among the scenes in Paris which had left the strongest impression on Miss Sinclair's mind, were those shown to her by one of the gallant survivors of the Swiss-guard—the Tuilleries, the Louvre, the site of the Bastile, and the spot where the "infernal machine" had exploded. All these found a very attentive listener in Campbell; but what chiefly fixed his curiosity was her account of the Swiss, of whose native prowess, and hereditary independence, he was always an enthusiastic admirer, and had recently, as he states in one of his letters, projected an heroic poem on the subject of Swiss liberty.

Of his progress as a suitor in the family of Mr. Sinclair, the Poet drops not a single hint to any of his correspondents at this interesting period. He foresaw, probably, the raillery to which the disclosure would have exposed him in the circle of his bachelor friends, after all the magnificent plans of extensive "travels in Hungary, Turkey, and Greece," in which he had been indulging during the two previous years. But on the first of September, he felt that he could no

longer conceal the delicate position in which he stood; and, writing to his friend Mr. Richardson,* he requests him to take prompt measures for levying contributions among the Edinburgh booksellers—the stock-holders of the new edition; and still flatters himself and his friend with the hope of quietly "settling down in some cottage retreat near Edinburgh." Of this scheme Mr. Sinclair approved, as best adapted for a young married couple, who could have little hope of independence without a rigid system of economy. The letter is characteristic :—

LONDON, *September* 1, 1803.

My dearest friend (except my wife!) I am shortly to be married! The Miss Hills will tell you the lady's name; but I pray both them and you to say nothing upon the subject, until I can write formally to my friends. Whether this step be right, it is not fitting now to examine. My reason for writing you now, is to ask you in the name of Providence, how much money you can scrape out of my *books* in Edinburgh? for, having spent a good deal here, I have little else to look to in *futurum*, until my own exertions shall have realised a little. If you can dispose of a hundred volumes at fifteen shillings each, it will raise me £75. I shall require £25 to bring me down to Scotland, as the state of my wife's health will not permit a sea voyage; and under fifty pounds I cannot furnish a house, which, at all events, I am determined to do. This sum, my dear John, I am most earnestly anxious to raise. Will you, therefore, write to me as soon as possible, how far it will be practicable, and negotiate for the wholesale disposal of my

* Several of the Poet's oldest and dearest friends had already preceded him in this important step; so he determined, that "married or single, he would still show a desire to be on an equal footing with them."

books on any reasonable terms? Hepburn must be satisfied at all events; but I wish he would take *books* instead of money. T. C.

The above "notice," written from South Molton Street, only nine days before marriage, was quickly followed by a sketch of the modest retreat in which he purposed to combine the sweets of "domestic love and literature." His friend had a rural cottage* then unoccupied, near Edinburgh, which, as his future residence, presented many advantages; it would restore him to that society in which he had passed his happiest days; his social position could be there maintained at little expense; while Manners and Miller, Mundell and Doig, Constable and others, were all ready to patronise his pen. One family obstacle, however, stood in the way; but if that were removed, the cottage was to be taken immediately, furnished, and prepared for the reception of the Poet and his bride.

. . . . "After fully consulting the wishes of my

* This cottage—in which, with a conscientious regard to his limited means, he had resolved to lead a frugal and philosophic life—was to realise, as he fondly imagined, the beautiful picture which he had sketched in his "Pleasures of Hope"—

"So thy fair hand, enamoured Fancy, gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the *lover's* thought
Some *cottage-home*, from towns and toil remote,
Where *love and lore* may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers.
Remote from busy life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall taste and beauty sway;
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love when genial morn appears,
Like pensive beauty, smiling in her tears;
To watch the brightening roses in the sky,
And muse on Nature with a Poet's eye!"

'Intended,'" he says, "I think it will be better for us to take a house not exactly *in* Edinburgh, but as near it as we conveniently can. . . . I wish to avoid importunities, visits, vexations, &c.; to have little society, or callers; to be sober and industrious; and to live in the *country*, if I should go ten miles in search of a box. * * * In resolving upon a country situation, my first thoughts naturally suggested some spot that *you* might have to let. Believe me, John, you would find me a regular and punctual tenant; you would never need to come out to *my* cottage and stamp your foot for default of rent!—I should like very much to have, if possible, a little meadow and garden attached to my house, and for three or four acres of good land, I would go the length of twenty pounds, besides house-rent. . . .

"T. C."

After a long silence, Campbell again struck his harp "On the Threatened Invasion," and produced a song, which became very popular at that period, and retains its place among his other patriotic effusions.* He enrolled himself at the same time, with the ancient spirit of Tyrtæus, in the Corps of The North British Volunteers; and on various occasions during that season of alarm, addressed "his countrymen and fellow soldiers" with characteristic ardour.

At length, all preliminaries being duly settled, the Poet's marriage was solemnised in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the tenth of September, in the presence of the bride's family, and a small party of mutual friends. The

* Our bosoms we 'll bare for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high;
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or, crush'd in its ruins, to die!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land! &c. &c.

event was announced as the marriage of "Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' to Matilda, youngest daughter of Robert Sinclair, Esq., of Park Street, Westminster." It is also recorded in the Poet's handwriting, "more majorum," on a leaf of the splendid family Bible presented to him by his father-in-law, for the domestic sanctuary.

After a short marriage trip, the Poet and his bride returned to town, and took up their residence in Pimlico, where Mr. Sinclair had taken and furnished a comfortable and "elegant suite of rooms" for their reception.

In the meantime, however, the matrimonial benediction afforded but short immunity from the cares of the world. Within ten days after his marriage, Campbell was rendered uneasy by news from Edinburgh, which, he feared, might cloud his literary prospects, curtail his income, and inflict a series of calamities, best understood by an imaginative author, who may have unwittingly exposed himself to the capricious favour of his bookseller. But, in this instance, Campbell had himself to blame—though his *apology* was good; and under this dispiriting influence he writes to his old friend to interpose his kindly offices—with a promise of reward:—

LONDON, *September* 21, 1803.

MY DEAR JOHN,

"Single evils," as the Irish preacher saith, "seldom come unattended." My bookseller was huffed at my neglect in not sending my books to his care. This was, in fact, *neglect*: but the cares of love and matrimony had unstrung my *worldly* affections. It is a matter, however, of serious import for me to stand well with him; for it is in his power to play the devil with me if he is on bad terms. I have in reality most foolishly neglected to write to him about my books; but it is in your power to

put him in good humour, if you will call upon him and explain the *cause* of my head being turned. . . . If *he* can be set to rights, I shall settle beside you in Edinburgh—flourish like a green bay tree, and christen my eldest boy —when *poeta nascitur*—by your name! . . . In the meantime, 'the house and garden must be let alone!' . . .

T. C.

Soon after the publication of the quarto edition, Mr. George Thomson, the friend of Burns, had applied to Campbell for some original lyric poetry which, with his own admirable taste, he meant to have set to popular music. This letter, which, for the same good reason as that already assigned for other acts of negligence, had been laid aside, is thus answered in the true vein.

TO MR. GEORGE THOMSON.

LONDON, *September* 29, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am obliged to use the same apology for this late answer to your agreeable letter of last month, as the worldly man made for not becoming a disciple,—"I have married a wife! &c."

The Aurelian insect has not more ado to poke his little antennæ and fore-paws out of the shell, in order to gain his new state of existence, than a poor bachelor has to get out of his celibacy, and flutter about in his wedding suit. The one bursts into light and liberty, but the other!—It is too soon, however, to moralise before the honeymoon is over.

By this time, as perhaps Richardson would inform you, I expected to have sojourned among you with my new-made namesake—but some affairs are yet to settle; and I cannot conveniently quit London for a few weeks. I wished to have expressed in person, what the living and

sincere tongue can more properly express than a feather and a drop of ink can do, the cordial interest I feel in your respectable publication, and the pride and pleasure it would afford me to contribute to its success. But to write one verse, when the very mood does not happen to fall upon me is, I assure you upon my honour, more than I can tax my muse withal. I know well that in saying so, I run the risk—even with you, who possess the uncatholic quality of candour in a high degree—of appearing to speak with affectation. But it is not so. I have twice or thrice in my life (perhaps a strait-laced critic would say more than twice or thrice, judging by many a bad line in my pieces), tried to write as a *duty*. I can only say of the verses I then wrote, that they were not good—and in poetry, there is no bearing the purgatorial state of mediocrity. I am not fond of being congratulated upon several pieces that appeared in * * * *; and I have vowed never to write except when I can't help it. One power, however, is still left, when we abjure writing as a duty, viz., that of guiding our imaginations, as far as they will be piloted, to the particular object we wish to adopt. I do not despair of feeling, at some happy moment, an enthusiasm in the Welsh air—which is indeed a fine strain—that may enable me to give you something worthy of your collection; but I cannot promise, with any confidence in my own accidental propensity to rhyme, any song that is yet unwritten; for if I sat *on purpose* to write a song, I am sure it would be vapid.—There was a man, indeed, who, if now living, could have handled the British harp with the hand of a master; and would to God he had lived to do justice to other music besides that of Scotland! The unpremeditated effusions of his great mind cost him no effort—the god was ever upon him. The facility of his talents in clothing music with poetry, must strike upon you—as I feel it most humbly

myself—as a bright contrast to that uncertainty of the creative imagination, which I am bound to acknowledge. I feel the gulf that divides us, and can only regret my inability. If the song on the "Invasion" be of any service, it may perhaps suit some out-of-the-way tune. As to the Sea-song, Mr. Ferrari might have printed it without my consent.

Everything here speaks, thinks, and reminds us of invasion. Our volunteers are under orders to march at an hour's notice; that is one reason why I cannot leave London, without deserting my corps. Rumours of dreadful import are circulated regarding Ireland, which may not be printed. Here, as well as there, will be a bloody tussle. It strikes me with an odd sensation, to see the very broad-grin humour of Old England tinged with the *horrible*. All our caricatures in the print shops are red with bloody figures of Buonaparte's heart and brains. We shall soon have the originals of both; but it is an impressive era in that species of our history—for history will be better understood a hundred years hence by caricatures than by annals. "Bella—horrida bella—atque flavum Tybrim spumantem sanguine cerno."—But let *us*, my dear countryman, never think of outliving our liberty!—With my best compliments to all your family, I am, dear sir, yours,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

In a letter to his sister Mary, who had promptly furnished him with a loan to meet his increased expenditure, at this important crisis, the Poet thus lays open his heart and prospects:—

TO MISS CAMPBELL.

"PIMLICO, *October* 2, 1803.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"Since the receipt of your last—indeed your two last letters, I have had a slight fever of cold, and am to-day, for the first time, on my legs again. The money I duly received, and will send you a draft on Mundell for it in as short time as possible. In the meantime I feel grateful for this temporary accommodation, for I cannot get in any money from my subscribers but guinea by guinea, and cannot muster even a few of these together. As you knew Mundell to be my bookseller, I thought it unnecessary to say that his house is the depôt of my subscriptions.

"Your kind inquiries respecting my future prospects, I cannot answer with any certainty; but this I can say, that if extraordinary crosses and vexations do not break in upon my peace of mind, I shall feel myself entirely able to support myself in London with credit and *éclat*. I have but few rivals in my own way in the literary world, and find my station in literature such as will, with a very, very little money in my pocket, (just sufficient to get over the necessity of asking for employment) enable me to command my own terms with the booksellers. It is not possible, however, to predict entire prosperity; and indeed I never regarded myself as the child of a lucky family.

"The plan I am at present pursuing is the best to insure *industry*—and that is doing much. Without a home, and such a home as I have *now* made to myself, I declare it was utterly impossible for me to pursue any course of industry. My disposition in solitude is so prone to melancholy, that when I lived alone, in lodgings, I was for days incapable of working at the slightest task, and could not even stir out of doors. In the cheerful company of the lady I have

chosen, I found a perpetual serenity of mind, such as no mixed or even select society could impart. This determined me to hazard everything for such a companion.

"There is every probability in favour of my industry now; for I am habitually contented and disposed to write from morning to night.—Give me but the continuance of this propensity, and if vexations from external quarters do not come in upon my balance of mind, I shall ask no other blessing from Heaven but the habit of industry. Luckily, my wife is as domestic as myself. She sits all day beside me at her seam, and, except to receive such visitors as cannot be denied, we sit for ever at our respective vocations.—I ask no more from Heaven than to be allowed calmly, and peaceably, to work for my bread in this manner; and if I can only do so, there is no earthly doubt that my circumstances will expand—not to competency, but to wealth. This is a full and true picture of my present situation and future prospects.

* * * * "THOS. CAMPBELL."

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTERS TO DR. CURRIE.

[These interesting letters, from Campbell to Dr. Currie, reached me some months too late for insertion [in Vols. I. and II.] according to their dates; but as they are among the best and most characteristic ever written by the Poet, I gladly avail myself of the permission, conveyed to me through G. J. Duncan, Esq., of Liverpool, to lay them before the public.]

2, Stratton Street, London, *April* 13, 1802.

My dear Sir,

To have been so long in London without writing you, may seem inconsistent with the gratitude which I owe to one whose notice and friendship have made me so proud and so happy. But by continually deferring the pleasure of addressing you, till I should enjoy a little tranquillity of mind in the midst of this bustling scene, I have allowed days and weeks to pass over unnoticed, while my friends in Liverpool, I fear, have abated their esteem, and justly blamed me for my silence.

Shortly after my arrival here, I delivered your letter to Captain Grahame Moore. In addition to all the kindness you have shown me, my dear Doctor, I esteem it an inestimable favour, that you have recommended me to a friend so truly valuable. Captain and General Moore—brothers* in worth as well as relationship—called upon me in consequence of your letter. We had a long and interesting conversation, and, I may safely say, got as well acquainted in a forenoon as ceremonious visitants could

* See Vol. I., pp. 241—326.

have been in a twelvemonth. It may seem egotism to talk of the interest which these respectable men seemed to take in my fortune; but to you, to whom I owe the notice of this worthy family, it is but common gratitude to mention their attention. I was so unfortunate as to miss Captain M. several times, when he called upon me; but at parting he introduced me to his brother, the surgeon, who received me at his house with the frankest cordiality. Should I remain in London, I should reckon this family of the Moores the most valuable acquaintance I could cultivate. Wherever I may be, I shall always remember them with esteem.

Mr. Roscoe's introduction to Johnson has gained me the acquaintance of a very sensible and good man. I have met at his table some literary characters exceedingly interesting; in particular, Mr. Malthus, author of an Essay on Population—a most ingenious and pleasant man. In consequence of Johnson's invitation, I met with F——i, but, *entre nous* (for I would not wish to offend * * * by animadversions on his friend), I think this painter of devils little better than a devil in mind and conversation. He is disgustingly conceited and overbearing. Of his talents in painting, I can only judge from the report of others; and his name among the London artists is not highly respected. As to the man, there is no information to be gleaned from his remarks, nor pleasure to be found in his society; for his conversation is such a salmagundi of joke and earnest, that it is impossible to relish either his wit or wisdom. I can give no quarter to a satirical disposition that embraces in its strictures the most admirable characters of modern times. It would have scandalised you to have heard this little buffoonish railer degrading the great name of our admired Mackintosh,* a genius who

* For Mackintosh's opinion of the Poet, see APPENDIX.

will be read and admired, when ——'s gallery of paintings shall be handed down to the latest records of oblivion.

I have been so fortunate as to meet with Mackintosh frequently since my arrival in town. It is only by comparison we learn to estimate the value of men. I confess, the more I see of this wonderful man, the more I am led to believe that modern times have not degenerated from the genius of antiquity, and there is an amiable simplicity, natural to great minds, in M.'s dispositions, which commands esteem as well as admiration. Though I cannot entirely like the combat of conversation which Mr. M. is so fond of maintaining at the King of Clubs, yet I long once more to behold these Knights of Literature sporting at their jousts and tournaments in that brilliant circle.

Among the many people in London who boast of your acquaintance, I have become acquainted with Telford the engineer—"a fellow of infinite humour," and a strong enterprising mind. He has almost made me a bridge-builder already; at least he has inspired me with new sensations of interest in the improvement and ornament of our country. Have you seen his plan of London Bridge—or his scheme for a new canal in the North Highlands—which will unite, if put in effect, our Eastern and Atlantic commerce, and render Scotland the very emporium of navigation? Telford is a most useful cicerone in London. He is so universally acquainted, and so popular in his manners, that he can introduce one to all kinds of novelty, and all descriptions of interesting society. He has made me so well acquainted with Chamberlain, the King's librarian, that I have access at all times to see the library and pictures. This, I assure you, is no slight privilege; you may spend a whole day with delight among the genuine drawings of Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci, of which George has a collection, I suppose, worth half a million of money. Some

of these inestimable originals have been engraved by Bartolozzi. Among the works of Leonardo there is a head of Hannibal, which seems animated with a soul much more than human. I was one of a large party who surveyed this astonishing countenance, and I remember, when Chamberlain lifted the silk-paper covering, an involuntary start of admiration struck every one of the spectators as if we had all been electrified. What think you of Chamberlain's politeness? He has made me a present of a copy of this sublime production, which some artists of great skill, who have seen it, pronounce the finest engraving of modern times, upon the finest head of antiquity.

Mrs. Hodgson has sent me very favourable accounts of the success of my proposals* in Liverpool. I am sure the name of Liverpool never comes into my mind but with the strongest associations of *gratitude*, when I consider the kindness I have experienced from your hospitable circle. Present my best compliments to Mrs. Currie, and my friend Wallace. Remember me to Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. D'Aguilar, Mrs. Laurence, and the worthy family of the Slaters; and believe me, my dear Dr. Currie, with sincere respect. T. C.

Mr. Clarke has now left London. I meant to have written to Mr. Roscoe by him; but this London regularly unhinges all the wheels of my recollection: and, as Young says, "Procrastination is the thief of time." T. C.

MINTO, *Sept.* 4, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

By travelling different roads your first and second letters were transposed in the order of their arrival. I thank you with a due sense of respect for the errors you have pointed out in my "Celtic Warrior."† Correction

* Subscription Edition. † "Lochiel." See Vol. I., pp. 391—3.

of this hasty piece comes to me now, not as choice, but as a duty; not for ornament, but for use, to cover its naked defects. The *red, red, red* is a glaring impropriety; and the *cock-crow* of victory, if I were disposed to make a low-lifed pun, I would say, is an affected piece of *Gallican* extravagance, only fit to be endured when the mind has been blown up to a white heat of extravagance. As to the last lines of "Lochiel," they are the *noli me tangere* of my self-satisfaction; and if all the world should laugh at him, I will not move one joint, or limb, of his dying posture! He shall die, as he has fallen, with his *face to heaven!* Now, behold with what an air I stalk upon the stilts of egotism and self-importance!

I write you now from Minto. His lordship, desirous that I should enjoy "otium cum dignitate," wished me to spend the summer at this country retirement, and begin a poetical work of some importance. There was much kindness in this plan for my happiness and improvement; but many circumstances induced me to prefer Edinburgh for a residence. I have, therefore, only come for a visit of ten or twelve days.

Lord Minto's company is uniformly agreeable; he is the least moody man I ever saw; and his conversation, when you get him by himself (though he affects neither wit nor learning), is replete with sincere enthusiasm, and abundance of original information. Few have carried off so much knowledge, even from so wide a field as his experience has afforded. But still this is a lord's house—although *his*. His time is so much employed with strangers—fashionable, proud folks—who have a slang of conversation among themselves, as unintelligible to plain, sober beings, as the cant of the gipsies, and probably not so amusing, if one did understand it. A man of my lowly breeding feels in their company a little of what Burke

calls proud humility, or rather humble contempt; for I declare I have not heard a sentence of either good sense or amusing nonsense from any of our guests, except from Lady Malmesbury, who is a shrewd and liberal-minded woman: she is like you, a very hearty despiser of the ——'s.

Lord Minto's unaffected behaviour is a striking contrast to those about him. He has all the kindness and sympathies of refined and middling life. This is certainly not the predominant character in aristocracy. It has often astonished me to see what a cold, repulsive atmosphere that little thing called *quality* can spread around itself, and make us believe that it exists at least as a negative quality—like that of cold. But, like all other little passions, this *hauteur* is very cowardly,—a little indifference on the side of the vulgar makes those minions of fashion open their eyes, half shut with affectation of pur-blindness, and look at least more respectfully. As to conversation, with the generality of them, it is not worth courting—for their minds are not filled, but dilated. And the human mind, at a certain elevation of rank, grows more barren than the summit of the Alps or Apennines.

The scenery around this place is a real consolation. It is well wooded and pastoral. On my way to Minto I stopt to view the beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey. Association (as the angel of taste—Alison—has shown) is the foundation of our pleasure in contemplating beauty and sublimity. My associations, I confess, were picturesque and pleasant to a high degree in looking, with "a white, upturned, and wondering eye," to those relics of fallen grandeur; Sir William Jones's remark upon the origin of Gothic architecture came strongly upon my mind. Leaving their sacred groves, the first haunts of superstition, men must have tried to imitate those temples of nature in temples of

stone. Hence the arched window, and the long avenues of checkered light and shade so similar to the gloom of woodland scenery.*

There are ideas naturally associated with its shape and structure: as a monument of former times, it cannot but excite our wonder, that, in an age so barbarous, and in a country threadbare with invasions, so much magnificence could either rise or continue. Scotland in the eleventh century could erect the Abbey of Melrose, and in the nineteenth could not finish the College of Edinburgh! But architecture, like poetry, is the nursling of religion; and therefore *may* start up to maturity, when the human mind is in the strength of its barbarity. Painting and music come in later to the aid of luxury—at least we have seen Gothic architecture in Europe long antecedent to either; they are protegees of wealth and aristocracy, whose protection genuine poetry never needed.

You have by this time, I suppose, both enjoyed and parted with the society of your worthy Captain Moore. I congratulate you upon all the pleasant hours you must have spent with a benignant soul, who makes one in love with human nature. I return to Edinburgh next week, to a circle of friends whose hearts have the honour of resembling *his*. Of these, I wish you knew my friend Alison; but of him I will indulge myself in saying more hereafter.

Pray do not let "Lochiel" be seen in his present state. I am renewing the poem, and will send it to you *very soon*. Indeed I wish, if there be any copies abroad, and revocable, that they were suppressed, till I can do myself more justice in a new edition of this premature piece. Present my sincerest compliments to Mrs. Currie and Mr. Wallace. Remember me to the D'Aguilars and Mrs. Hodgson. Favour

* See Vol. I., p. 397, letter to Mr. Alison, Aug. 28.

me with a letter soon; and believe me, with grateful esteem, yours, THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Miss Mackintosh of Glasgow has written me a scold for a transgression long past, though I am afraid, from being generally known, not soon to be forgotten—viz. my being long in London without writing you. I am sure you have charity to forgive me for this piece of procrastination, of which the state of my animal spirits makes me often guilty when my heart is not in fault. But it is disgraceful to me that I have been known to neglect the duty I owe to so kind a friend. *Salem*, my dear Dr. Currie—peace be ever between us! T. C.

COBRIDGE, BY NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LINE, *March 2nd*, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR,

If Gillespie should be off, I must trouble you to take a parental charge of my orphan epistle to Archibald.*

I had a wearisome journey to Newcastle, and wretched society in the long coach. At five in the morning I found no inn open but the accursed Crown—*hunc tu Romane caveto!* Dirt and misery, why are ye the reproaches of Scotland? I was laid on a flock-bed at the vile Crown of Newcastle; my prayers were disturbed by the profane swearing of coachmen and carriers; and when sleep came at last, it was annoyed by a John-Bull song, bawling through the streets to the chorus of "Gooseberry tarts." Gutsy proud people—we sing songs in Scotland about her nature and love! There, one should have been wakened with some notes of "Through the wood, laddie," or "Down the burn, Davy!"—but here, there is no song but "Roast Beef," or "Gooseberry tarts!"—Wretched and

* His brother Archibald Campbell, in Virginia, Vol. I., p. 23.

unrested I arose to breakfast, and departed for Cobridge, and found my friend the Potter in the midst of his pots and pans. All one's happiness here must be drawn from internal resources, from the pleasures of meditation at the fireside,—reading, conversation, and drinking their ambrosial brown ale, which excels all that I have ever tasted. Of these resources Stevenson's * house is not destitute. The roads are so deep, that one can hardly drag a pair of heavy shoes along them. The forenoon goes over soberly; but at evening the sober-looking English hall blazes with a large fire, and the neighbouring potters assemble to join in the feast of reason, and the flow of ale. They are the plainest and pleasantest men you can meet with. I can give you no better proof of their good sense than being so fond of my society as to send me innumerable invitations, and pressing me to stop with them till summer. I must really immortalise them by writing distiches for their decanters and teapots! Two literary characters were introduced to our meetings:—one of them a plain sensible man; but the other, overwhelmed with the reputation he has gained by carrying a Greek testament to the church on Sundays. This place, to be sure, is not yet a hot-bed of letters, for all the furnaces it contains. †

Yet the Potteries contain, at least as far as I can judge, a worthy and respectable population—not crowded into one large and vicious town, but scattered over a surface of eight or ten miles, divided into villages, where industry, wealth, health, and happiness seem to reign—if one may judge by the full, fair looks, and decent demeanour of the people. The men are large, and apparently athletic. Stevenson says that few of them earn less than one guinea a-week, which, at the present rate of provisions, affords them plenty of ale and animal food. Many of them work

* Vol. I., pp. 422 and 425. † Vol. I., p. 425.

for two guineas a-week; yet their dissipation is never excessive, as in other manufactories, and no neighbourhood gives fewer subjects to the whip and the gallows. The population of the Potteries is held to be 35,000. Two phenomena in Staffordshire remind one of Scotland —*oaten* bread, not made like our girdle-cakes, but baked after the daintier fashion of our supple scones. The other is their language, which abounds in *wuddas* and *cannas*:— "Na, na, maun; we mun tak' a point of ale and a pork-poy. Thy stomach is very nish, maun." Their intonations exceed all that I have heard, except in honest ——'s conversation.

My young friend Arthur's relations and family are the genteelest in our neighbourhood. They are highly delighted with his tour, and principally pleased with the attention he met with in Liverpool. The favour I did to him in introducing him at your house has made his mother (and a proud woman she is of her son) my warm friend. She has consulted me about his education. I said I would write to consult your opinion, but in the mean time hazarded my own. She proposed sending him to Oxford or Cambridge. I recommended Glasgow or Edinburgh, as fitted, if not so well for perfection in Greek and Latin, yet for affording opportunities of learning everything; and young Burrows's mind will naturally turn from its wonderful ripeness and versatility to many branches of art and science. Don't you think our college of Edinburgh a better place for diversified study?

Finally, to conclude my synopsis of Staffordshire.— There is to be an elegant assembly to-morrow at Cobridge, where I propose doing myself the honour of sporting a *chapeau bras*, and leading a Staffordshire lady down the mazes of a country dance. What may be the important effects of this impending event it is not for us to predict:

it must be calmly waited for, as it lies hid in the bosom of futurity. But whatever events it produce, my resolution is firmly fixed to show them the erudition of my *heels*, and to dance with all the energy that can assert the reputation of my country! Friday morning shall see me depart for Birmingham, where if I stop, it shall only be for an hour to shake hands with Gregory Watt, my old school companion. Adieu, my dear Doctor. Let me live, in spite of all my folly, in the kind remembrance of you and your esteemed family. T. C.

* * * * *

COBRIDGE, *February 24th*, 1803.

MY DEAR GRAHAME,

In the Potteries landed at last, I sit down beside the "roomy fireside" of our worthy Potter, to send you my best assurance that no removal from home to England —from England to France—or from Europe to Asia—shall ever obliterate from my thoughts that remembrance of your friendship, which I ought both to cultivate in my heart and express in my correspondence. Forgive my formal affidavit-looking declaration of this my resolution—always to cherish your remembrance, because I am still in my native soil, and still taking an adieu of you! Grahame and Richardson! ye good ones of the earth—ye crutches of my existence—ye worthy *Penates!* who, under the *specious pretence* of drinking ale and toddy, have so often sat with me till laughing made me mad and . . . .*

* * * * *

* "Scrap snatched from Tom Campbell, when on a visit to Ralph Stevenson at Cobridge, February 24th, 1803, to James Grahame, Edinburgh."—Note by Mr. Stevenson.

SALOPIAN, LONDON, *23rd March*, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR,

The prevailing influenza has confined me to my bed and bed-room, for many days since my arrival.* A dreadful lassitude, stupor of head, and weakness of nerves are its convalescent symptoms. Under the pressure of these I now write to you. I sincerely hope the complaint, which I understand is rather endemical than epidemical, has not reached Liverpool—more especially the individuals of your household and society, on whose account I am peculiarly attached to the place.

War is threatening again to disturb the happiness of Europe, and prevent me from going to France ! ! ! *Bella, horrida bella !* But I do not mean waiting until the balance of Europe be adjusted, or I may wait long enough. I am determined to be off very soon. My Book goes on flourishingly.

What think you, my dear Doctor, of our impending danger . . . .† Last night I ventured abroad at night for the first time, but got squeezed in the crowd—overheated, and consequently the worse for it to-day.—This is the second play I have seen damned, from the chaste pen of Lewis, I mean the (?). It was a bedlam monodrama.

On consulting my state-papers when I arrived—I missed the address of that house on whom you were so kind as to give me a draft. I have lost it (I am afraid) entirely ;—what a mercy it is I received no bill.—Well this must teach me caution. Will you have the goodness to send me this requisite address as soon as you can

* Vol. I., pp. 430—31, letter to Mr. Richardson. April 30.

† The thoughts that here follow on Ireland, are expressed in his letter to Mr. Alison, vol. I., pp. 424—28.

find leisure to drop me a few lines? I hope to write you next from the "bleak shore that hears the German Ocean roar." T. C.

LONDON, [*July*] 17*th*, 1803.

MY DEAR DOCTOR CURRIE,

Your friendly letter put a *bill* of rights in my hand; all is finally and happily concluded. You have my warmest thanks for doing me the noblest office that friendship is called upon to perform. As to my intended change of life, it begins with a dash of romance quite sufficient for a modern novel, for the lady's name is Matilda—and we intend to live in a cottage.—What more romance would you wish for?—a poet, a cottage, a fine name, and a fortuneless marriage.—It will set many an empty head a shaking to devise by what infatuation the poor youth has set his face against the ills of life, with this increase of responsibility! But it is happy that human prosperity does not depend upon frigid maxims. A strong and virtuous motive to exertion is worth uncounted thousands, for encountering life with advantage.

I felt in your last the justice of your complaint against my desultory correspondence which, comet-like, seems to depend upon no law, and to answer no calculation. In dissecting my own mind to detect, and avow, the cause of this irregularity, I can assure you I find no such thing as real neglect to be the cause of that which is apparent.—I do not pass a day without communing (thoughtwise) cordially, affectionately, and, much to my entertainment, with either you, or Alison, or some of my best friends, whose correspondence and writings are necessarily connected with every interesting subject of my reflections. I pass with you many an hour explaining my plans of life, dilating on topics of taste, describing London—and telling

of "all I felt and all I saw." But this waste of time and thought—which like my inveterate trick of biting my nails is a solitary vice, and likely to attend the sin of writing poetry—this castle-building propensity, which peoples chairs with social and amusing presences, never can exert itself in peopling my letters with ideas! There is so much of the wild-goat in my thinking faculty, that if I indulged it, I should begin a letter with acknowledging the receipt of yours, and end with an essay on the invasion. You have the helm of your own thoughts and cannot much respect mine, which have neither helm nor rudder.

Well, you will say—for you have a most uncatholic vein of toleration—give me your thoughts in their rambling, undrilled, undisciplined disorder!—There ought to be a frankness in human nature fit to communicate all its thoughts and feelings in this state of deshabille—or rather to give our thoughts in their native habiliment; but I am one of my countrymen—a true Englishman in this unfortunate feeling. In the happy moments of my existence I have much to communicate—for my whole spirit has then a pleasure, and strength of thought, that gives a value to existence. If I sat down to address you in that state I could be worthy of your correspondence for one quality, viz., frankness. My mind could throw itself off upon my paper as a fresh, and proof-copy. But the mischief is I *respect you*. I am afraid of prattling to you, and for fear of that I can say nothing. Worse than all this, I have another fault of true English temperament. When the world crosses me—when I have made a visit of disgusting form—have disobliged a good acquaintance—rubbed shoulders with a bad one,—or have a slight headache or derangement of stomach—the duty *of propriety*, and above all in correspondence, stares me in the face like a gorgon.—Every motion of my mind grows cramped and

ungraceful. I lose confidence in myself and the world. If you had a letter from me in that state it would be as formal as a burial letter; the consciousness of this defect does not help to remove it. A man may have the . .* and yet be nothing the better. I thought this malady of Metempsychosis peculiar to one unhappy being. I believe I did not mention it to any one, for if I had observed any symptom of it in others, it was in some bad characters, whom I did not like myself for resembling. But I found it lately, by the confession of a candid and worthy man, in one who is more than my fellow-creature in this failing, as he has it even worse than myself. I have even been reconciled to it from seeing it the concomitant of a mind, perhaps the finest I ever met with. The person I speak of is Thom. Wedgewood—the son of the Potter, of whom you may have heard, as he is known to literary people.

We have been sometime well acquainted; and from finding him a man above par, I was fond of his conversation. We met one day both in a cold and cramped state of Metempsychosis. He was cramped with bad health, and I was crossed with my love affair; and our conversation got upon this subject. We both declaimed upon the same malady; and for once in my life I found one who understood the fault of it completely. Of this I have said enough—perhaps bothered you with auricular confession too much.—But I cannot help noticing poor Wedgewood—a strange and wonderful being. Full of goodness, benevolence, with a mind stored with ideas—with Metaphysics—the most exquisitely fine I ever heard delivered; a man of wonderful talents, a tact of taste, acute beyond description—with even good-nature and mild manners, he is not happy. I thought till I saw him, that happiness

* Blank in the original Letter.

was to be defeated by no other circumstances than weakness—vice—or an uncommanded temper. But of my nonsense there is no end. Believe me most sincerely yours. T. C.

November 20th, 1803.

My dear Doctor Currie,

This will arrive by the fair hands of a new-made sister Euphemia,*—who was made my sister as Eve was made to Adam, by means of my rib. From your usual kindness in answering my letter as quick as shot, I have reason to think you have written to me before now; but, having confined myself to my little abode in Pimlico for some weeks, without sending to my booksellers,† to whose care my letters usually come, I may have these uncounted treasures of correspondence to open. This seems an unaccountable procedure—it does so to myself—that I should have for one month buried myself in most heremitical seclusion. But such is hitherto the effect of matrimony! I verily believe it has changed me like the aurifying touch of Midas, from dross to gold. Last summer I was an idle dog; this summer I am a sober industrious man, working for my wife and family twelve hours,—composing nearly a sheet a day. Alas, not poetry—but humble anonymous prose. Destined to face the world unclaimed, unnamed, like a babe in the Foundling Hospital.

I feel considerable pride in being able to boast of so much happiness; for the power of working I consider as the touchstone of happiness—because I have found what I have little fear in continuing to find, a safe home from one half of the miseries of life. And because this change

* Miss Euphemia Sinclair—one of Mrs. Campbell's sisters, Vol. III. page 34.

† Messrs. Longman and Rees.

is in consequence of taking a resolution in contradiction to all the fixed opinions of mankind, many pious ejaculations of sympathy were uttered on hearing of the poor thoughtless young folks, who had married with a nothing of a fortune. My friends and relations in Scotland have strewed ashes upon their heads, and deplored me as lost! But they may wipe their eyes and cheer up, for never did a more contented little couple sit in their Lilliputian parlour, adapted in exact proportion to their sizes and ambition. There is a drawing-room to be sure, besides the parlour, in which the extravagant taste of my wife has robbed Parnassus of half its mines to purchase the decoration of a fashionable red carpet, crossed with black after the classical furniturical fashion of General Knox, with yellow cushioned chairs and bell ropes—genteel enough to hang Buonaparte. But on this *sanctum sanctorum*, save on Sunday noon, or solemn visit, never human foot intrudes—no breath of sooty smoke dims the brightness of the steel grate, nor drop of candle-grease befouls the *purpureum lumen* of my carpet. Were its complexion spoilt, I believe it would send my wife to Bedlam. The other room—if room it may be called, which is liker a closet—gives a more lively image of what the punning newspaper lately called *a litterary* room; for it contains a motley mixture of books and papers—seams and work-baskets—scissors and penknives. These descriptions are like the circumscribed range of my ideas, certainly unimportant and trifling. *Yet these little things are great to little men.*

It is wonderful how keeping a little within doors interests one in objects which before seemed unworthy of a thought. Turning from dry reading and writing, which were insufferable but for "auri sacra fames," I enter with solemn and attentive interest into the deep

discussions which arrest the attention of our cabinet upon the purchasing of a saucepan, the change of a butcher or baker, or—what is analogous in state affairs to the changing of a ministry—the merit or demerit of a servant. At present our ministry have been found as deficient as Mr. A——ton in genius and in public spirit, and as corruptible as Sir Robert —— in the management of finances. Oh! for a Chatham or a Pelham to fill the place of the resignees!

My sister Euphemia is on the eve of setting off with the accomplished Billy Beg. I suppose he is the relation of Elfi Beg, from the similarity of their names. I would not omit this opportunity of scratching my name on paper (hasty and stupid as my letter must seem to you) in testimony of the remembrance I shall ever retain of the affection I owe you. T. C.

25, Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico, *January* 25, 1804.

My dear Friend,

Your last welcome sheet contained everything that was calculated to communicate pleasure, save only the account you give of your own health and constitution. The effect which it had upon my mind was deeply interesting in proportion to the alarm I felt for one of my few and firm friends—one who has taken my hand and helped me over the stepping-stones of my entrance on public life, like a father or a brother. . . . .

Though there is no man I am less inclined to suspect than yourself of phantasmagoria in the brain, I think you are *hypt* on this occasion. Forgive me, my revered friend; I have no right to speak in this style; but when I consider the exertions you make in your profession, in literature, in correspondence, how is it possible that you should not be exhausted at times? The wonder is to me,

that, instead of occasional exhaustion, a life of such exertion does not leave you with habitual debility and but occasional energy. You flatter me by asking what restorative I can devise. I could wager more wealth than ever poet owned, that less reading and less writing—these two important minuses in the employment of a literary man—would set the whole Algebra of your animal economy to rights. Were you but as lazy as I am! But God forbid—that is an affliction I shall pray down upon my bitterest enemy—not upon my best friend.

You bid me devise a source of pleasant contemplation for you, out of the gay creation of a poet's imagination! Somewhat like the old woman who told the clergyman, on explaining the state of her soul, that she began to fear she had been for many years past a great sinner and a great hypocrite, I am beginning to doubt whether I have ever been a poet, so low, so grovelling, and so pecuniary has my little spirit of late become! But if to you I were addressing myself, my dear Doctor, neither as a poet nor a partial friend, but as a moral being communing with another, I should bid you think of the *good* you have done to society, as the cause of happiness, which need not know interruption. Health, sickness, life and death, have nothing to do with that entire consolation. To have lifted up the torch of human knowledge, to have enlightened the immortal mind, as well as healed the perishing body,—after the consciousness of these exalted honours, is it possible to suggest a comparable source of enjoyment? For my own part, when I think of this species of moral nobility, it seems to me to divide its possessor from the rest of the human race by "a great gulf." When the common man is sick or dead, we say "poor fellow!"—but when the guides of our intellectual powers leave us, they seem to withdraw, as if to leave room, in our imaginations, for the

most solemn and sublimating feelings to which our natures can rise. In thinking of such a man as Miller,* or your own more interesting Burns, I speak with their *spirits*; for what does it matter about their carcases?

The subject runs away with me—I like it, however. Finding no beauty nor possible happiness in the system of matter and motion which Godwin and all his Coleridgean and mystical ballad-writers preach up, I hold this tenet as the *Labarum* of my faith—as a consecrated standard, from which it were a foul shame to fly; and, therefore, I was going to hesitate;—but as you are no weak or common man, I tell you freely,—though I pray to God to prolong your life, that, being your junior, I shall probably survive you. But your loss would not seem like that of the rest of men, for you live to my thoughts by other and more imperishable tokens; and when I read your letters or writings, I shall only say, "Quanto minus est cum aliis versari, quam tui meminisse."

One question about my present avocations I defer, but by no means decline, answering. Alas, I am scribble, scribble, scribbling for that monosyllable which cannot be wanted—bread, not fame—"Carmina nulla canam!" You have heard, I daresay, of men imagining themselves tables and chairs; so sometimes, when long labour or long laziness (they come alternately) make me uncommonly stupid, I fancy myself a matriculated scribbler of Grub-street, writing by weight for the snuff-shops.† Sometimes a fit of horror seizes me at the supposed consciousness of being Robert H——, Esq., author of the celebrated blunder called "Persian Precipitate (precip. pers.)" in his chemical translation of "Fourcroy," a blunder which set the four corners of Europe a laughing, and has made him better known

* Professor John Miller of Glasgow, Vol. I., pp. 157-8, 387.

† Vol. III. Letter, August, 1843, p. 352.

than if he had written libraries. Sometimes I am * * * traversing Paris to translate the handbills, and print them in a book, or * * * in the full vigour of his incapacity digging up the old bones of Chaucer, to pick them for his dinner.

I cannot remember any news peculiarly metropolitan to send you. The "ghost" has occupied our attention more than any other terrific subject—not excepting even the invasion. It has no *head*, you know, and on that account some suspicions have been thrown out that it is Mr. Addington.

* * * * *

It gives me great pleasure to hear from Edinburgh of your son being in the best circle, and in that circle beloved and respected. Erskine told me so, and Brougham wrote me to the same purport. But from my perfect friendship for Wallace let me intreat him to avoid . . . for he is the Ananias of his age * * * * *

With regard to his intellect he is as empty as the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. I never believed it possible for God to have made all things of nothing, till I saw * * *, his soul seems to have been made out of pure *space!* . . . Believe me, when all my nonsense, gossiping and indignation subside, and when my sober senses return, to be in perfect sincerity,

Your grateful and fond friend,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO DR. CURRIE, LIVERPOOL.

LONDON, *August 7th*, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Although I heard the news of your improvement in health by report of my friends, yet the intelligence at your hand—the glad tidings confirmed by the style and manner of your announcing them, are such as

will not let me lose five minutes in expressing my joy. I assure you it is no common event in my life, to have recovered—as it were from another world, to give me happiness awhile longer in this—a man who really seems to have become my acquaintance for no other purpose than promoting that happiness. A very excellent young man, De Roche, with whom I was lately in company, asked me if I knew Dr. Currie? I said I did very intimately. Well then, said De Roche, I am glad of that; for he is one that would *understand you*. A million of words could not have been a better comment upon the treatment I have experienced from you; and De Roche seemed to know it by inspiration. It was a history of the *indulgence* with which you have treated my failings—the patience with which you have endured me in moments of weakness—depression—and a troubledness of the mind, which by the christian world would be termed fretfulness; the perception you have had of anything that could be called good in my character—and lastly, of the prediction you were pleased to form, that one day my happiness would be more stable, and my attachment to existence increased by stability of views. Of this your anticipation, I begin to experience the approach.

But as usual, I begin, like Tom E——, to bring in the little particle "I by itself *I*," which is a delusive monosyllable that has drawn all the mischief of nature after it. Let me go at least to one narrow circle beyond egotism. My wife had what is usually called "a good time" in bringing me this little inestimable accession to my happiness; but she is not a strong woman, and her mending must be gradual. The death of her sister is a dreadful bar to entire recovery—she has so much more sensibility than strength. For two weeks she was ill

indeed, and obliged to abandon suckling altogether. During that time the anxiety about her — along with confinement, — writing — sleeplessness and increasing fatigue — wrought me down to a shadow — I had no symptom of life but a feverish pulse. The perpetual white heat of my tongue—which felt as if a live coal had been placed upon it—made me believe myself fairly in for a fever. But I am now, thank God! getting cooler and better.

His little gentleman all this time looked to be so proud of his new station in society, that he held up his blue eyes, and his placid little face with perfect indifference to what people about him felt or thought. Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands—long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe, in spite of my partiality, that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep—I durst not waken him, but ventured to give him one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms, but still his good nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection which one must not indulge; he cannot bear to be hugged, he cannot yet stand a worrying. Oh that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth. My poor boy! shall I have the extasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far! At present, his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants—a

sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and Nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me, there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood—especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out.

And now when I think of my boy, I think much of the future. I have grown a great scrub, Dr. Currie—you would hardly believe how avaricious! I went to haul in from the bookselling tribe as many engagements as possible, of such a kind as will cost as little labour, and bring as much profit, as may be; and for aiding me to get an engagement of this kind, I must request your advice and assistance. The plan I mean is a large complete respectable collection of English poetry,* of which the compilation would cost me no great effort, and for which, along with my name, a bookman might give something decent. I should bargain for the expenses of an amanuensis for a limited time; and in that time I should give him materials for a large volume, superior in selection to any present works of the same title,—the "Elegant Extracts" is a poor thing. It is a hiatus in British Literature that we have no specimens of our best poetry. * * * * *

My present curiosity is to know if you have any bookseller in Liverpool, who would be likely to speculate on such an idea. He might embark 500*l.*, and be certain of making 1000*l.* Perhaps the expense might be more, but

* The first idea of *Specimens of the British Poets;* see also Vol. II. p. 57, *et seq.*

still the profit would be sure and considerable. If there be any bookseller in your place, all I wish is (*i. e.* if you know him, and possess any aristocratic influence over him), that you would drive him into this scheme! Although you should ruin him by it, it is only ruining a bookseller, and doing a benefit to a friend! T. C.

* * *

PIMLICO, *November*, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The hermitage life I have led for some time has so secluded me from any part of the world that could inform me of the state of your health, that I write almost in the dark, uncertain whether I may congratulate you on the continuance of it. I hope in God I may do so.

On every new event of my life I have taken a pleasure in giving you the history of it. The more I have cut that common acquaintance—of what relatively to one's self one calls the world—the more I feel the turning of my mind to the remembrance of my friends. I have taken a house at Sydenham—a lease for twenty-one years. Every step in this process was taken by your advice and consent. I walked over the heathy common that forms my avenue along with you. I moralised in close conference with you on the length of leases and the shortness of time. Ere twenty-one years be over, methought we said conscientiously, there will be many changes in this world, and a good many of the world's tenantry will be warned to quit their homes.

I could have grown wise and moral *ad infinitum*, if my wife had not cut short my reverie by asking if we had a right to keep pigs on the common! Oh what a hoggish abyss of bathos, and from a woman too of thy romantic name of *Matilda!* Well, in spite of interruption, I could not but recall your presence, and share my thoughts with you once more, and delight myself with so doing. When

arriving at the height of Sydenham the whole glory of London spread itself before us like a picture in distant but distinct perspective. Fifteen miles and more of the peopled shores of the Thames lie in that prospect; St. Paul's in the centre—Westminster towers on the left. I think we even traced a white sail at the very verge of the landscape—a moving emblem of the busy scene we were surveying. All the mighty idea of London enters the mind in seeing its dusky outline stretching over whole provinces from Sydenham Hill. There lies the great City, resting its foundations on the world. This view is within a short walk of my intended home. A common, but not a naked one, in the heart of a lovely country rises all round it. I have a whole field to expatiate over undisturbed; none of your hedged roads and London out-of-town villages about me, but "ample space and verge enough" to compose a whole tragedy unmolested.

I trust I am now settled. Since writing you last an uncommon good luck has attended the scheme I mentioned to you of a select collection of our best poetry. I have got the booksellers to patronise, and they do so genteelly. *Entre nous* this must be—otherwise I shall forfeit my reward for breaking the compact of silence, which is made for fear of the market being anticipated by some work of the same kind in opposition. But as I could not think of setting about such a work without the best advice, I made a covenant with my own conscience that I should ask you for all the guidance to the best specimens of our poetry, that your long acquaintance with *Belles Lettres* so well affords.

This act of kindness to the cause of taste, and to a friend who has but few like yourself to ask for such a kindness, I know your disposition too well to doubt your fulfilling. I have two favours to ask on this head. If you can, without troubling Mr. Roscoe too much, interest him to assist me with his direction to some good old poets, little

known, or who have pieces that have escaped admiration, it will essentially contribute to the success of the work. Another thing is, I have to write a preface for it. I dare say you know me too well to think me affected when I say, that the more prose I read the more diffident I am to write it well. I must solicit a few outlines of a short essay on the subject of English poetry, if you can spare a leisure moment now and then to furnish me with a hint. All this might seem wrong to a superficial discoverer of the confidential request I make. But it is not so. I am conscious of the motive being good. Every observation of yours must be valuable to me. You know my reputation is staked here, and the guardianship of a young man's reputation—of a friend of one who cannot avail himself of your conversation, but ought to have the benefit of some communicated hint—to offer you a trust of this kind is neither discrediting you nor myself. I know you will see it in its proper point of view. When I have finished the preface, I shall send it to be weeded of superfluities or faults.

I meant to have closed my letter without troubling you with any farther detail of my private affairs, on which, I dare say, you may think me sufficiently loquacious, but an instance has occurred which obliges me to make it known to you. I had last year furnished my abode in Eaton-street *in part*. I have this year to furnish from *kitchen to garret* my new one in Sydenham. The incident I alluded to is a very favourable offer that has been made to me, of the best part of the furniture of the last tenant being sold at the broker's (*i. e.* half) price. My booksellers have advanced 100*l.* on the collection of poetry. I can scarcely ask anything farther from them. But out of this I cannot well spare the price of what the present offer amounts to, which is 55*l.* As I shall be in very easy circumstances by the end of winter, I can promise, with entire security to my own honour and the pocket of my

friend, that this should be punctually returned by the time that my collection shall have appeared; and although such marks of friendship as requesting such loans are more than I am entitled to load you with, yet the peculiar circumstances of this crisis—the irrecoverable chance of getting choice pieces of furniture for half price, and the self assurement that I can acquit my word to you, have urged me to let you know the case.

There is something, however, so odd in appearing so reduced at the end of a year of industry, that I cannot help letting you know how the present deficiency has been occasioned.* I must beg that the little anecdote I have to tell you be quite with yourself. * * * T. C.

SYDENHAM COMMON, *Nov.* 30, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am safe at last in my *dulce domum*, and have received your note of credit for 55*l.* on the house of Denison & Co., by which I shall be enabled to settle accounts with Mr. Lawer M——t, whose furniture I have purchased. The value of credit I scarcely ever before knew: to such a perplexity has this removal brought me, that with this, and with 100*l.* which my poor departed friend Gregory Watt left me, I am just with my nose above water. I should lick your relieving hand if I were a fawning dog; but as I am a man, I tell you, with a heart full of that gratitude which makes the obliged too proud to flatter the obliger, that, in good truth, you are an honest friend to me; *and to you*, I shall prove *myself* the *same* within a short space.

* In explaining the circumstances of his case, he delicately avoids all allusion to the *annuity*, paid out of his slender and precarious means to the family circle in Edinburgh, which commenced at his father's death, in April, 1801. But it was to insure *punctuality* in this pious duty that he was often compelled to accept the kind offices of his friends. See Vol. II., *passim*.—ED.

I am distressed indeed to hear of the state of your health. It is hard that nature should have put minds and bodies together in the reversed ratio of their intrinsic value. It is just one of the things that puts me out of humour with creation, to see the rude, the boisterous, the brutal, pushing, gaming, and tyrannising animals of our species, enjoying vigorous days and refreshing nights of sleep, in spite of intemperance of habits, and worthlessness of minds; while the pure and the valuable—those alone who have eaten of the tree of knowledge—seem condemned to suffer the bitterness of its fruits.

That rest and residence in Bath will have salutary effects, I trust and hope. If fate had so ordered that I were yet a bachelor, I should repair to Bath—a journey hence very trifling, in comparison with the wish I have to see you and converse with you once more. But I have a wife (God in heaven avert the disorder of her late amiable sister!) with a cold on her lungs, which alarms me exceedingly. I cannot say the anticipation of those dreadful sufferings to which women are condemned in childbed—and to think of which used to make me start out of my sleep with apprehension—ever gave me such forebodings as the hard, dry, chinking cough which has affected her since our removal. We are yet in the confusion of removal; for she is unable to attend to domestic affairs, and confined to bed. My greatest enemy would pity me; for my child, which for four months flourished in the loveliest health, so that we never knew the sound of its endearing little voice but by the crow of happiness, is almost as ill as the mother. The unfortunate time of the year at which we changed our abode has occasioned all this calamity.

From Bath I should be happy to hear from you; and, at all events before the winter passes, I should press you for a communication of your ideas on the subject of my

compilation of poetry. But to ask a letter from you at Bath, or any communication, sooner than writing of every kind shall be a mere relaxation and amusement, is so far from my intention, that I earnestly pray you will suffer no letter of mine at any time to seem *necessarily* to need an answer. I must be your correspondent on no ceremonious terms. A few minutes of writing may often discompose, by ill-timed exertion, the health that is acquired by whole hours of wholesome leisure. It seems a trifle to write a few words; but, little as I know of the human frame, I know from my own experience that at certain times it is no such trifling, as even our own sensations make it appear to be.

I have been obliged to consent, by the imperious nature of existing circumstances (as Mr. Pitt says), that my dreadful and ill-starred job for Doig should appear with all its imperfections on its head. It is to be anonymous. Twelve hundred pages in seven and a half months —what must it be? I scarcely ever felt my heart sink within me so much as on this occasion. I look at my wife and boy, and dare not sacrifice their comforts by forfeiting the copy-price.

I trust, however, if this year bankrupt my good name, it will elevate my exchequer above par. I have escaped from the ten thousand visitors who used to haunt me like fiends, and eat up my time like moths, in London. I am in earnest with industry, and expect to have justice done to my intentions.

I request my best wishes to be sent to Mrs. Currie and Wallace, when you write to them. Respecting Gregory Watt's legacy, when I mention the story of the three black crows, you will see that I care not it should be known but to those concerned. If the income-taxers know it, they will clap five per cent. on it.

T. C.

SYDENHAM (among the furzes), *April 24th*, 180-.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

Report speaks of your being somewhat better for your stay at your new residence. It is not to tax your time, or send you unnecessarily to your desk, that I send you this how-do-you-do—unless you be very opportunely at leisure to answer it.

I have little in my own obscure and country life to relate to you that is either new or important. I have written a few new pieces, and expect to be out soon in a second poetical volume;* but having a bookseller who demands a much larger quantity than our agreement imported, I must either go to law or comply with his oppressive claims; and with me writing is but a slow proceeding.

Among the few things I have written I like none but one. I should write it out, were not my tone of nerves a little below par—(and it is thirty stanzas long)—to see if your taste coincides with my own. I should be particularly pleased if it did, for the style is out of my beaten way. It is an attempt to write an English ballad on the battle of Copenhagen, as much as possible in that plain, strong style peculiar to our old ballads, which tells us the when, where, and how the event happened,—without gaud or ornament but what the subject essentially and easily affords.† Believe, in avoiding tinsel, I do not mean intentionally to get foul of the lyrical balladists, those detestable heretics against orthodox taste, who, if they durst, would turn the temple of Apollo into the temple of Cloacina.

Talking of nerves, what shall do for me! I have tried all ways of living. It is easy to form theories, and I

* See Vol. II., p. 70, *Subscription Edition*. † Vol. II., p. 42.

believe in the word and honour of a Mackintosh, who said he had been cured by giving up all strong stimulants. I should be as iron-toned as a Mohawk Indian. I have drunk water for a long time; but I do not find with Pindar the ἄριστον μεν ὕδωρ. I am still the old man. By the way, I cannot speak of nerves or Mohawks without letting you know the fashionable wonder of the day, which has succeeded to the wonder of Roscius, and is almost as much talked of as Lord Melville. It is an Indian chief now shown in London, who entertains the ladies with giving war-whoops in drawing-rooms. He also mollifies their minds with the chanting of Indian strains, in which (he must be an arch dog) he palms a set of old Scotch airs with his native words on his audience for Mohawk opera tunes. It seems his mother was a Scotch woman.*

As soon as I can set my mind to song-writing I have got a commission to write a few, for which the offer is tempting. It is out of this quarter that I shall be soon able to discharge the obligation which you were so kind as to allow me to incur. I am at present subsisting easily enough on the advanced payment for the poetical compilation, in which my employers have behaved exceedingly well; but I cannot draw on them for more than my family needs. . . . Your affectionately attached,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

* See Vol. II., p. 51.

END OF VOL. I.

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